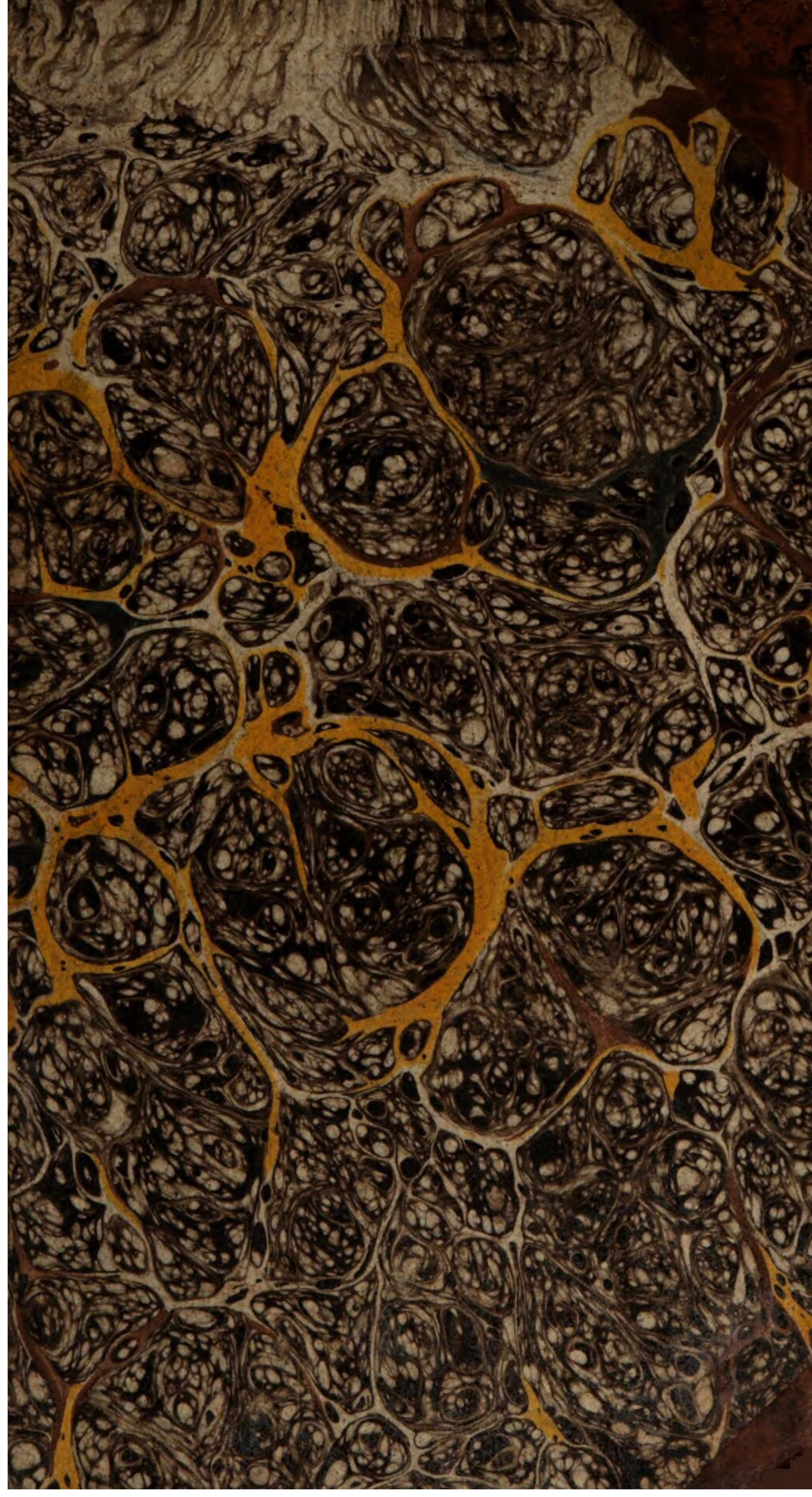




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FITZOSBORNE'S

Letters

On

Several Subjects:

By

William Melmoth. Esq.;

Translator

Of the Letters of Cicero. &c. &c.

With the Life of the Author



Paris.

Published

By Parsons and Galignani.

**Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München**

A BRIEF MEMOIR
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE AUTHOR.

BIOGRAPHICAL anecdotes abound but seldom in the circle described by a literary recluse, in the qualities he usually developes, or the exercises he prefers. Insulated from scenes of activity, habits of business, and an intercourse with the world, his days are spent in learned ease, his faculties absorbed in science, and his avocations filled with pursuits of taste. Wrapt up in the charms of speculation, and the soft intoxications of fancy, he is shy of the bustle that surrounds him, and shuns the ordinary collisions of society.

It is not every one, be his parts and attainments what they may, who, like Johnson, memorable for transcendent ability, had the eminent felicity to unite singularity of exterior with gigantic strength of mind; access to the fashionable world, with a preference for the purest sublimities of morality; a taste for the relaxations and pleasantries of genteel life, with an inviolable adherence to the sternest duties of integrity; an austere manner, with exemplary humanity; and the boldness and faculty to vociferate alike in all companies, with the happy dexterity of never suffering himself to be embarrassed, abashed, or put out, in any.

Perhaps it may still be less often the lot of even

the most favourite and illustrious authors to be blessed, as he was, with a familiar amanuensis and associate, who study and cherish all their whims and eccentricities, and carefully watch the minutest variation in their humour or inclination, as *Boswell* did those of this great man, that nothing he said might escape unrelated, and that posterity might be furnished with a perfect picture of excellence far above mediocrity, and of folly and weakness as much beneath it. The copyist was at least as rare as the original, and a thousand Johnsons may again enlighten the intellectual hemisphere without one *Boswell*.

William Melmoth, Esq. late of Bath, and author of several valuable publications, was the eldest son of an eminent lawyer of the same name, and member of the honourable society of Lincoln's Inn—This worthy person seems, from all that is known of him, to have distinguished himself by directing and practising all the powers of that popular profession for reaching the destination and utility of an honest man. He published a most interesting and impressive tract on the *great importance of a religious life*. He died in 1743, and bequeathed to his survivors the very honourable reputation that “few ever passed away a more useful, none a more blameless life.”

Under the tuition of such a father, with such an example habitually before his eyes, and inspired by such motives as paternal goodness, thus distinguished, might be supposed to suggest, it is no wonder young Melmoth, as he actually did, grew in favour both

with God and man. And though his very advanced age has deprived us of all information from the companions of his earlier years, they are generally believed to have been so well husbanded, and sedulously applied to the acquisition of literature and science, as to lay a solid foundation for that maturity and distinction in taste and judgment he afterwards displayed. He is moreover said to have been as amiable and engaging in youth as he certainly became respectable and even venerable, and remained so to the last stages of a very extended life.

Little, however, is correctly known of his juvenile and domestic habits, whether of a grave or sprightly deportment, and whether his education was public or private, at what seminary he studied, or to what particular master he owed his fine classical taste. The brilliancies of his younger years, the scholia of his incipient studies, and the spontaneous sallies of an imagination fired and enriched with the love of literature, and stimulated also to early excellence by a galaxy of illustrious names continually in his view, have probably perished, for the most part, with the cotemporaries he survived. We have nothing, therefore, to relate concerning his puerile indications of future eminence; aping, like other boys, manhood in the nursery; anticipating, among his playmates, occasionally, the follies of riper years, or the unseasonable exposure of premature intelligence. The public's principal acquaintance with him is through the medium of his works; the only means, perhaps, by which the publicity of an author is legitimate, or his labours

can be duly appreciated. We have no concern with aught about an author but his writings; and it is but too seldom considered how much these suffer by the silly curiosity of prying into matters in which we can have no interest. The best books, by such means, are sometimes rendered useless—The soundest wisdom in writers, dead or alive, whose respectability is thus lost, becomes no better than folly.

About five and twenty years ago, a work intitled *Liberal Opinions* was published, under the assumed name of Courtney Melmoth, and by the multitude ascribed to our author. Their discernment, however, is not to be envied, who could mistake the masterly, philosophical, refined, and useful emanations of an enlightened intellect for the transient productions of that anonymous author.

William Melmoth, Esq. properly so called, and the subject of this memoir, possessed a dignity of mind and manners altogether his own, which still does, and ever will, make his memory revered. So far from giving the least countenance to the loose dogmas industriously propagated by the modern school of infidel bigotry, he asserts his belief of christianity, in the genuine spirit she inspires, and honestly avows his preference for the religious establishment of the country, unequivocally, in several parts of his writings.¹

Our author, according to the best information,

¹ See Lælius, or an Essay on Friendship, Remark 68, and Letters 6 and 9 of Fitzosborne.

was of Emanuel's College, Cambridge; but how long he studied at that university, or whether he took any degree, is not certain. From one of his letters ¹ in this collection, to which we refer the reader, it would appear that his life had commenced by mixing more or less with the active world in a public character, probably in the same profession which his father had previously sustained with so much honour. Here his motives for relinquishing this situation, and adopting one more retired and consonant to his own inclinations and habits, are briefly, but explicitly stated, and afford an apology for his choice perfectly satisfactory. "How, indeed," says he, "could a man hope to render himself acceptable to the various parties which divide our nation, who professes it as his principle, that there is no striking wholly into the measures of any, without renouncing either one's sense or one's integrity! and yet, as the world is at present constituted, it is scarce possible, I fear, to do any good in one's generation (in public life I mean) without listing under some one or other of those various banners, which distinguish the several corps in these our political warfares." Such is the true estimate which the wisdom of experience has always stamped on party politics, and we have the sanction of this good man, also, for still consigning the government of the world to Folly.

In the same letter, as well as in several others, he expatiates with evident complacency on the

¹ Letter 8.

peculiar felicities which arise from the possession and exercise both of the social and conjugal virtues. Indeed, whether literature or morals, the regions of speculation, or the duties of life, be the subject, he seldom fails to embrace every opportunity that offers of reprobating the libertine and unprincipled practices of the fashionable world ; and the elegant description here given of his own villa is in such a colouring as could proceed only from the heart, and which imparts a sensible charm to all the localities in the picture. It is also curious as a specimen of the author's taste for the picturesque in rural scenery.

This was probably the favourite spot where his first nuptials took place, and he retreated into the country, fortunately emancipated, as one of his feelings must have conceived himself to be, from all the turmoil and dissension incident to party-contest. His domestic comforts are not obscurely specified in a preceding letter, where he breathes that manly fervency which always becomes the head of a family. It is written, as we presume, on the anniversary of their marriage, and addressed to Mrs. Melmoth under the feigned name of *Cleora*. He there hints at several passages in his private history, which none but such as knew it intimately can explain. He speaks particularly of a musical instrument for the use of a young lady whom he calls *Tarminta*, and probably his grand-niece, at that time, as it would seem, recently entered on the practice of music; celebrates the day by the composition of an appropriate ode, and concludes with a rapturous encomium on wedded love.

From this beautiful and romantic situation in the vicinity of Shrewsbury, where he first selected his rural sequestration, to which we may reasonably suppose he alludes in the preceding quotation, he removed, it seems, to Bath. Here he had the misfortune to lose his first lady, of whom he frequently speaks in such raptures in his letters, and to whom he repeatedly avows the strongest attachment — Soon after her death, however, he married once more, a Miss Ogle, of an Irish family. A story goes, that he was precipitated into this match by a gigantic Hibernian cousin of the lady, and that a scene in the Irish Widow originated in the incident. It is well known that the lady, notwithstanding, proved herself highly deserving of him by an affectionate and dutiful attention to him on every occasion.

He was much harassed, even at a great age, by violent attacks of the stone and gravel, which rendered walking so painful to him, that he was confined for several years to his own house, and never went abroad but when carried in a sedan chair; but, for ten or twelve years before his death, by persevering in the regular use of mephitic water, he latterly walked about, and even with activity. No wonder these dilapidations of nature, connected with a long series of intense study, which wears the mind as much, at least, as labour does the body, rendered him, in old age, very petulant, and easily provoked. Yet such were his domestic virtues, and the goodness of his heart, that, though he often seemed cross, he was never implacable, and generally retained his servants till death parted them.

Mr. Melmoth resided in Bath for the last thirty years of his life, and died at Bladud's Buildings in that city at the great age of 89 years, 1799. He was of middle stature, and very thin. His eyes were of a lively cast, and his face discovered strong lines of thought. From a very wrinkled countenance, occasioned, perhaps, by much thinking, even before he was an old man, he discovered stronger marks of age than is usual. He was a man of exemplary piety, and stern integrity; and his writings are not a greater ornament to literature, than his many amiable qualities to the character both of a gentleman and a christian.

Happily circumstanced as he seems to have been during many of the best years of his life; far from the noise and hurry of the world, and liberally accomplished by literature and science, he was not idle, though retired; nor lost that time in dissipation or luxury which he denied to the pursuit of honour and ambition. And, from what he has evidently both read and written, he must have employed himself very assiduously; and his life, though not laborious, was, no doubt, singularly studious and inquisitive.

Mr. Melmoth first committed himself to print by an Essay on *active and retired Life*, in an Epistle to Henry Coventry, Esq. 1735. It was afterwards inserted in *Dodsley's Collection*, and contains some good passages, and many beautiful lines. His versification, however, is not equal to his prose: and, young as he was when this poem was published, he does not seem to have persisted in subduing the

shyness of the Muses. Among other excellencies which might be pointed out in this poem, we think the character of Sir Isaac Newton, and his philosophical discoveries, very handsomely given, and present it as a specimen to the reader.

'Twas hence great Newton, mighty Genius! soar'd,
And all creation's wond'rous range explor'd;
Far as th' Almighty stretch'd his utmost line
He pierc'd in thought, and view'd the vast design,
Too long had darker ages sought in vain
The secret scheme of nature to explain:
Too long had truth escap'd each sage's eye,
Or faintly shone through vain philosophy.
Each shapely offspring of her feeble thought
A darker vale o'er genuine science brought;
Still stubborn facts o'erthrew their fruitless toil:
For truth and fiction who shall reconcile?
But Briton's sons a surer guide pursue,
Tread safe the maze since Newton gave the clue.
Where'er he turned, true Science rear'd her head,
While far before her puzzled Ignorance fled.
From each blest truth these noble ends he draws,
Use to mankind, and to their God applause.
Taught by his rules, secure the merchant rides,
When threat'ning seas roll high their dreadful tides;
And either India spreads her precious stores,
'Midst various dangers, safe to Britain's shores.
Long as those orbs he weigh'd shall shed their rays,
His truth shall guide us, and shall last his praise.

Several passages in his *Fitzosborne's Letters* demonstrate that he was accustomed to canvass with

¹ Dodsley's Collection, vol. I, p. 303.

himself the difference between an *active and retired life*, and how much better he thought the one accommodated to his plan of happiness than the other. In one ¹ of these he observes with his usual ingenuity : “ I am too proud to endure a repulse, “ and too humble to hope for success : qualities “ little favourable, I imagine, to the pretensions of “ him who would claim the glittering prizes which “ animate those that run the race of ambition. Let “ those honours, then, you mention, be inscribed “ on the tombs of others : be it rather told on “ mine, that I lived and died

“ Unplac’d, unpension’d, no man’s heir or slave.”

It is added, to the same purpose, in another ² :—
“ One of our monarchs used to say, that he looked
“ upon those to be the happiest men in the nation,
“ whose fortune had placed them in the country,
“ above a high constable, and below the trouble
“ of a justice of peace. It is in a mediocrity of
“ this happy kind that I here pass my life with a
“ fortune far above the necessity of engaging in the
“ drudgery of business, and with desires much too
“ humble to have any relish for the splendid paths
“ of ambition.”

English literature was not a little enriched, and the history of Roman usage sensibly elucidated, by his elegant version of the Letters of Pliny the Younger, which appeared in 1753. This writer

¹ Letter 7.

² Letter 16.

was one of the politest and most fashionable of all the literati of his time whose labours have reached ours. He moved in the highest sphere of society; was intimate with all the most eminent men who flourished in public or private; had the readiest access to all circles and citizens of every description, and possessed such powers of intelligence and observation as enabled him to make the best use of whatever he heard or saw: so that no ancient cotemporary of his appears to us so full of anecdotes, so rich of valuable and well-digested information, or pictures the private, as well as the public life of the Romans, so accurately as Pliny. However tinctured with that meretricious refinement which then marked the degeneracy of Roman taste, both in letters and life, the English, into which these epistles are here rendered, would have passed the ordeal in the purest periods of our language, when Swift and Addison, and Bolingbroke, fixed the standard of its elegance and simplicity. All the notes to this translation are extremely judicious, instructive, and entertaining.

This was followed, the same or the beginning of the subsequent year, with his translation of Marcus Tullius's familiar Epistles to several of his Friends, with Remarks. These are equally critical, literary, and philosophical with those of Pliny, and certainly much more historical, political, and professional. They were written on the eve of a momentous revolution in the empire of the world, and while the minds of men were startled and laboured under repeated presages of that

stupendous event. The author himself was a conspicuous actor in these important scenes, in which his several correspondents, likewise, performed their respective parts : and our translator prefers them, as he states in his advertisement, to those particularly addressed to Atticus, “ as they “ show the author of them in a greater variety of “ connexions, and afford an opportunity of considering him in almost every possible point of “ view.”

They, accordingly, betray not so much domestic anecdotes, or the private character and principles of individuals; but chiefly delineate the portraits of the leading partizans who, at that time, divided the interests of the republic, whether friends or foes; and his sketches often strike us in such a colouring as gives no imperfect insight into his own ruling passion. Certainly none of the most celebrated writers, even in that enlightened and polished age, can be consulted with greater satisfaction on the most interesting questions of Roman story; afford the inquisitive reader a readier key to the secret springs of the revolutionary crisis then fermenting; or better season the minds of our British youth with the genuine principles of taste and erudition than these masterly and elegant epistles. The present version of them has been long applauded by the literary world, and few, who know any thing of Roman literature, but must have profited by the notes which accompany it.

Cato, or an Essay on Old Age, and Lælius, or an Essay on Friendship, both with Remarks, were

brought forward, one after the other, in an English dress, with the author's usual elegance, in 1777. Nothing, perhaps, was ever written in a style of more exquisite reasoning, or more refined and animated illustration than these two incomparable performances. And it is generally allowed our masterly translator has done both as much justice as the different genius of a living and dead language could permit. The remarks on each, twice as copious as the original, are critical, biographical, and explanatory, and disclose such a fund of Roman antiquities as must be eminently useful and acceptable to every classical student.

Besides a few temporary productions, both in verse and prose, and which were, as usual, anonymous and fugitive, his contributions to the *World*, in which it is said he had some share, and the letters in this volume, he published an answer to the attack of Jacob Bryant, Esq. on the opinion of our author concerning the persecution of the Christians under the Emperor Trajan. He proves unexceptionably that this circumstance, horrid as it was, originated not in any antipathy conceived against the truths they believed, but the laws of the constitution or established police of the state against practices deemed by them indispensable to a genuine profession of their religion. *Memoirs of a late eminent Advocate*, which he doubtless meant as a tribute of filial duty, was also written and edited by him at a very late period of life. Here we perceive the same composure of mind, and the same unaffected simplicity, which distinguished all his

preceding pieces; but the fire and genius of his earlier exertions are wanting. And this eulogium comes from him, at last, rather as a task he deemed it his duty to perform, even under the lassitude of years, than an exercise of his faculties in their vigour, when their genuine co-operation is, for the most part, voluntary, and always pleasurable.

*Fitzosborne's Letters*¹, presented to the public in this elegant impression, we mention last, though among the first of his works, as that portion of them, more particularly, to which our Memoir is prefixed. He was probably pleased with the sort of novelty implied in this disguise: it suited the modesty of his nature, in which there might be a dash of fastidiousness, to be familiar both with his friends and himself, and to speak as well of their concerns as his own, in as direct terms as he chose, through a medium of communication thus oblique and circuitous. It divested him of feelings that would, otherwise, to a certain degree, have repressed the freedom of his remarks, and laid him under such restraint as must have contracted his conceptions, and cramped his expression. The fiction was harmless, and he has rendered it useful—These letters have always had their admirers, and come from the heart as treating chiefly on objects with which the heart is most conversant. The various domestic scenes, the charming felicities of private life, the harmonies of social fellowship and concord, the occurrences of the day, the interest

¹ First printed in 1742.

we are all made to feel and participate in the enjoyments of one another, and the indefinite number of nameless circumstances, to which the affections of none are altogether insensible, are the various strings on which these letters habitually touch, and with which our hearts are always in unison. And these delicacies, steadily directed to the best moral purposes, impart such a charm to all he says, as we seldom recognize in modern composition of any class. One of the best letters in the whole collection, though merely introductory to our author's translation of the celebrated, but, as he calls it, anonymous dialogue on oratory, is replete with observations of great and public importance. We know not that this beautiful fragment of antiquity has been transfused into English by any former writer; but here it appears with peculiar elegance, and exhibits specimens of the purest eloquence and the soundest wisdom. The translator, indeed, has arranged his letters in such a manner as to render them altogether imperfect without it; and, to many readers of a particular cast, it may probably be deemed the most valuable part of the volume.

Notwithstanding the constitutional shyness of this amiable person, and his invincible reluctance to solicit public attention, he was not entirely overlooked even by the most fashionable and celebrated literati of his day. We find him an occasional visitant of the late Mrs. Montague, who lost no opportunity of enhancing her own popularity by that of her guests. With other fashionable wits, who sparkled at the levee of that literary lady, he

was also sometimes seen; and every one who talks of meeting him there, or elsewhere, or knew his person, or had the pleasure of ever conversing with him, or hearing him discourse with others, acknowledge his politeness both as a gentleman and a scholar.

Mrs. Piozzi, indeed, while flourishing in all the gaiety of youth, indulgence, and applause, under the auspices of a *Johnson*, and the rallying point of all the wits in town, speaks of Melmoth, in a letter to her mentor, in terms, not of adulation, but pique. What disgusted her with this gentleman is not stated, but she plainly enough avows her aversion. "Yesterday evening," she says, "was past at Mrs. Montague's. There was Mr. Melmoth. I do not like him tho', nor he me. It was expected we should have pleased each other. He is, however, just tory enough to hate the bishop of Peterborough, for his whiggism, and whig enough to abhor you for toryism. Mrs. Montague flattered him finely; so he had a good afternoon of it." ¹

The lady's mind, for aught we know, might have received a bias or taint from the prejudices of her mentor, and *Melmoth* figured in her imagination, probably, as she knew him to do in *Johnson's*, or, from the habits of delicacy in the former, she might not find it so easy to coquet with him as with the latter; or it might be her design to compliment the one at the expense of the other. She cannot, however, deny his general acceptability even among

¹ Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. I, 457.

the brilliant assembly where she found him, and more especially the affability and caresses he experienced from his popular and amiable hostess. But the antithetical sarcasm by which she would stigmatize his politics is a competent proof both of his moderation and good sense.

Even Johnson's comment on her illiberal censure betrays more malignity than wisdom. He views him, as he usually did all strangers of any literary merit, as a rival or an enemy. So true is the poet's witticism — "Wits are game cocks to one another." He conceived Mr. Melmoth as possessing no attractive or conciliating qualities whatever, but as equipt in the complete armour of an antagonist. And he answers his fair but captious correspondent in a tone of Quixotism peculiar to himself. "From the author of Fitzosborne's Letters I cannot think myself in much danger. I met him only once about thirty years ago, and, in some small dispute, reduced him to a whistle. Having never seen him since, that is the last impression."

It does not at all seem likely, from the unconquerable mildness of *Melmoth's* temper, and the amiable gentleness of his demeanour, that he would wantonly provoke an argument with this professed and doughty polemic. He was too wise not to see the folly, and too well-bred not to avoid the rudeness, of thus perturbing the company with controversy, and converting social enjoyment into a scene of bickering and altercation. Johnson seems to have been addicted to the silly egotism of exulting in

his intellectual strength, and contended, in most of his extemporary conflicts, more for victory than truth.¹ And in this fling at Mr. Melmoth, with all the confidence of oracular decision in his own favour, he unwarily stamps the character of both, and leaves an impression on the reader's mind as irreputable to himself as honourable to the person he would depreciate.

The reputation of Mr. Melmoth, however, was not to be suppressed or abridged by the narrow surmises and whimsical out-givings of this presumptuous school. The most respectable of his cotemporaries bore witness to his worth as a man, and his merit as a writer. He is even mentioned in the *Pursuits of Literature* with commendable veneration. "William Melmoth, Esq." says that fastidious but shrewd satirist, "a most elegant and distinguished writer near half an age with every good man's praise. His translation of Cicero and Pliny will speak for him while Roman and English eloquence can be united. Mr. Melmoth is a happy example of the mild influence of learning on a cultivated mind, I mean of that learning which is declared to be the aliment of youth, and the delight and consolation of declining years. Who would not envy this '*Fortunate Old Man*,' his most finished translation and comment on Tully's Cato? or rather, who would not rejoice in the refined and mellowed pleasures of so accomplished a gentleman and so liberal a scholar?"

¹ Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. III, 457.

The traveller, Mr. Coxe, whose tour it would seem was originally communicated to our author, begins his work by addressing him in these respectful terms : “ I am persuaded that I shall travel
“ with much greater profit to myself when I am
“ thus to inform you of all I have seen, as the re-
“ flexion that my observations are to be commu-
“ nicated to you will be one means of rendering
“ me more attentive and accurate in forming
“ them. ” And these are the emphatic words in which he concludes his last edition : “ But I
“ cannot put forth this new edition without grate-
“ fully recollecting the judicious animadversions
“ of the elegant writer, to whom these letters are
“ addressed, and testifying my regret for the loss
“ of an affectionate and friendly instructor, who
“ kindly directed my literary pursuits, and to whose
“ precepts I owe more than I can express. ”

The following additional testimony to Mr. Melmoth's literary character comes from a correspondent, to whose opinion of men and books the writer of this memoir has long deferred, and whose name, were he at liberty to mention it, would considerably enhance the credit of our author, high as it already stands in public estimation. “ I am, ” says he, “ very well acquainted with Mr. Mel-
“ moth's writings. His Fitzosborne's Letters are
“ much esteemed for their good sense, simplicity,
“ and morality. His translations of Cicero have
“ not, perhaps, been quite so much approved of
“ as those of Pliny. His taste, too, for the latter,
“ has had the effect of pre-possessing against him

“ some eminent critics and elegant scholars. It
“ has been said that he makes Cicero speak like
“ Pliny. There are excellent translations of Ci-
“ cero's Letters in more than one foreign language.
“ These Mr. Melmoth had the advantage of seeing,
“ and, it must be owned, ours is not a little in-
“ debted to his masterly version of both these
“ ancient authors.”



LETTERS

ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

LETTER I.

TO PHIOTES.

I SHOULD not have suffered so long an interval to interrupt our correspondence if my expedition to Euphronius had not wholly employed me for these last six weeks. I had long promised to spend some time with him before he embarked with his regiment for Flanders; and, as he is not one of those Hudibrastic heroes who choose to run away one day that they may live to fight another, I was unwilling to trust the opportunity of seeing him to the very precarious contingency of his return — The high enjoyments he leaves behind him might, indeed, be a pledge to his friends that his caution would at least be equal to his courage if his notions of honour were less exquisitely delicate. But he will undoubtedly act as if he had nothing to hazard; though, at the same time, from the generous sensibility of his temper, he feels every thing that his family can suffer in their fears for his danger. I had an instance, whilst I was in his house, how much Euphronia's apprehensions for his safety are ready to take alarm upon every occasion. She called me one day into the gallery to look upon a picture which was just come out of the painter's hands;

but the moment she carried me up to it she burst out into a flood of tears. It was drawn at the request, and after a design of her father, and is a performance, which does great honour to the ingenious artist who executed it. Euphronius is represented under the character of Hector, when he parts from Andromache, who is personated, in the piece, by Euphronia, as her sister, who holds their little boy in her arms, is shadowed out under the figure of the beautiful nurse with the young Astyanax.

I was so much pleased with the design in this uncommon family-piece, that I thought it deserved particular mention; as I could wish it were to become a general fashion to have all pictures of the same kind executed in some such manner. If, instead of furnishing a room with separate portraits, a whole family were to be thus introduced into a single piece, and represented under some interesting historical subject, suitable to their rank and character, portraits, which are now so generally and so deservedly despised, might become of real value to the public. By this means history-painting would be encouraged among us, and a ridiculous vanity turned to the improvement of one of the most instructive, as well as the most pleasing, of the imitative arts. Those who never contributed a single benefit to their own age, nor will ever be mentioned in any after-one, might by this means employ their pride and their expense in a way, which might render them entertaining and useful both to the present and future times. It would

require, indeed, great judgment and address in the painter to choose and recommend subjects proper to the various characters which would present themselves to his pencil; and undoubtedly we should see many enormous absurdities committed if this fashion were universally to be followed. It would certainly, however, afford a glorious scope to genius, and probably supply us, in due time, with some productions which might be mentioned with those of the most celebrated schools. I am persuaded at least that great talents have been sometimes lost to this art by being confined to the dull, though profitable, labour of senseless portraits; as I should not doubt, if the method I am speaking of were to take effect, to see that very promising genius, who, in consequence of your generous offices, is now forming his hand by the noblest models in Rome, prove a rival to those great masters whose works he is studying.

It cannot, I think, be denied, that the prevailing fondness of having our persons copied out for posterity is, in the present application of it, a most absurd and useless vanity; as in general, nothing affords a more ridiculous scene than those grotesque figures which usually line the mansions of a man who is fond of displaying his canvas-ancestry:

Good Heav'n! that sots and knaves should be so vain
To wish their vile resemblance may remain,
And stand recorded, at their own request,
To future times a libel or a jest. DRYDEN.

You must by no means, however, imagine that

I absolutely condemn this lower application of one of the noblest arts. It has certainly a very just use, when employed in perpetuating the resemblances of that part of our species who have distinguished themselves in their respective generations. To be desirous of an acquaintance with the person of those who have recommended themselves by their writings, or their actions, to our esteem and applause, is a very natural, and reasonable curiosity. For myself, at least, I have often found much satisfaction in contemplating a well-chosen collection of the portrait-kind, and comparing the mind of a favourite character as it was either expressed or concealed in its external lineaments. There is something, likewise, extremely animating in these lively representations of celebrated merit; and it was an observation of one of the Scipios, that he could never view the figures of his ancestors without finding his bosom glow with the most ardent passion of imitating their deeds. However, as the days of exemplary virtue are now no more, and we are not, many of us, disposed to transmit the most inflaming models to future times, it would be but prudence, methinks, if we are resolved to make posterity acquainted with the persons of the present age, that it should be by viewing them in the actions of the past. Adieu. I am &c.

LETTER II.

TO PALAMEDES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fine things you alledge in favour of the Romans, I do not yet find myself disposed to become a convert to your opinion: on the contrary, I am still obstinate enough to maintain that the fame of your admired nation is more dazzling than solid, and owing rather to those false prejudices which we are early taught to conceive of them than to their real and intrinsic merit. If conquest indeed be the genuine glory of a state, and extensive dominions the most infallible test of national virtue, it must be acknowledged that no people in all history have so just a demand of our admiration: but if we take an impartial view of this celebrated nation, perhaps much of our applause may abate. When we contemplate them, for instance, within their own walls, what do we see but the dangerous convulsions of an ill-regulated policy? as we can seldom, I believe, consider them, with respect to foreign kingdoms, without the utmost abhorrence and indignation.

But there is nothing which places these sons of Romulus lower in my estimation than their unmanly conduct in the article of their triumphs. I must confess, at the same time, that they had the sanction of a god to justify them in this practice. Bacchus, or (as Sir Isaac Newton has proved) the Egyptian Sesostris, after his return from his Indian conquests, gave the first instance of this ungenerous

ceremony. But, though his divinity was confessed in many other parts of the world, his example does not seem to have been followed till we find it copied out in all its insolent pomp at Rome.

It is impossible to read the descriptions of these arrogant exhibitions of prosperity, and not to be struck with indignation at this barbarous method of insulting the calamities of the unfortunate. One would be apt, at the first glance, to suspect that every sentiment of humanity must be extinguished in a people, who could behold with pleasure the moving instances, which these solemnities afforded, of the caprice of fortune; and could see the highest potentates of the earth dragged from their thrones to fill up the proud parade of these ungenerous triumphs. But the prevailing maxim which ran through the whole system of Roman politics was to encourage a spirit of conquest; and these honours were evidently calculated to awaken that unjust principle of mistaken patriotism. Accordingly, by the fundamental laws of Rome, no general was entitled to a triumph, unless he had added some new acquisition to her possessions. To suppress a civil insurrection, however dangerous; to recover any former member of her dominions, however important, gave no claim to this supreme mark of ambitious distinction. For it was their notion, it seems (and Valerius Maximus is my authority for saying so), that there is as much difference between adding to the territories of a commonwealth, and restoring those it has lost, as between the actual conferring of a benefit, and the mere repelling

of an injury. It was but of a piece, indeed, that a ceremony conducted in defiance of humanity should be founded in contempt of justice; and it was natural enough that they should gain by oppression what they were to enjoy by insult.

If we consider Paulus Æmilius, after his conquest of Macedonia, making his public entry into Rome, attended by the unfortunate Perseus and his infant family, and at the same time reflect upon our Black Prince, when he passed through London with his royal captive after the glorious battle of Poitiers, we cannot fail of having the proper sentiments of a Roman triumph. What generous mind, who saw the Roman consul in all the giddy exultation of unfeeling pride, but would rather (as to that single circumstance) have been the degraded Perseus than the triumphant Æmilius? There is something indeed in distress that reflects a sort of merit upon every object which is so situated, and turns off our attention from those blemishes that stain even the most vicious characters. Accordingly, in the instance of which I am speaking, the perfidious monarch was overlooked in the suffering Perseus; and a spectacle so affecting checked the joy of conquest even in a Roman breast. For Plutarch assures us, when that worthless, but unhappy, prince was observed, together with his two sons and a daughter, marching amidst the train of prisoners, nature was too hard for custom, and many of the spectators melted into a flood of tears. But with what a generous tenderness did the British hero conduct himself upon an occasion of the same

kind! He employed all the artful address of the most refined humanity to conceal from his unhappy prisoner every thing that could remind him of his disgrace; and the whole pomp that was displayed upon this occasion appeared singly as intended to lighten the weight of his misfortunes, and to do honour to the vanquished monarch.

You will remember, Palamedes, I am only considering the Romans in a political view, and speaking of them merely in their national character. As to individuals, you know, I pay the highest veneration to many that rose up amongst them. It would not, indeed, be just to involve particulars in general reflections of any kind, and I cannot but acknowledge, ere I close my letter, that though, in the article I have been mentioning, the Romans certainly acted a most unworthy part towards their public enemies, yet they seem to have maintained the most exalted notions of conduct with respect to their private ones. That noble (and may I not add!) that Christian sentiment of Juvenal,

——— *minuti*
Semper et infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas,
Ultio —

was not merely the refined precept of their more improved philosophers, but a general and popular maxim among them: and that generous sentiment so much and so deservedly admired in the Roman orator, *Non pœnitet me mortales inimicitias, sempiternas amicitias habere*, was, as appears from Livy, so universally received as to become even a

proverbial expression. Thus Sallust likewise, I remember, speaking of the virtues of the ancient Romans, mentions it as their principal characteristic, that, upon all occasions, they showed a disposition rather to forgive than revenge an injury. But the false notions they had embraced concerning the glory of their country taught them to subdue every affection of humanity, and extinguish every dictate of justice which opposed that destructive principle. It was this spirit, however, in return, and by a very just consequence, that proved at length the means of their total destruction. Farewel. I am, &c.



LETTER III.

TO PHILOTES.

WHILST you are probably enjoying blue skies and cooling grots, I am shivering here in the midst of summer — The *molles sub arbore somni*, the *speluncæ vivique lacus*, are pleasures which we in England can seldom taste but in description. For, in a climate, where the warmest season is frequently little better than a milder sort of winter, the sun is much too welcome a guest to be avoided. If ever we have occasion to complain of him, it must be for his absence : at least I have seldom found his visits troublesome. You see I am still the same cold mortal as when you left me. But whatever warmth I may want in my constitution, I want

none in my affections; and you have not a friend who is more ardently yours than I pretend to be. You have indeed such a right to my heart from mere gratitude, that I almost wish I owed you less upon that account, that I might give it you upon a more disinterested principle. However, if there is any part of it which you cannot demand in justice, be assured you have it by affection; so that, on one or other of these titles, you may always depend upon me as wholly yours. Can it be necessary, after this, to add, that I received your letter with singular satisfaction, as it brought me an account of your welfare, and of the agreeable manner in which you pass your time? If there be any room to wish you an increase of pleasure, it is, perhaps, that the three virgins you mention were a few degrees handsomer and younger. But I would not desire their charms should be heightened, were I not sure they will never lessen your repose; for, knowing your stoicism as I do, I dare trust your ease with any thing less than a goddess; and those females, I perceive, are so far removed from the order of divinities, that they seem to require a considerable advance before I could even allow them to be so much as women.

It was mentioned to me, the other day, that there is some probability we may see you in England by the winter. When I considered only my private satisfaction, I heard this with a very sensible pleasure; but, as I have long learned to submit my own interests to yours, I could not but regret there was a likelihood of your being so soon called

off from one of the most advantageous opportunities of improvement that can attend a sensible mind. An ingenious Italian author, of your acquaintance, compares a judicious traveller to a river which increases its stream the farther it flows from its source; or to certain springs, which, running through rich veins of mineral, improve their qualities as they pass along. It were pity then you should be checked in so useful a progress, and diverted from a course from whence you may derive so many noble advantages. You have hitherto, I imagine, been able to do little more than lay in materials for your main design — But six months now would give you a truer notion of what is worthy of observation in the countries through which you pass, than twice that time when you were less acquainted with the languages. The truth is, till a man is capable of conversing with ease among the natives of any country, he can never be able to form a just and adequate idea of their policy and manners. He who sits at a play without understanding the dialect, may indeed discover which of the actors are best dressed, and how well the scenes are painted or disposed; but the characters and conduct of the drama must for ever remain a secret to him. Adieu. I am, &c.

LETTER IV.

TO CLYTANDER.

IF I had been a party in the conversation you mention, I should have joined, I believe, with your friend, in supporting those sentiments you seem to condemn. I will venture, indeed, to acknowledge, that I have long been of opinion the moderns pay too blind a deference to the ancients; and though I have the highest veneration for several of their remains, yet I am inclined to think they have occasioned us the loss of some excellent originals. They are the proper and best guides, I allow, to those who have not the force to break out into new paths; but whilst it is thought sufficient praise to be their followers, genius is checked in her flights, and many a fair tract lies undiscovered in the boundless regions of imagination. Thus, had Virgil trusted more to his native strength, the Romans, perhaps, might have seen an original Epic in their language. But Homer was considered by that admired poet as the sacred object of his first and principal attention; and he seemed to think it the noblest triumph of genius to be adorned with the spoils of that glorious chief.

You will tell me, perhaps, that even Homer himself was indebted to the ancients; that the full streams he dispensed did not flow from his own source, but were derived to him from a higher. This, I acknowledge, has been asserted, but asserted without proof, and, I may venture to add,

without probability. He seems to have stood alone and unsupported, and to have stood, for that very reason, so much the nobler object of admiration. Scarce, indeed, I imagine, would his works have received that high regard which was paid to them from their earliest appearance, had they been formed upon prior models, had they shone only with reflected light.

But will not this servile humour of subjecting the powers of invention to the guidance of the ancients account, in some degree at least, for our meeting with so small a number of authors who can claim the merit of being originals? Is not this a kind of submission that damps the fire, and weakens the vigour of the mind? for the ancients seem so be considered by us as so many guards to prevent the free excursion of imagination, and set bounds to her flight; whereas they ought rather to be looked upon (the few, I mean, who are themselves originals) as encouragements to a full and uncontrolled exertion of her faculties. But if here or there a poet has courage enough to trust to his own unassisted reach of thought, his example does not seem so much to incite others to make the same adventurous attempts as to confirm them in the humble disposition of imitation: for, if he succeeds, he immediately becomes himself the occasion of a thousand models; if he does not, he is pointed out as a discouraging instance of the folly of renouncing those established leaders which antiquity has authorized. Thus invention is depressed, and genius enslaved: the creative power of poetry is

lost, and the ingenious, instead of exerting that productive faculty, which alone can render them the just objects of admiration, are humbly contented with borrowing both the materials and the plans of their mimic structures. I am, &c.

LETTER V.

TO HORTENSIUS.

YOUR excellent brawn wanted no additional commendation to make it more acceptable but that of your company. However, though I cannot share it with my friend, I devote it to his memory, and make daily offerings of it to a certain divinity, whose temples, though now well nigh deserted, were once held in the highest veneration : she is mentioned by ancient authors under the name and title of *DIVA AMICITIA*. To her I bring the victim you have furnished me with in all the pomp of Roman rites. Wreathed with the sacred *vitta*, and crowned with the branch of rosemary, I place it on an altar of well-polished mahogany, where I pour libations over it of acid wine, and sprinkle it with flour of mustard. I deal out certain portions to those who assist at this social ceremony, reminding them, with an *hoc age*, of the important business upon which they are assembled ; and conclude the festival with this votive couplet :

Close as this brawn the circling fillet binds
May friendship's sacred bands unite our minds!

Farewel. I am, &c.

LETTER VI.

TO CLYTANDER.

YOU must have been greatly distressed, indeed, Clytander, when you thought of calling me in as your auxiliary in the debate you mention. Or was it not rather a motive of generosity which suggested that design? and you were willing, perhaps, I should share the glory of a victory which you had already secured. Whatever *your* intention was, *mine* is always to comply with your requests; and I very readily enter the lists when I am at once to combat in the cause of truth and on the side of my friend.

It is not necessary, I think, in order to establish the credibility of a particular Providence, to deduce it (as your objector, I find, seems to require) from known and undisputed facts. I should be exceedingly cautious in pointing out any supposed instances of that kind, as those, who are fond of indulging themselves in determining the precise cases wherein they imagine the immediate interposition of the Divinity is discoverable, often run into the weakest and most injurious superstitions. It is impossible, indeed, unless we were capable of looking through the whole chain of things, and of viewing each effect in its remote connexions and final issues, to pronounce of any contingency that it is absolutely, and in its ultimate tendencies, either good or bad. *That* can only be known by the great Author of nature, who comprehends the full extent of our total existence, and sees the

influence which every particular circumstance will have in the general sum of our happiness. But though the peculiar points of divine interposition are thus necessarily, and from the natural imperfection of our discerning faculties, extremely dubious, yet it can by no means from thence be justly inferred, that the doctrine of a particular Providence is either groundless or absurd : the general principle may be true, though the application of it to any given purpose be involved in very inextricable difficulties.

The notion, that the material world is governed by general mechanical laws, has induced your friend to argue that “ it is probable the Deity “ should act by the same rule of conduct in the “ intellectual; and leave moral agents entirely to “ those consequences which necessarily result from “ the particular exercise of their original powers.” But this hypothesis takes a question for granted, which requires much proof before it can be admitted. The grand principle which preserves this system of the universe in all its harmonious order is gravity, or that property by which all the particles of matter mutually tend to each other. Now this is a power which, it is acknowledged, does not essentially reside in matter, but must be ultimately derived from the action of some immaterial cause. Why therefore may it not reasonably be supposed to be the effect of the divine agency, immediately and constantly operating for the preservation of this wonderful machine of nature ? Certain, at least, it is, that the explication which Sir Isaac Newton has endeavoured to give of this

wonderful phenomenon, by means of his subtile ether, has not afforded universal satisfaction : and it is the opinion of a very great writer, who seems to have gone far into inquiries of this abstruse kind, that the numberless effects of this power are inexplicable upon mechanical principles, or in any other way than by having recourse to a spiritual agent, who connects, moves, and disposes all things according to such methods as best comport with his incomprehensible purposes.

But successful villany and oppressed virtue are deemed, I perceive, in the account of your friend, as powerful instances to prove that the Supreme Being remains an uninterposing spectator of what is transacted upon this theatre of the world. However, ere this argument can have a determining weight, it must be proved (which yet, surely, never can be proved) that prosperous iniquity has all those advantages in reality which it may seem to have in appearance; and that those accidents which are usually esteemed as calamities, do, in truth, and in the just scale of things, deserve to be distinguished by that appellation. It is a noble saying of the philosopher cited by Seneca, that “there cannot be a more unhappy man in the world than he who has never experienced adversity.” There is nothing, perhaps, in which mankind are more apt to make false calculations, than in the article both of their own happiness and that of others; as there are few, I believe, who have lived any time in the world, but have found frequent occasions to say with the poor hunted stag in the fable, who was

entangled by those horns he had but just before been admiring :

*O me infelicem , qui nunc demum intelligo,
Ut illa mihi profuerint quæ despexeram,
Et quæ laudaram quantum luctûs habuerint ! PHÆD.*

If we look back upon the sentiments of past ages, we shall find the opinion for which I am contending has prevailed from the remotest account of time. It must undoubtedly have entered the world as early as religion herself, since all institutions of that kind must necessarily be founded upon the supposition of a particular Providence. It appears, indeed, to have been the favourite doctrine of some of the most distinguished names in antiquity—Xenophon tells us, when Cyrus led out his army against the Assyrians, the word which he gave to his soldiers was, ΖΕΥΣ ΣΥΜΜΑΧΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΗΓΕΜΩΝ, “Jupiter the defender and conductor :” and he represents that prince as attributing success, even in the sports of the field, to Divine Providence. Thus, likewise, Timoleon, as the author of his life assures us, believed every action of mankind to be under the immediate influence of the Gods : and Livy remarks of the first Scipio Africanus, that he never undertook any important affair, either of private or public concern, without going to the Capitol in order to implore the assistance of Jupiter. Balbus, the stoic, in the dialogue on the nature of the gods, expressly declares for a particular providence : and Cicero himself, in one of his orations, imputes that superior glory, which attended the Roman

nation, singly to this animating persuasion. But none of the ancients seem to have had a stronger impression of this truth upon their minds than the immortal Homer. Every page in the works of that divine poet will furnish proofs of this observation. I cannot, however, forbear mentioning one or two remarkable instances which just now occur to me. When the Grecian chiefs cast lots which of them should accept the challenge of Hector, the poet describes the army as lifting up their eyes and hands to heaven, and imploring the Gods that they would direct the lot to fall on one of their most distinguished heroes:

Λαοὶ, — θεοῖσι δὲ χεῖρας ἀνέχον,
 ὧς δὲ δὲ τις εἶπεν ἰδὼν εἰς ὄραν ἐὺρυν.
 Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἢ Αἴαντα λαχεῖν, ἢ Τυδέος υἱόν,
 ἢ αὐτὸν βασιλῆα πολυχρῦσιο Μυκῆνης. ¹

So likewise Antenor proposes to the Trojans the restitution of Helen, as having no hopes, he tells them, that any thing would succeed with them after they had broken the faith of treaties:

Νῦν δ' ὅρκια πιστὰ
 Ψευσάμενοι μαχόμεθα· τῷ δ' νύ π' κέρδιον ἡμῖν
 Ἐλπομαί ἐκτελέεσθαι. ²

- ¹ The people pray with lifted eyes and hands,
 And vows like these ascend from all the bands:
 Grant, thou, Almighty, in whose hand is Fate,
 A worthy champion for the Grecian state:
 This task let Ajax or Tydides prove,
 Or he, the king of kings, belov'd of Jove. POPE.
- ² The ties of faith, the sworn alliance broke,
 Our impious battles the just Gods provoke. POPE.

And indeed Homer hardly ever makes his heroes succeed (as his excellent translator justly observes) unless they have first offered a prayer to Heaven. "He is perpetually," says Mr. Pope, "acknowledging the hand of God in all events, and ascribing to *that alone* all the victories, triumphs, rewards, or punishments of men. The grand moral laid down at the entrance of his poem, Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή, *The will of God was fulfilled*, runs through his whole work, and is, with a most remarkable care and conduct, put into the mouths of his greatest and wisest persons on every occasion."

Upon the whole, Clytander, we may safely assert, that the belief of a particular providence is founded upon such probable reasons as may well justify our assent. It would scarce, therefore, be wise to renounce an opinion, which affords so firm a support to the soul in those seasons wherein she stands most in need of assistance, merely because it is not possible, in questions of this kind, to solve every difficulty which attends them. If it be highly consonant to the general notions of the benevolence of the Deity (as highly consonant it surely is) that he should not leave so impotent a creature as man to the single guidance of his own precarious faculties, who would abandon a belief so full of the most enlivening consolation, in compliance with those metaphysical reasonings which are usually calculated rather to silence, than to satisfy, an humble inquirer after truth? Who indeed would wish to be convinced, that he stands unguarded by that heavenly shield, which can protect him against

all the assaults of an injurious and malevolent world ! The truth is, the belief of a particular providence is the most animating persuasion that the mind of man can embrace ; it gives strength to our hopes, and firmness to our resolutions ; it subdues the insolence of prosperity, and draws out the sting of affliction. In a word, it is like the golden branch to which Virgil's hero was directed, and affords the only secure passport through the regions of darkness and sorrow. I am, &c.

LETTER VII.

TO THE SAME.

FORGIVE me, Palamedes, if I mistrust an art, which the greatest of philosophers has called the art of deceiving, and by which the first of orators could persuade the people that he had conquered at the athletic games, though they saw him fall at his adversary's feet. The voice of Eloquence should ever, indeed, be heard with caution ; and she, whose boast it has formerly been to make little things appear considerable, may diminish objects, perhaps, as well as enlarge them, and lessen even the charms of repose. But I have too long experienced the joys of retirement to quit her arms for a more lively mistress ; and I can look upon ambition, though adorned in all the ornaments of your oratory, with the cool indifference of the most confirmed stoic. To confess the whole truth, I am too

proud to endure a repulse, and too humble to hope for success : qualities little favourable, I imagine, to the pretensions of him who would claim the glittering prizes which animate those that run the race of ambition. Let those honours, then, you mention, be inscribed on the tombs of others ; be it rather told on mine, that I lived and died

Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave.

And is not this a privilege as valuable as any of those which you have painted to my view in all the warmest colours of your enlivening eloquence ? Bruyere, at least, has just now assured me, that “ to pay one's court to no man, nor “ expect any to pay court to you, is the most “ agreeable of all situations ; it is the true golden “ age,” says he, “ and the most natural state of “ man.”

Believe me, however, I am not in the mistake of those whom you justly condemn as imagining that wisdom is the companion only of retirement, and that virtue enters not the more open and conspicuous walks of life : but I will confess, at the same time, that though it is to Tully I give my applause, it is Atticus that has my affection.

“ Life,” says a celebrated ancient, “ may be compared to the Olympic games : some enter into “ those assemblies for glory, and others for gain, “ while there is a third party (and those by no “ means the most contemptible) who choose to “ be merely spectators.” I need not tell you,

Palamedes, early it was my inclination to be numbered with the last; and as nature has not formed me with powers, am I not obliged to her for having divested me of every inclination for bearing a part in the ambitious contentions of the world? Providence, indeed, seems to have designed some tempers for the obscure scenes of life; as there are some plants which flourish best in the shade. But the lowest shrub has its use, you are sensible, as well as the loftiest oak; and, perhaps, your friend may find some method of convincing you, that even the humblest talents are not given in vain. Farewel. I am, &c.

LETTER VIII.

TO CLYTANDER.

DID you imagine I was really in earnest when I talked of quitting ***, and withdrawing from those gilded prospects which ambition had once so strongly set in my view? But my vows, you see, are not in the number of those which are made to be broken, for the retreat I had long meditated is now, at last, happily executed. To say truth, my friend, the longer I lived in the high scenes of action, the more I was convinced that nature had not formed me for bearing a part in them: and though I was once so unexperienced in the ways of the world, as to believe I had talents, as I was sure I had inclination, to serve my country,

yet every day's conversation contributed to wear me, by degrees, from that flattering delusion.

How, indeed, could a man hope to render himself acceptable to the various parties which divide our nation, who professes it as his principle, that there is no striking wholly into the measures of any without renouncing either one's sense or one's integrity? And yet, as the world is at present constituted, it is scarce possible, I fear, to do any good in one's generation (in public life I mean) without listing under some one or other of those various banners which distinguish the several corps in these our political warfares. To those, therefore, who may have curiosity enough to enter into my concerns, and ask a reason for my quitting the town, I answer, in the words of the historian : *Civitatis morum tædet pigetque*.—But I am wandering from the purpose of my letter, which was not so much to justify my retreat as to incline you to follow me into it—to follow me, I mean, as a visitor only ; for I love my country too well to call you off from those great services you are capable of doing here.

I have pitched my tent upon a spot which I am persuaded will not displease you. My villa (if you will allow me to call by that fine name what, in truth, is no better than a neat farm-house) is situated upon a gentle rise, which commands a short, though agreeable, view of about three miles in circumference. This is bounded on the north by a ridge of hills, which afford me at once both a secure shelter and a beautiful prospect ; for they are as well

cultivated as the most fertile valleys. In the front of my house, which stands south-east, I have a view of the river that runs, at the distance of somewhat less than a quarter of a mile, at the end of my ground, and, after making several windings and turnings, seems to lose itself at the foot of those hills I just now mentioned. As for my garden, I am obliged to nature for its chief beauties; having no other (except a small spot which I have allotted for the purposes of my table) but what the fields and meadows afford. These, however, I have embellished with some care, having intermixed among the hedges all the several sorts of flowering shrubs.

But I must not forget to mention what I look upon to be the principal ornament of the place; as, indeed, I do not recollect to have seen any thing of the kind in our English plantations. I have covered a small spot with different sorts of evergreens, many of which are of a species not very usual in our country. This little plantation I have branched out into various labyrinth-walks, which are all terminated by a small temple in the centre. I have a double advantage from this artificial wood; for it not only affords me a very shady retreat in summer, but, as it is situated opposite to my library, supplies me in winter with a perspective of the most agreeable verdure imaginable.

What heightens my relish of this retirement is the company of my Cleora; as, indeed, many of the best improvements I have made in it are owing to hints which I have received from her exquisite taste and judgment. She will rejoice to receive you

here as her guest, and has given it me in charge to remind you that you have promised to be so. As the business of parliament is now drawing to a conclusion, I may urge this to you without any imputation upon my patriotism; though, at the same time, I must add, I make a very considerable sacrifice of private interest whenever I resign you for the sake of the public. Adieu. I am, &c.

LETTER IX.

TO CLYTANDER.

YOU, who never forget any thing, can tell me, I dare say, whose observation it is, that, “ of all the “ actions of our life, nothing is more uncommon “ than to laugh or to cry with a good grace.” But, though I cannot recollect the author, I shall always retain his maxim; as, indeed, every day’s occurrences suggest the truth of it to my mind. I had particularly an occasion to see one part of it verified in the treatise I herewith return you; for never, surely, was mirth more injudiciously directed, than that which this writer of your acquaintance has employed. To droll upon the established religion of a country, and laugh at the most sacred and inviolable of her ordinances, is as far removed from good politics as it is from good manners. It is, indeed, upon maxims of policy alone that one can reason with those who pursue the principles which this author has embraced : I will add, therefore

(since, it seems, you sometimes communicate to him my letters), that to endeavour to lessen that veneration which is due to the religious institutions of a nation, when they neither run counter to any of the great lines of morality, nor oppose the natural rights of mankind, is a sort of zeal which I know not by what epithet sufficiently to stigmatize : it is attacking the strongest hold of society, and attempting to destroy the firmest guard of human security. Far am I, indeed, from thinking there is no other, or that the notion of a moral sense is a vain and groundless hypothesis. But wonderfully limited must the experience of those philosophers undoubtedly be, who imagine that an implanted love of virtue is sufficient to conduct the generality of mankind through the paths of moral duties, and supersede the necessity of a farther and more powerful guide. A sense of honour, likewise, where it operates in its true and genuine vigour, is, I confess, a most noble and powerful principle, but far too refined a motive of action, even for the more cultivated part of our species to adopt in general ; and, in fact, we find it much oftener professed than pursued. Nor are the laws of a community sufficient to answer all the restraining purposes of government ; as there are many moral points which it is impossible to secure by express provisions. Human institution can reach no farther than to certain general duties, in which the collective welfare of society is more particularly concerned — Whatever else is necessary for the ease and happiness of social intercourse can be derived only

from the assistance of religion which influences the nicer connexions and dependencies of mankind, as it regulates and corrects the heart. How many tyrannies may I exercise as a parent, how many hardships may I inflict as a master, if I take the statutes of my country for the only guides of my actions, and think every thing lawful that is not immediately penal! The truth is, a man may be injured in a variety of instances far more atrociously than by what the law considers either as a fraud or a robbery. Now, in cases of this kind (and many very important cases of this kind there are), to remove the bars of religion is to throw open the gates of oppression : it is to leave the honest exposed to the injurious inroads of those (and they are far, perhaps, the greatest part of mankind) who, though they would never *do justice and love mercy* in compliance with the dictates of nature, would scrupulously practise both in obedience to the rules of revelation.

The gross of our species can never, indeed, be influenced by abstract reasoning, nor captivated by the naked charms of virtue : on the contrary, nothing seems more evident than that the generality of mankind must be engaged by sensible objects, must be wrought upon by their hopes and fears. And this has been the constant maxim of all the celebrated legislators from the earliest establishment of government to this present hour. It is true, indeed, that none have contended more warmly than the ancients for the dignity of human nature, and the native disposition of the soul to be

enamoured with the beauty of virtue: but it is equally true, that none have more strenuously inculcated the expediency of adding the authority of religion to the suggestions of nature, and maintaining a reverence to the appointed ceremonies of public worship. The sentiments of Pythagoras (or whoever he be who was author of those verses which pass under that philosopher's name) are well known upon this subject:

*Ἀθανάτους μὲν πάντα θεὸς, νόμῳ ὡς δικάεται,
Τίμα.*

Many, indeed, are the ancient passages which might be produced in support of this assertion, if it were necessary to produce any passages of this kind to you, whom I have so often heard contend for the same truth with all the awakening powers of learning and eloquence. Suffer me, however, for the benefit of your acquaintance, to remind you of one or two, which I do not remember ever to have seen quoted.

Livy has recorded a speech of Appius Claudius Crassus, which he made in opposition to certain demands of the tribunes. That zealous senator warmly argues against admitting the plebeians into a share of the consular dignity from the power of taking the auspices being originally and solely vested in the patrician order. "But, perhaps," says Crassus, "I shall be told, that the pecking of a chicken, &c. are trifles unworthy of regard: trifling, however, as these ceremonies may now be deemed, it was by the strict observance of

“ them that our ancestors raised this common-
“ wealth to its present point of grandeur.” *Parva
sunt hæc : sed parva ista non contemnenda ; majores
nostri maximam hanc rem fecerunt.* — Agreeably to
this principle, the Roman historian of the life of
Alexander describes that monarch, after having
killed his friend Clitus, as considering, in his cool
moments, whether the Gods had not permitted him
to be guilty of that horrid act in punishment for
his irreligious neglect of their sacred rites. And
Juvenal¹ imputes the source of that torrent of vice
which broke in upon the age in which he wrote
to the general disbelief that prevailed of the public
doctrines of their established religion. Those tenets,
he tells us, that influenced the glorious conduct of
the Curii, the Scipios, the Fabricii, and the Camilli,
were, in his days, so totally exploded, as scarce to
be received even by children. It were well for
some parts of the Christian world if the same obser-
vation might not with justice be extended beyond
the limits of ancient Rome : and I often reflect
upon the very judicious remark of a great writer
of the last century, who takes notice, that “ the
“ generality of Christendom is now well nigh
“ arrived at that fatal condition, which imme-
“ diately preceded the destruction of the worship
“ of the ancient world ; when the face of religion,
“ in their public assemblies, was quite different
“ from that apprehension which men had con-
“ cerning it in private.”

¹ Sat. II, 149.

Nothing, most certainly, could less plead the sanction of reason than the general rites of pagan worship. Weak and absurd, however, as they were in themselves, and, indeed, in the estimation too of all the wiser sort, yet, the more thinking and judicious part, both of their statesmen and philosophers, unanimously concurred in supporting them as sacred and inviolable: well persuaded, no doubt, that religion is the strongest cement in the great structure of moral government. Farewel. I am, &c.

LETTER X.

TO EUPHRONIUS.

I AM much inclined to join with you in thinking that the Romans had no peculiar word in their language which answers precisely to what we call *good sense* in ours. For though *prudentia*, indeed, seems frequently used by their best writers to express that idea, yet it is not confined to that single meaning, but is often applied by them to signify skill in any particular science. But good sense is something very distinct from knowledge; and it is an instance of the poverty of the Latin language, that she is obliged to use the same word as a mark for two such different ideas.

Were I to explain what I understand by good sense, I should call it right reason; but right reason that arises, not from formal and logical deductions, but from a sort of intuitive faculty in the soul,

which distinguishes by immediate perception : a kind of innate sagacity that, in many of its properties, seems very much to resemble instinct. It would be improper, therefore, to say that Sir Isaac Newton showed his good sense by those amazing discoveries which he made in natural philosophy : the operations of this gift of Heaven are rather instantaneous than the result of any tedious process. Like Diomed, after Minerva had endowed him with the power of discerning gods from mortals, the man of good sense discovers, *at once*, the truth of those objects he is most concerned to distinguish, and conducts himself with suitable caution and security.

It is for this reason, possibly, that this quality of the mind is not so often found united with learning as one could wish : for good sense being accustomed to receive her discoveries without labour or study, she cannot so easily wait for those truths, which, being placed at a distance, and lying concealed under numberless covers, require much pains and application to unfold.

But though good sense is not in the number, nor always, it must be owned, in the company of the sciences, yet it is (as the most sensible of poets has justly observed)

Fairly worth the seven.

Rectitude of understanding is, indeed, the most useful, as well as the most noble, of human endowments, as it is the sovereign guide and director in every branch of civil and social intercourse.

Upon whatever occasion this enlightening faculty is exerted, it is always sure to act with distinguished eminence; but its chief and peculiar province seems to lie in the commerce of the world. Accordingly we may observe that those, who have conversed more with men than with books, whose wisdom is derived rather from experience than contemplation, generally possess this happy talent with superior perfection: for good sense, though it cannot be acquired, may be improved; and the world, I believe, will ever be found to afford the most kindly soil for its cultivation.

I know not whether true good sense is not a more uncommon quality even than true wit, as there is nothing, perhaps, more extraordinary than to meet with a person whose entire conduct and notions are under the direction of this supreme guide. The single instance, at least, which I could produce of its acting steadily and invariably throughout the whole of a character is that which Euphronius, I am sure, would not allow me to mention: at the same time, perhaps, I am rendering my own pretensions of this kind extremely questionable when I thus venture to throw before you my sentiments upon a subject, of which you are universally acknowledged so perfect a master. I am, &c.

LETTER XI.

TO PALAMEES.

IF malice had never broke loose upon the world till it seized your reputation, I might reasonably condole with you on falling the first prey to its unrestrained rage; but this spectre has haunted merit almost from its earliest existence; and when all mankind were as yet included within a single family, one of them, we know, rose up in malignity of soul against his innocent brother. Virtue, it should seem, therefore, has now been too long acquainted with this her constant persecutor to be either terrified or dejected at an appearance so common. The truth of it is, she must either renounce her noblest theatre of action, and seclude herself in cells and deserts, or be contented to enter upon the stage of the world with this fiend in her train. She cannot triumph if she will not be traduced, and she should consider the clamours of censure, when joined with her own conscious applause, as so many acclamations that confirm her victory.

Let those who harbour this worst of human dispositions consider the many wretched and contemptible circumstances which attend it: but it is the business of him who unjustly suffers from it to reflect how it may be turned to his advantage. Remember, then, my friend, that Generosity would lose half her dignity if Malice did not contribute to her elevation; and he that has never been injured has never had it in his power to exercise the

noblest privilege of heroic virtue. There is another consolation which may be derived from the rancour of the world, as it will instruct one in a piece of knowledge of the most singular benefit in our progress through it : it will teach us to distinguish genuine friendship from counterfeit. For he only, who is warmed with the real flame of amity, will rise up to support his single negative in opposition to the clamorous votes of an undistinguishing multitude.

He, indeed, who can see a cool and deliberate injury done to his friend without feeling himself wounded in his most sensible part, has never known the force of the most generous of all the human affections. Every man, who has not taken the sacred name of friendship in vain, will subscribe to those sentiments which Homer puts into the mouth of Achilles, and which Mr. Pope has opened and enlarged with such inimitable strength and spirit :

A gen'rous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows :
One should our int'rests and our passions be ;
My friend must hate the man that injures me. *IX, 609.*

It may greatly also allay the pain which attends the wounds of defamation, and which are always most severely felt by those who least deserve them, to reflect that, though Malice generally flings the first stone, it is Folly and Ignorance, it is Indolence or Irresolution, which are principally concerned in swelling the heap. When the tide of Censure runs strongly against any particular character, the generality of mankind are too careless or too

impotent to withstand the current ; and thus, without any particular malice in their own natures, are often indolently carried along with others by tamely falling in with the general stream. The number of those who really mean one harm will wonderfully lessen after the deductions which may fairly be made of this sort : and the cup of unjust reproach must surely lose much of its bitterness, where one is persuaded that Malevolence has the least share in mingling the draught. For nothing, perhaps, stings a generous mind more sensibly in wrongs of this sort than to consider them as evidences of a general malignity in human nature. But, from whatever causes these storms may arise, Virtue would not be true to her own native privileges if she suffered herself to sink under them. It is from that strength and firmness, which upright intentions will ever secure to an honest mind, that Palamedes, I am persuaded, will stand superior to those unmerited reproaches which assault his character, and preserve an unbroken repose amidst the little noise and strife of ignorant or malicious tongues. Farewel. I am, &c.

LETTER XII.

TO TIMOCLEA.

IT is with wonderful satisfaction I find you are grown such an adept in the occult arts, and that you take a laudable pleasure in the ancient and

ingenious study of making and solving riddles. It is a science, undoubtedly, of most necessary acquirement, and deserves to make a part in the education of both sexes. Those of yours may, by this means, very innocently indulge their usual curiosity of discovering and disclosing a secret, whilst such amongst ours who have a turn for deep speculations, and are fond of puzzling themselves and others, may exercise their faculties this way with much private satisfaction, and without the least disturbance to the public. It is an art, indeed, which I would recommend to the encouragement of both the universities, as it affords the easiest and shortest method of conveying some of the most useful principles of logic, and might therefore be introduced as a very proper substitute in the room of those dry systems which are at present in vogue in those places of education. For, as it consists in discovering truth under borrowed appearances, it might prove of wonderful advantage in every branch of learning by habituating the mind to separate all foreign ideas, and consequently preserving it from that grand source of error, the being deceived by false connexions. In short, Timoclea, this your favourite science contains the sum of all human policy; and as there is no passing through the world without sometimes mixing with fools and knaves, who would not choose to be master of the enigmatical art, in order, on proper occasions, to be able to lead aside craft and impertinence from their aim by the convenient artifice of a prudent disguise! It was the maxim of a very

wise prince, that "he, who knows not how to dissemble, knows not how to reign;" and I desire you would receive it as mine, that "he, who knows not how to riddle, knows not how to live."

But besides the general usefulness of this art, it will have a further recommendation to all true admirers of antiquity, as being practised by the most considerable personages of early times. It is almost three thousand years ago since Samson proposed his famous riddle so well known; though the advocates for ancient learning must forgive me, if in this article I attribute the superiority to the moderns: for, if we may judge of the skill of the former in this profound art by that remarkable specimen of it, the geniuses of those early ages were by no means equal to those which our times have produced. But, as a friend of mine has lately finished, and intends very shortly to publish, a most curious work in folio, wherein he has fully proved that important point, I will not anticipate the pleasure you will receive by perusing his ingenious performance. In the mean while let it be remembered, to the immortal glory of this art, that the wisest man, as well as the greatest prince that ever lived, is said to have amused himself and a neighbouring monarch in trying the strength of each other's talents in this way; several riddles, it seems, having passed between Solomon and Hiram, upon condition that he who failed in the solution should incur a certain penalty. It is recorded, likewise, of the great father of poetry, even the divine Homer himself, that he had a taste of

this sort ; and we are told, by a Greek writer of his life, that he died with vexation for not being able to discover a riddle which was proposed to him by some fishermen at a certain island called Io.

I am inclined to think, indeed, that the ancients in general were such admirers of this art as to inscribe riddles upon their tombstones, and that, not satisfied with puzzling the world in their life time, they bequeathed enigmatical legacies to the public after their decease. My conjecture is founded upon an ancient inscription, which I will venture to quote to you, though it is in Latin, as your friend and neighbour the antiquarian will, I am persuaded, be very glad of obliging you with a dissertation upon it. Be pleased then to ask him, whether he does not think that the following inscription favours my sentiments:

VIATORES. OPTIMI.

HIS. NVGIS. GRYPHIS. AMBAGIBVSQVE.

MEIS. CONDONARE. POSCIMUS.

However this may be, it is certain that it was one of the great entertainments of the pastoral life, and therefore, if for no other reason, highly deserving the attention of our modern Arcadians. You remember, I dare say, the riddle which the shepherd Dametas proposes to Menalcas in Dryden's *Virgil*:

Say where the round of Heav'n, which all contains,
To three short ells on earth our sight restrains:
Tell that, and rise a Phœbus for thy pains.

This enigma, which has exercised the guesses of

many a learned critic, remains yet unexplained ; which I mention not only as an instance of the wonderful penetration which is necessary to render a man a complete adept in this most noble science, but as an incitement to you to employ your skill in attempting the solution. And now, Timoclea, what will your grave friend say, who reproached you, it seems, for your riddling genius, when he shall find you are thus able to defend your favourite study by the lofty examples of kings, commentators and poets? I am, &c.

LETTER XIII.

TO AMASIA.

IF good manners will not justify my long silence, policy at least will : and you must confess there is some prudence in not owning a debt one is incapable of paying. I have the mortification, indeed, to find myself engaged in a commerce, which I have not a sufficient fund to support, though I must add, at the same time, if you expect an equal return of entertainment for that which your letters afford, I know not where you will find a correspondent. You will scarcely at least look for him in the desert, or hope for any thing very lively from a man who is obliged to seek his companions among the dead. You, who dwell in a land flowing with mirth and good humour, meet with many a gallant occurrence worthy of record ; but what

can a village produce, which is more famous for repose than for action, and is so much behind the manners of the present age, as scarce to have got out of the simplicity of the first! The utmost of our humour rises no higher than Punch; and all that we know of assemblies is once a year round our May-pole. Thus unqualified, as I am to contribute to *your* amusement, I am as much at a loss to supply my *own*; and am obliged to have recourse to a thousand stratagems to help me off with those lingering hours, which run so swiftly, it seems, by you. As one cannot always, you know, be playing at *push-pin*, I sometimes employ myself with a less philosophical diversion, and either pursue butterflies, or hunt rhymes, as the weather and the seasons permit. This morning not proving very favourable to my sports of the field, I contented myself with those under covert, and, as I am not at present supplied with any thing better for your entertainment, will you suffer me to set before you some of my game?

A TALE.

Ere Saturn's sons were yet disgrac'd,
And heathen Gods were all the taste,
Full oft (we read) 'twas Jove's high will
To take the air on Ida's hill.
It chanc'd, as once, with serious ken
He view'd from thence the ways of men.
He saw (and pity touch'd his breast)
The world by three foul fiends possest.
Pale *Discord* there, and *Folly* vain,
With haggard *Vice*, upheld their reign.

Then forth he sent his summons high,
And call'd a Senate of the sky.
Round as the winged orders prest,
Jove thus his sacred mind express'd:
" Say, which of all this shining train
" Will *Virtue's* conflict hard sustain?
" For see! she drooping takes her flight,
" While not a God supports her right."
He paus'd—when, from amidst the sky,
Wit, Innocence, and Harmony,
With one united zeal, arose
The triple tyrants to oppose.
That instant from the realms of day
With gen'rous speed they took their way;
To Britain's isle direct their car,
And enter'd with the ev'ning star,
Beside the road a mansion stood
Defended by a circling wood.
Hither, disguis'd their steps they bend
In hopes, perchance, to find a friend.
Nor vain their hope; for records say
Worth ne'er from thence was turn'd away.
They urge the trav'ler's common chance,
And ev'ry piteous plea advance.
The artful tale that *Wit* had feign'd
Admittance easy soon obtain'd.

The dame who own'd, adorn'd the place;
Three blooming daughters added grace.
The first, with gentlest manners blest,
And temper sweet, each heart possest;
Who view'd her catch'd the tender flame,
And soft Amasia was her name.
In sprightly sense and polish'd air
What maid with Mira might compare?
While Lucia's eyes and Lucia's lyre
Did unresisted love inspire,

Imagine now the table clear,
And mirth in ev'ry face appear;
The song, the tale, the jest went round,
The riddle dark, the trick profound.
Thus, each admiring and admir'd,
The hosts and guests at length retir'd;
When *Wit* thus spake her sister-train:
"Faith, friends, our errand is but vain—
"Quick let us measure back the sky;
"These nymphs alone may well supply
"*Wit, Innocence, and Harmony.*"

You see to what expedient solitude has reduced me when I am thus forced to string rhymes, as boys do birds' eggs, in order to while away my idle hours. But a gayer scene is, I trust, approaching, and the day will shortly, I hope, arrive, when I shall only complain that it steals away too fast. It is not from any improvement in the objects which surround me that I expect this wondrous change; nor yet that a longer familiarity will render them more agreeable. It is from a promise I received that Amasia will visit the hermit in his cell, and disperse the gloom of a solitaire by the cheerfulness of her conversation. What inducements shall I mention to prevail with you to hasten that day? Shall I tell you that I have a bower over-arched with jessamine? that I have an oak which is the favourite haunt of a Dryad? that I have a plantation which flourishes with all the verdure of May in the midst of all the cold of December? Or, may I not hope that I have something still more prevailing with you than all these, as I can with truth assure you that I have a heart which is faithfully yours, &c.

LETTER XIV.

TO HORTENSIUS.

I CAN by no means subscribe to the sentiments of your last letter, nor agree with you in thinking that the love of fame is a passion which either reason or religion condemns. I confess, indeed, there are some who have represented it as inconsistent with both; and I remember, in particular, the excellent author of *The Religion of Nature delineated* has treated it as highly irrational and absurd. As the passage falls in so thoroughly with your own turn of thought, you will have no objection, I imagine, to my quoting it at large; and I give it you, at the same time, as a very great authority on your side. “In reality,” says that writer, “the man is not known ever the more to posterity because his name is transmitted to them; *he* doth not live because his *name* does. — When it is said, Julius Cæsar subdued Gaul, conquered Pompey, &c. it is the same thing as to say, the conqueror of Pompey was Julius Cæsar, i. e. Cæsar and the conqueror of Pompey is the same thing; Cæsar is as much known by one designation as by the other. The amount then is only this, that the conqueror of Pompey conquered Pompey; or, somebody conquered somebody; or rather, since Pompey is as little known now as Cæsar, *somebody* conquered *somebody*. Such a poor business is this boasted immortality! and such is the thing called glory

“ among us! To discerning men this fame is mere
“ air, and what they despise, if not shun.”

But surely, *'twere to consider too curiously* (as Horatio says to Hamlet) *to consider thus.* For though fame with posterity should be, in the strict analysis of it, no other than what is here described, a mere uninteresting proposition, amounting to nothing more than that *somebody* acted meritoriously; yet it would not necessarily follow, that true philosophy would banish the desire of it from the human breast. For this passion may be (as most certainly it is) wisely implanted in our species, notwithstanding the corresponding object should in reality be very different from what it appears in imagination. Do not many of our most refined and even contemplative pleasures owe their existence to our mistakes? It is but extending (I will not say improving) some of our senses to a higher degree of acuteness than we now possess them, to make the fairest views of nature, or the noblest productions of art, appear horrid and deformed. To see things as they truly, and in themselves, are, would not always, perhaps, be of advantage to us in the intellectual world any more than in the natural. But, after all, who shall certainly assure us that the pleasure of virtuous fame dies with its possessor, and reaches not to a farther scene of existence? There is nothing, it should seem, either absurd or unphilosophical in supposing it possible; at least, that the praises of the good and the judicious, *that sweetest music to an honest ear* in this world, may be echoed back to the mansions of the

next : that the poet's description of Fame may be literally true, and though she walks upon earth, she may yet lift her head into heaven.

But can it be reasonable to extinguish a passion which nature has universally lighted up in the human breast, and which we constantly find to burn with most strength and brightness in the noblest and best-formed bosoms ? Accordingly, revelation is so far from endeavouring (as you suppose) to eradicate the seed which nature has thus deeply planted, that she rather seems, on the contrary, to cherish and forward its growth. To be *exalted with honour*, and to be had *in everlasting remembrance*, are in the number of those encouragements which the Jewish dispensation offered to the virtuous ; as the Person, from whom the sacred Author of the christian system received his birth, is herself represented as rejoicing that *all generations should call her blessed*.

To be convinced of the great advantage of cherishing this high regard to posterity, this noble desire of an after-life in the breath of others, one needs only look back upon the history of the ancient Greeks and Romans. What other principle was it, Hortensius, which produced that exalted strain of virtue in *those* days that may well serve as a model to *these* ? Was it not the *consentiens laus bonorum*, the *incorrupta vox bene judicantium* (as Tully calls it), the concurrent approbation of the *good*, the uncorrupted applause of the *wise*, that animated their most generous pursuits ?

To confess the truth, I have been ever inclined

to think it a very dangerous attempt to endeavour to lessen the motives of right acting, or to raise any suspicion concerning their solidity. The tempers and dispositions of mankind are so extremely different, that it seems necessary they should be called into action by a variety of incitements. Thus, while some are willing to wed Virtue for her personal charms, others are engaged to take her for the sake of her expected dowry: and since her followers and admirers have so little to hope from her in present, it were pity, methinks, to reason them out of any imaginary advantage in reversion. Farewel. I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

TO PALEMON.

THOUGH I am not convinced by your arguments, I am charmed by your eloquence, and admire the preacher at the same time that I condemn the doctrine. But there is no sort of persons whose opinions one is more inclined to wish right, than those who are ingeniously in the wrong who have the art to add grace to error, and can dignify mistakes.

Forgive me, then, Palemon, if I am more than commonly solicitous that you should review the sentiments you advanced, I will not say, supported, with so much elegance in your last letter, and that I press you to reconsider your notions again and again. Can I fail, indeed, to wish that you may find reason to renounce an opinion,

which may possibly, one day or other, deprive me of a friend, and my country of a patriot, while Providence, perhaps, would yet have spared him to both! — Can I fail to regret that I should hold one of the most valuable enjoyments of my life upon a tenure more than ordinarily precarious; and that, besides those numberless accidents by which chance may snatch you from the world, a gloomy sky, or a cross event, may determine Palemon to put an end to a life, which all who have been a witness to must for ever admire?

But, “does the Supreme Being (you ask) dispense his bounties upon conditions different from all other benefactors, and will he force a gift upon me which is no longer acceptable?”

Let me demand, in return, whether a creature, so confined in its perceptions as man, may not mistake his true interest, and reject, from a partial regard, what would be well worth accepting upon a more comprehensive view? May not even a mortal benefactor better understand the value of that present he offers than the person to whom it is tendered? And shall the supreme Author of all beneficence be esteemed less wise in distinguishing the worth of those grants he confers? I agree with you, indeed, that we were called into existence in order to receive happiness: but I can by no means infer from thence that we are at liberty to resign our being whenever it becomes a burden. On the contrary, those premises seem to lead to a conclusion directly opposite; and, if the gracious Author of my life created me with an intent to make

me happy, does it not necessarily follow that I shall most certainly obtain that privilege if I do not justly forfeit it by my own misconduct? Numberless ends may be answered in the schemes of Providence by not turning aside or interrupting that stream of bounty which our limited reason can in no sort discover. How presumptuous, then, must it be to throw back a grant upon the hands of the great Governour of the universe, merely because we do not immediately feel, or understand, its full advantages!

That it is the intention of the Deity we should remain in this state of being, till his summons calls us away, seems as evident as that we at first entered into it by his command; for we can no more continue, than we could begin to exist, without the concurrence of the same supreme interposition. While, therefore, the animal powers do not cease to perform those functions to which they were directed by their great Author, it may justly, I think, be concluded that it is his design they should not.

Still, however, you urge, “that, by putting a
“period to your own existence here, you only
“alter the modification of matter; and how (you
“ask) is the order of Providence disturbed by
“changing the combination of a parcel of atoms
“from one figure to another?”

But surely, Palemon, there is a fallacy in this reasoning. Suicide is something more than changing the component parts of the animal machine. It is striking out a spiritual substance from that rank of

beings wherein the wise Author of nature has placed it, and forcibly breaking in upon some other order of existence. And, as it is impossible for the limited powers of reason to penetrate the designs of Providence, it can never be proved that this is not disturbing the schemes of Nature. We possibly may be, and indeed most probably are, connected with some higher rank of creatures : now philosophy will never be able to determine that those connexions may not be disconcerted by prematurely quitting our present mansion.

One of the strongest passions implanted in human nature is the fear of death. It seems, indeed, to be placed by Providence as a sort of guard to retain mankind within their appointed station. Why, else, should it so universally, and almost invariably, operate ? It is observable that no such affection appears in any species of beings below us. They have no temptation, or no ability, to desert the post assigned to them, and therefore, it should seem, they have no checks of this kind to keep them within their prescribed limits. This general horror, then, in mankind, at the apprehension of their dissolution, carries with it, I think, a very strong presumptive argument in favour of the opinion I am endeavouring to maintain ; for, if it were not given to us for the purpose I have supposed, what other can it serve ? Can it be imagined that the benevolent Author of nature would have so deeply woven it into our constitution only to interrupt our present enjoyments ?

I cannot, I confess, discover how the practice

of suicide can be justified upon any principle, except upon that of downright atheism. If we suppose a good Providence to govern the world, the consequence is undeniable, that we must entirely rely upon it. If we imagine an evil one to prevail, what chance is there of finding that happiness in another scene which we have in vain sought for in this? The same malevolent omnipotence can as easily pursue us in the next remove, as persecute us in this our first station.

Upon the whole, Palemon, prudence strongly forbids so hazardous an experiment as that of being our own executioners. We know the worst that can happen in supporting life under all its most wretched circumstances: and if we should be mistaken in thinking it our duty to endure a load which in truth we may securely lay down, it is an error extremely limited in its consequences. They cannot extend beyond this present existence, and possibly may end much earlier: whereas no mortal can, with the least degree of assurance, pronounce what may not be the effect of acting agreeably to the contrary opinion—I am, &c.



LETTER XVI.

TO PHILOTES.

YOU see how much I trust to your good-nature and your judgment, whilst I am the only person, perhaps, among your friends, who have ventured to omit a congratulation in form. I am not, however,

intentionally guilty; for I really designed you a visit before now; but, hearing that your acquaintance flowed in upon you from all quarters, I thought it would be more agreeable to you, as well as to myself, if I waited till the inundation was abated. But if I have not joined in the general voice of congratulation, I have not, however, omitted the sincere, though silent, wishes, which the warmest friendship can suggest to a heart entirely in your interest. Had I not long since forsaken the regions of poetry, I would tell you, in the language of that country, how often I have said, may

all heav'n,

And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence! MILTON.

But plain prose will do as well for plain truth; and there is no occasion for any art to persuade you, that you have, upon every occurrence of your life, my best good wishes. I hope shortly to have an opportunity of making myself better known to Aspasia. When I am so, I shall rejoice with her on the choice she has made of a man, from whom I will undertake to promise her all the happiness which the state she has entered into can afford. Thus much I do not scruple to say of her husband to *you*; the rest I had rather say to *her*. If upon any occasion you should mention me, let it be in the character which I most value myself upon, that of your much obliged and very affectionate friend.

And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
 Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
 Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;
 And in the modesty of fearful duty
 I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
 Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
 Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
 In least, speaks most to my capacity.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 5, Sc. 1.

ENGLAND.

— That pale, that white-fac'd shore,
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
 And coops from other lands her islanders;
 E'en till that England hedg'd in with the main,
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes—
 E'en till that utmost corner of the west,
 Salute thee for her king. *King John, A. 2, Sc. 1.*

This England never did, nor never shall,
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
 But when it first did help to wound itself.
 Now these her princes are come home again
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,
 And we shall shock them!—Nought shall make us
 If England to itself do rest but true. [rue,

King John, A. 5, Sc. 7.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-Paradise,

This fortress built by Nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement or pelting farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of wat'ry Neptune, is bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

Richard II, A. 2, Sc. 1.

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sov'reign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense:

But let thy spiders that suck up thy venom,
 And, heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way ;
 Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
 Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
 Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies ;
 And, when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
 Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
 Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
 Throw death upon thy sov'reign's enemies.
 Mock not my senseless conjurations, Lords:
 This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
 Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
 Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

Richard II, A. 3, Sc. 2.

O England! model to thine inward greatness.
 Like little body with a mighty heart—
 What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural!

Henry V, A. 2, Chorus.

ENGLISH ARMY.

—All th' unsettled humours of the land;
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
 With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
 In brief a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
 Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
 Did never float, upon the swelling tide,
 To do offence and scath in Christendom.

King John, A. 2, Sc. 1.

Yon island carrions, desp'rate of their bones,
 Ill-favour'dly become the morning field :
 Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
 Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
 And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
 The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
 With torch-staves in their hand ; and their poor jades
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips,
 The gum down-roping from their pale dead eyes ;
 And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit
 Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless :
 And their executors, the knavish crows,
 Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.

King Henry V, A. 4, Sc. 7.

ENVY.

My heart laments that Virtue cannot live
 Out of the teeth of Emulation.

Julius Cæsar, A. 2, Sc. 1.

EQUALITY.

(The natural rights of it.)

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a colossus ; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates :
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus and Cæsar—what should be in that Cæsar ?

Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, 'tis as heavy; conjure with them,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
 Now, in the name of all the Gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great! Age, thou art asham'd!
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man!
 When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 O! you and I have heard our fathers say
 There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
 Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
 As easily as a king. *Julius Cæsar*, A. 1, Sc. 2.

ERROR.

Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
 O hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
 Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
 The things that are not! O Error, soon conceiv'd,
 Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
 But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.
Ibid. A. 5, Sc. 3.

EULOGIUM ON HOTSPUR.

——Brave Percy——Fare thee well!
 Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!

When that this body did contain a spirit,
 A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
 But now two paces of the vilest earth
 Is room enough. This earth, that bears thee dead,
 Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
 If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
 I should not make so great a shew of zeal.
 But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
 And, e'en in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
 For doing these fair rights of tenderness.
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven,
 Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
 But not remember'd in thy epitaph.

Henry IV, Part I, A. 5, Sc. 1.

EVENING.

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
 And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
 Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.

King Richard III, A. 5, Sc. 3.

EXECRATION.

The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 Unless it be while some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
 Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive rooting hog!
 Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
 The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
 Thou slander of thy mother's womb!

Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour, thou detested——

King Richard III, A. 1, Sc. 3.

Hear, Nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful:
Into her womb convey sterility,
Dry up in her the organs of increase,
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her:
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.

King Lear, A. 1, Sc. 5.

Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children; slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads; to general filth
Convert o' th' instant green Virginity!
Do 't in your parents' eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats. Bound servants, steal:
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed;

Thy mistress is i' th' brothel. Son of sixteen,
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire;
 With it beat out his brains. Fear and piety,
 Religion to the Gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestic awe, night rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,
 Degrees, observancies, customs and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries!
 And let confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold Sciatica,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners. Lust and liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
 Be general leprosy. Breathe infect breath,
 That their society, as their friendship, may
 Be merely poison. Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But nakedness, thou detestable town!
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns.
 Timon will to the woods, where he shall find
 Th' unkindest beast much kinder than mankind.
 The Gods confound (hear me, ye good Gods all!)
 Th' Athenians both within and out that wall;
 And grant as Timon grows, his hate may grow
 To the whole race of mankind, high and low!

Timon of Athens, A. 4, Sc. 1.

——Consumption sow
 In hollow bones of man, strike their sharp shins

And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
 That he may never more false title plead,
 Nor sound his quilllets shrilly, Hoar the Flamen,
 That scolds against the quality of flesh,
 And not believes himself. Down with the nose,
 Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
 Of him, that his particular to foresee
 Smells from the general weal. Make curl'd-pate
 ruffians bald,
 And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
 Derive some pain from you.

Timon of Athens, A. 4, Sc. 4.

EXPOSTULATION.

Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft
 In the Rialto you have rated me
 About my monies and my usances.
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
 (For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.)
 You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine;
 And all for use of that which is my own.
 Well then, it now appears, you need my help;
 Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
 Shylock, we would have monies: you say so;
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur,
 Over your threshold: money is your suit.
 What should I say to you? should I not say,
 Hath a dog money? is it possible
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,

With bated breath, and whisp'ring humbleness,
 Say this—Fair Sir, you spit on me last Wednesday;
 You spurn'd me such a day; another time
 You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
 I'll lend you thus much monies!

The Merchant of Venice, A. 1, Sc. 3.

EXULTATION.

'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait:
 He rises on his toe: that spirit of his
 An aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 4, Sc. 8.

FAIRIES.

(*Address to.*)

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
 And ye that on the sands with printless foot
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune; and do fly him,
 When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
 By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
 Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
 (Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd
 The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
 Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontory
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
 The pine and cedar: graves at my command

Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd and let them forth
By my so potent art.

The Tempest, A. 5, Sc. 1.

FAIRIES' EMPLOYMENT.

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricots and dew-berries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries:
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise:
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3, Sc. 1.

FAIRIES' JEALOUSY.

These are the forgeries of jealousy;
And never since the middle summer's spring
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs: which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents;
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,

The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
 Hath rotted ere its youth attain'd a beard:
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
 The nine-men's-morris is fill'd up with mud;
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
 The human mortals want their winter here;
 No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air;
 That rheumatic diseases do abound.
 And thorough this distemperature we see
 The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
 And on old Hyems' chin and icy crown
 An od'rous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
 The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries; and th' amazed world,
 By their increase, now knows not which is which:
 And this same progeny of evil comes
 From our debate, from our dissension;
 We are their parents and original.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2,

FALSEHOOD.

———Two beggars told me
 I could not miss my way. Will poor folk lye,
 That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
 A punishment, or trial? Yes: no wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness

Is sorer than to lye for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. *Cymbeline*, A. 3, Sc. 5.

FATHER'S LAMENTATION.

——Doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For, did I think thou would'st not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shame;
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal Nature's frame?
I've one too much by thee. Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates?
Who smeared thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said, No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins.
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why she—oh! she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 4, Sc. 1.

FAULTS.

——I must not think these are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:

His faults in him seem, as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary
Rather than purchased; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1, Sc. 2.

FAVOURITES.

——Bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; like to favourites
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it.

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 3, Sc. 1.

FEAR.

Would he were fatter: but I fear him not;
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer; and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
While they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.

Julius Cæsar, A. 1, Sc. 2.

FEASTING.

The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold ; and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give, or to forgive ; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood,
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts ;—therefore I'll watch
him

Till he be dieted to my request.

Coriolanus, A. 5, Sc. 1.

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sister vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us—oh ! and is all forgot ?
All school-days friendship, childhood innocence !
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both on one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion ;
Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition ;
Two lovely berries, moulded on one stem ;
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart :
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend !

It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly,
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3, Sc. 1.

I was too young that time to value her;
 But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
 Why so am I: we still have slept together,
 Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
 And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
 Still we went coupled and inseparable.

As You Like It, A. 1, Sc. 3.

FEMALE PERFECTION.

If lusty Love should go in quest of Beauty,
 Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
 If zealous Love should go in search of Virtue,
 Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
 If Love ambitious sought a match of birth,
 Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
 Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
 Is the young Dauphin, every way complete.

King John, A. 2, Sc. 1.

FICKLENESS OF THE VULGAR.

An habitation giddy and unsure
 Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
 O thou fond many! with what loud applause
 Did'st thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
 Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
 And now, being trimm'd up in thy own desires,

Thou beastly feeder art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.

Henry IV, Part II, A. 2, Sc. 6.

FICTION.

Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this Player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd:
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting,
With forms, to his conceit! and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free;
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculty of ears and eyes.

Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, speak,
Like John-a-dreams unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing, No, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by th' nose, gives me the lye i' th' throat,
As deep as to the lungs! who does me this?

Yet I should take it—for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall,
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless
villain,

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion. Fy upon't! foh,
About, my brain! I've heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. This spirit that I have seen,
May be the devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

Hamlet, A. 2, Sc. 2.

FIDELITY.

If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the Gods bless me,
When all our offices have been opprest
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Timon of Athens, A. 2, Sc. 4.

FLATTERY.

These crouchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the lane of children. Be not fond
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother, by decree, is banished:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee, like a cur, out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied. *Julius Cæsar, A. 3, Sc. 1.*

—— Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain,
Too intricate t' unloose; sooth every passion
That in the nature of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods,

Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters;
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.

King Lear, A. 2, Sc. 2.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops;
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
Not when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep.
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain; in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to
speak. *King Richard III, A. 1, Sc. 2.*

Ha! Goneril! — With a white beard! — They
flattered me like a dog, and told me I had white hairs
in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say
Ay, and No, to every thing that I said—Ay and No
too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet
me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when
the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there
I found 'em, there I smelt them out. Go to, they

are not men o' their words ; they told me I was every thing ; 'tis a lye, I am not ague-proof.

King Lear, A. 4, Sc. 7.

FLEET SETTING SAIL.

Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty, and his brave fleet
With silken streamers, the young Phœbus fanning,
Play with your fancies ; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing ;
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd ; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge.

King Henry V, A. 3, Sc. 1.

FLOWERY BANK.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lip and the nodding violet grows,
O'er-canopied with luscious wood-bine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight ;
And there the snake throws her enamel'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, Sc. 2.

FONDNESS OF A MOTHER.

If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,

Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
 Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
 Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
 I would not care, I then would be content;
 For then I should not love thee : no, nor thou
 Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
 But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
 Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great.
 Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast
 And with the half-blown rose.

King John, A. 3, Sc. 1.

FOOL - HARDINESS.

—— Being scarce made up,
 I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
 Of roaring terrors; for th' effect of judgment
 Is oft the cause of fear. *Cymbeline, A. 4, Sc. 4.*

A FOOL'S LIBERTY OF SPEECH.

———— I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 To blow on whom I please; for so fools have :
 And they that are most gauled with my folly,
 They most must laugh: And why, Sir, must they so?
 The why is plain as way to parish-church :
 He whom a fool doth very wisely hit,
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
 Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,
 The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd,
 Even by the squandering glances of a fool.
 Invest me in my motley, give me leave

To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

As You Like It, A. 2, Sc. 5.

FOP DESCRIBED.

But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword;
Came there a certain Lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new-reap'd,
Shew'd like a stubble land at harvest-home:
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And, 'twixt his finger and his-thumb, he held
A pouncet-box, which, ever and anon,
He gave his nose (and took 't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff). And still he smil'd and talk'd:
And, as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your Majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds, being cold,
Out of my grief, and my impatience
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or should not: for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,

Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the
mark!),

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmacety, for an inward bruise;

And that it was great pity, so it was,

This villainous saltpetre should be digg'd

Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,

Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd

So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,

He would himself have been a soldier.

Henry IV, Part I, A. 1, Sc. 4.

FORTITUDE.

————— You were used
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances, common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating. Fortune's blows
When most struck home, being gentle-wounded,
crave

A noble cunning. *Coriolanus, A. 4, Sc. 1.*

————— In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage

The gentle Thetis, and anon, behold

The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains
cut,

Bounding between the two moist elements

Like Perseus' horse : where's then the saucy boat,
 Whose weak, untimber'd sides, but even now,
 Co-rivall'd greatness ! either to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
 Doth valour's shew, and valour's worth, divide
 In storms of fortune. For, in her ray and brightness,
 The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
 Than by the tyger ; but when the splitting winds
 Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 And flies flee under shade, why then the king of
 courage,
 As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathise,
 And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
 Returns to chiding fortune.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 1, Sc. 3.

I dare do all that may become a man ;
 Who dares do more is none.

Macbeth, A. 1, Sc. 7.

FORTUNE.

Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you :
 For herein Fortune shews herself more kind
 Than is her custom. It is still her use
 To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
 To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
 An age of poverty ; from which ling'ring penance
 Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 4, Sc. 1.

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters!

I

She either gives a stomach and no food;
Such are the poor in health : or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach; such the rich
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

Henry IV, Part II, A. 4, Sc. 9.

FRIENDSHIP.

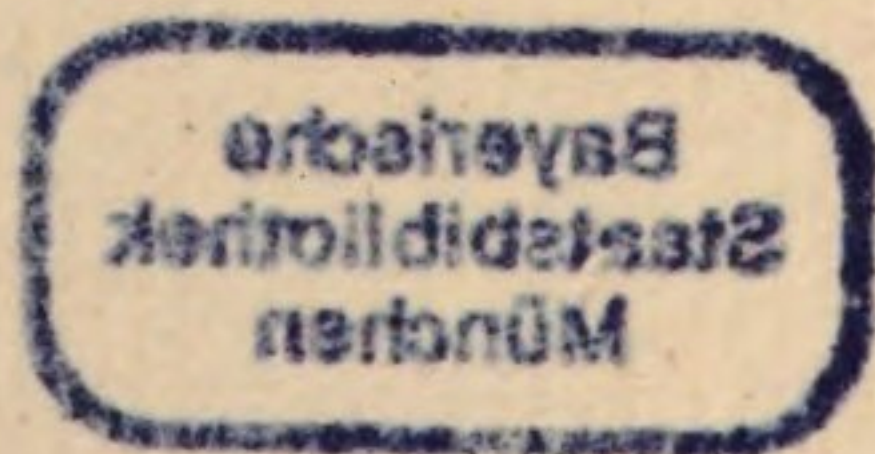
(Hamlet's profession of it to Horatio.)

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

——— Nay, do not think I flatter :

For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be
flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been,
As one, in suffering all, has suffer'd nothing,
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks : and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well comingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger,
To sound what stop she please : Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, aye, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. *Hamlet, A. 3, Sc. 2.*



FRIENDSHIP IN LOVE.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
 Save in the office and affairs of love :
 Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;
 Let every eye negotiate for itself,
 And trust no agent : beauty is a witch,
 Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 2, Sc. 1.

FRUITION.

—— Who riseth from a feast
 With that keen appetite that he sits down?
 Where is the horse, that doth untread again
 His tedious measures with th' unbated fire
 That he did pace them first? All things that are,
 Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
 How like a younker, or a prodigal,
 The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
 Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
 How like the prodigal doth she return,
 With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
 Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

The Merchant of Venice, A. 2, Sc. 6.

FUNERAL.

—— Lay her i' th' earth;
 And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
 May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
 A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
 When thou liest howling. *Hamlet, A. 5, Sc. 2.*

FUNERAL DIRGE.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,
 Nor the furious winter' rages;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' th' great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
 Care no more to clothe and eat;
 To thee the reed is as the oak :
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Guid. Fear no more the lightning flash,
Arv. Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone.

Guid. Fear not slander, censure rash.

Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Guid. No exorciser harm thee!

Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Guid. Ghost, unlaid, forbear thee!

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet consummation have,
 And renowned be thy grave.

Cymbeline, A. 4, Sc. 4.

FURY.

Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be furious,
 Is to be frighted out of fear; and, in that mood,

The dove will peck the ostridge; and, I see still,
 A diminution in our captain's brain
 Restores his heart. When valour preys on reason,
 It eats the sword it fights with.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 3, Sc. 10.

GARLANDS FOR OLD MEN.

————— Reverend Sirs,
 For you there's rosemary and rue: these keep
 Seeming and savour all the winter long:
 Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
 And welcome to our shearing.

The Winter's Tale, A. 2, Sc. 4.

—————FOR MIDDLE AGE.

—————Here's flowers for you;
 Hot lavender, mint, savoury marjoram;
 The marygold that goes to bed with th' sun,
 And with him rises, weeping: These are flowers
 Of middle summer, and I think they are given
 To men of middle age. *Ibid.*

—————FOR YOUTH.

—————Now, my fairest friend,
 I would I had some flowers o' th' spring, that might
 Become your time of day; and yours, and yours
 That wear upon your virgin branches yet
 Your maidenheads growing; O Proserpina,
 For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
 From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
 That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
 Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold
 Bright Phœbus in his strength (a malady
 Most incident to maids); bold ox-lips, and
 The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds.
 The flower-de-lis being one. Oh! these I lack
 To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend
 To strew him o'er and o'er. *Ibid.*

GIFTS FROM A LOVER.

———Sooth, when I was young,
 And handed love as you do, I was wont
 To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
 The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
 To her acceptance; you have let him go,
 And nothing marted with him. If your lass
 Interpretation should abuse, and call this
 Your lack of love or bounty; you were straited
 For a reply, at least, if you make care
 Of happy holding her. *Ibid.* A. 4, Sc. 3.

GLORY.

Glory is like a circle in the water;
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
 Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.

Henry IV, Part I, A. 1, Sc. 6.

GOLD.

———'Tis gold
 Which buys admittance, oft it doth; yea, makes
 Diana's rangers, false themselves, yield up

Their deer to th' stand o' th' stealer : and 'tis gold,
Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief;
Nay, sometimes, hangs both thief and true man.

What

Can it not do, and undo? *Cymbeline, A. 2, Sc. 4.*

—————How quickly Nature
Falls to revolt when gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thought, their brains
with care,
Their bones with industry; for this engrossed
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:
When, like the bee culling of every flower,
Our thighs are pack'd with wax, our mouths with
honey,
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains.

Henry IV, Part II, A. 4, Sc. 2.

GOOD DEEDS.

That light we see is burning in my hall;
How far that little candle throws his beams;
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 5, Sc. 1.

A GOOD HEART.

A speaker is but a prater, a rhyme is but a ballad;
—a good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a
black beard will turn white, a curl'd pate will grow

bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow : —but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon, or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. *Henry V, A. 5, Sc. 2.*

GOOD WIFE.

—————Go thy ways, Kate;
That man i' th' world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sov'reign and pious else, could speak thee out)
The queen of earthly queens. She's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

King Henry VIII, A. 2, Sc. 4.

GRATITUDE.

—————I have five hundred crowns
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that; and he that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold;
All this I give you, let me be your servant.

As You Like It, A. 2, Sc. 3.

Let never day or night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

King Henry VI, Part II, A. 2, Sc. 2.

GRAVITY.

There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
O, my Anthonio, I do know of those
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; who, I'm very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 1, Sc. 1.

GREATNESS.

Great men have reaching hands : oft have I struck
Those that I never saw—and struck them dead.

Henry VI, Part II, A. 4, Sc. 7.

'Tis certain Greatness once fall'n out with Fortune,
Must fall out with men too : What the decline is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour, but honour by those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit,
Which, when they fall (as being slippery standers),
The love that lean'd on them, as slippery too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 3, Sc. 7.

The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.

Ant. and Cleop. A. 4, Sc. 9.

GRECIAN YOUTHS.

The Grecian youths are full of subtle quality;
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of Nature
Flowing, and swelling o'er with arts and exercise.
How novelties may move, and parts with person!
Alas! a kind of godly jealousy,
Which I beseech you call a virtuous sin,
Makes me afraid.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 4, Sc. 6.

GRIEF.

——— Like the lily
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

King Henry VIII, A. 3, Sc. 1.

——— I pray thee cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve; give not me counsel,
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.

Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
 Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
 And bid him speak of patience;
 Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
 And let it answer every strain for strain,
 As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
 In every lineament, branch, shape, and form;
 If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
 And sorrow wag; cry hem! when he should groan;
 Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
 With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
 And I of him will gather patience.

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 5, Sc. 1.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,
 Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth
 Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;
 Here is my throne; bid kings come bow to it.

King John, A. 3, Sc. 1.

Grief fills the room up of my absent child;
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
 Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
 Fare you well; had you such loss as I,
 I could give better comfort than you do.

Ibid. A. 3, Sc. 3.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shew like grief itself, but are not so :
For Sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confusion; eyed awry,
Distinguish form.

King Richard II, A. 2, Sc. 2.

Seems, madam ! nay, it is; I know not seems :
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shews of grief,
That can denote me truly : these, indeed, seem;
For they are actions that a man might play :
But I have that within which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Hamlet, A. 1, Sc. 2.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on :
What cannot be preserv'd when Fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mocking makes :
The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the
thief;

He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Othello, A. 1, Sc. 3.

GRIEF.

(Marks of)

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
 Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?

King John, A. 3, Sc. 1.

GUILT.

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
 It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Hamlet, A. 4, Sc. 5.

GUILTY COUNTENANCE.

Upon the eye-balls murd'rous Tyranny
 Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.

King Henry VI, Part II, A. 3, Sc. 4.

HATRED.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
 And in his simple shew he harbours treason.

Ibid. A. 3, Sc. 1.

———— Not sleep nor sanctuary,
 Being naked, sick, nor Fane, nor Capitol,
 The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
 Embarments all of fury, shall list up
 Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
 My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it

At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in 's heart.

Coriolanus, A. 1, Sc. 12.

HECTOR FIGHTING.

I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth; and I have seen
thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
And seen thee scorning forfeits and subduements
When thou hast hung thy advanc'd sword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd :
That I have said unto my standers-by,
Lo ! Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 4, Sc. 9.

HENRY V. DESCRIBED BY HIS FATHER.

—— He is gracious if he be observ'd;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity :
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint :
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd;
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth;
But, being moody, give him line and scope,

Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working.

Henry IV, Part II, A. 4, Sc. 4.

HENRY V. DEFENCE OF HIMSELF.

Heaven forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
T'engross up glorious deeds on my behalf:
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reck'ning from his heart.
This, in the name of heaven, I promise here:
The which if I perform, and do survive,
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance.

If not, the end of life cancels all bonds;
And I will die a thousand thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

Henry IV, Part II, A. 3, Sc. 4.

HENRY V. CHARACTER.

Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate.
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You'd say, it hath been all in all his study.
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter. When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still;
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.

King Henry V, A. 1, Sc. 1.

You are too much mistaken in this king.
Question your Grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy;
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution;
And you shall find his vanities fore-spent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring, and be more delicate.

Ibid. A. 3, Sc. 3.

HENRY V. SPEECH TO HIS ARMY.

He that out-lives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian :
 He that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say, To-morrow is St. Crispian ;
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars.
 Old men forget ; yet will not all forget,
 But they'll remember, what advantages,
 What feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouth as household words,
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

Ibid. A. 4, Sc. 3.

HIGH BIRTH.

—— I was born so high,
 Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
 And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

King Richard III, A. 1, Sc. 4.

HONESTY DISPRAISED.

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doating on his own obsequious bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 For nought but provender ; and, when he's old,
 cashier'd :

Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,

Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
 And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
 Well thrive by them : and, when they've lin'd their
 coats,

Do themselves homage. These folks have some soul,
 And such a one do I profess myself.

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
 Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago.

In following him I follow but myself,
 Heaven is my judge! — Not I, for love and duty,
 But, seeming so, for my peculiar end.

For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart
 In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
 For daws to peck at. I'm not what I am.

Othello, A. 1, Sc. 1.

HONOUR.

————— Let none presume
 To wear an undeserved dignity.

Oh! that estates, degrees, and offices,
 Were not deriv'd corruptly! that clear honour
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
 How many then should cover, that stand bare!
 How many be commanded, that command!
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
 From the true seed of honour! How much honour
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
 To be new varnished!

Merchant of Venice, A. 2, Sc. 9.

By heav'n, methinks it were an easy leap,
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon;
 To dive into the bottom of the deep,
 Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
 So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
 Without co-rival, all her dignities.

Henry IV, Part I, A. 1, Sc. 3.

Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea,
 but how if Honour prick me off when I come on?
 how then? Can Honour set a leg? No. Or an arm?
 No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour
 hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is Honour?
 A word. What is that word Honour? Air: a trim
 reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednes-
 day. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No.
 It is insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it
 not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction
 will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it. Ho-
 nour is a mere 'schutcheon; and so ends my cate-
 chism. *Ibid. A. 5, Sc. 1.*

His nature is too noble for the world:
 He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
 Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his
 mouth:
 What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
 And, being angry, doth forget that ever
 He heard the name of Death.

Coriolanus, A. 3, Sc. 1.

— If Jupiter
 Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,

'Tis true, I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius. *Coriolanus*, A. 4, Sc. 5.

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate.
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 5, Sc. 6.

HONOUR AND POLICY.

—— I've heard you say,
Honour and Policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' th' war do grow together; grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other loses,
That they combine not there?

Coriolanus, A. 3, Sc. 1.

HOPE.

Hope is a lover's staff: walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3, Sc. 1.

I will despair; and be at enmity
With cozening Hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of Death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hopes linger in extremity.

King Richard II, A. 2, Sc. 2.

True Hope is swift, and flies with swallows' wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

King Richard III, A. 5, Sc. 2.

HORROR.

—— Some strange commotion
Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground ;
Then lays his finger on his temple ; straight
Springs out into fast gait, then stops again ;
Strikes his breast hard, and then anon he casts
His eye against the moon : in most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

Henry VIII, A. 3, Sc. 3.

HORRORS OF A PREMEDITATED MURDER.

Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet—
But thou shalt have : —and, creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say ; but let it go :
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Its all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience : if the midnight bell
Did with its iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night ;
If this same were a church-yard, where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
Or if that surly spirit, Melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, Laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment
(A passion hateful to my purposes),
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply

Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
 Then, in despite of broad-eyed watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts: —
 But, ah! I will not. *King John*, A. 3, Sc. 2.

HOUNDS.

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind;
 So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
 Crook-kneed, and dewlapp'd, like Thessalian bulls
 Slow in pursuit; but match'd in mouth like bells,
 Each under each: — a cry more tuneable
 Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
 In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 4, Sc. 1.

————— Wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
 And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

The Taming of the Shrew, Induction. Sc. 2.

HUMAN LIFE.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good
 and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if
 our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would
 despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.

All's Well that Ends Well, A. 4, Sc. 3.

HUSBAND.

(*A deserving one.*)

O happy Leonatus! I may say;
 The credit that thy lady hath of thee,

Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness,
Her assur'd credit! Blessed live you long!

A Lady to the worthiest Sir that ever
Country called his! and you, his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit!—Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest-manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his——
He sits 'mongst men like a descended god;
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming.

Cymbeline, A. 1. Sc. 7.

HYPOCRISY.

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.—

An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.

O what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

The Merchant of Venice, A. 1, Sc. 3.

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.

King John, A. 4, Sc. 3.

—————To beguile the time
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,

Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent
flower,
But be the serpent under it. *Macbeth*, A. 1, Sc. 5.

My unsoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' th' state,
Will so your accusation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle is your own report,
And smell of calumny.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, Sc. 3.

Away my disposition; and possess me,
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!

Coriolanus, A. 3, Sc. 2.

But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

King Richard III, A. 1, Sc. 4.

———We're of to blame in this;
'Tis too much prov'd, that with Devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself. *Hamlet*, A. 2, Sc. 1.

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word.

Hamlet, A. 2, Sc. 1.

IDEAL GOVERNMENT.

I' th' commonwealth, I would by contraries
Execute all things : for no kind of traffic
Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;
Letters should not be known, wealth, poverty,
And use of service, none ; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none ;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil ;
No occupation, all men idle, all,
And women too ; but innocent and pure :
No sovereignty—
All things in common Nature should produce,
Without sweat or endeavour. Treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have ; but Nature should bring forth
Of its own kind, all foyson, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

The Tempest, A. 2, Sc. 1.

JEALOUSY.

The time was once when thou unurg'd would'st vow,
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.
How comes it now, my husband, oh ! how comes it,

That thou art thus estranged from thyself!
Thyself I call it, being strange to me;
That undividable, incorporate,
Am better than my dear self's better part.
Ah! do not tear away thyself from me:
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'st thou but hear I were licentious;
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin of my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep divorcing vow?
I know thou can'st; and therefore see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.

The Comedy of Errors, A. 2, Sc. 2.

The deadly clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;

And thereof comes it that his head is light.
 Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings.
 Unquiet meals make ill digestions ;
 Therefore the raging fire of fever bred :
 And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?
 Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy broils,
 Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
 But moody and dull Melancholy,
 Kinsman to grim and comfortless Despair ;
 And at her heels a huge infectious troop
 Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life !
 In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest,
 To be disturb'd, would mad a man or beast :
 The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
 Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

The Comedy of Errors, A. 5, Sc. 1.

———Is whispering nothing ?
 Is leaning cheek to cheek—is meeting noses—
 Kissing with inside lip——stopping the career
 Of laughter with a sigh—(a note infallible
 Of breaking honesty)—horsing foot on foot—
 Skulking in corners—wishing clocks more swift—
 Hours, minutes ; the noon, midnight ; and all eyes
 Blind with the pin and web, but theirs — theirs
 only ,
 That would unseen be wicked—is this nothing ?
 Why then the world, and all that's in 't, is nothing ;
 The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia nothing ;
 My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these nothings,
 If this be nothing.

The Winter's Tale, A. 1, Sc. 2.

—— Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs from holy writ. *Othello*, A. 3, Sc. 2.

What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free, and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all. *Ibid.*

I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known: Oh! now for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind! farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! Oh! farewel!
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And Oh! you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! *Othello's* occupation's gone. *Ibid.*

—— Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kind of sores and shames on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas! to make me
A fixed figure for the time of Scorn

To point his slow unmoving finger at—
Oh! Oh!

Yet I could bear that too; well—very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence,
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there!
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim—
Aye, there, look grim as hell!

Othello, A. 4, Sc. 2.

——O thou weed!

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee—would thou had'st
Never been born! *Ibid.*

Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write Whore upon! What! committed,
Committed! O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What! committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks:
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What! committed!
Impudent strumpet! *Ibid.*

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
It is the cause—Yet I'll not shed her blood,

Nor scar that whiter skin of her's than snow,
 And smooth as monumental alabaster—
 Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
 Put out the light, and then—put out the light!
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore,
 Should I repent me : But once put out thy light,
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat
 That can thy light relumine. When I have pluck'd
 thy rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again ;
 It needs must wither—I'll smell it on the tree.
 O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
 Justice herself to break her sword!—Once more!
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after—Once more, and this the last.
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
 But they are cruel tears : this sorrow's heavenly ;
 It strikes where it doth love.

Othello, A. 5, Sc. 2.

Cassio did tup her, ask thy husband else.
 O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
 But that I did proceed upon just grounds
 To this extremity — Thy husband knew it all.

—— Nay, had she been true,
 If heaven would make me such another world
 Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
 I'd not have sold her for it. *Ibid.*

A JEW'S REVENGE.

—— If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my

revenge. He hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me half a million; laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies. And what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, Revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 3, Sc. 1.

I'll have my bond, speak not against my bond :
I've sworn an oath, that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou had'st a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.

Ibid. A. 3, Sc. 3.

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak :
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield

To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 3, Sc. 3.

IMAGINATION.

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact :
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
The madman : while the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven ;

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if we would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear !

A Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 5, Sc. 1.

IMPATIENCE.

——— Our nuptial hour
Draws on apace ; four happy days bring in
Another moon ; but oh ! methinks, how slow

This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a stepdame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 1, Sc. 1.

—————Let them come.

They come like sacrifices in their trim;
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoaky war,
All hot and bleeding, will he offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to Harry shall (not horse to horse)
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.
Oh! that Glendower were come!

King Henry IV, Part I, A. 4, Sc. 2.

Oh, for a horse with wings! hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford Haven. Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day! Then, true Pisanio,
Who long'st like me to see thy Lord; who long'st—
Oh! let me 'bate—but not like me—yet long'st,
But in a fainter kind—oh! not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond—Say, and speak thick;
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing
To th' smoth'ring of the sense—how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: and, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as

T'inherit such a haven. But, first of all,
 How may we steal from hence? and for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence going
 Till our return, t'excuse—but first, how get hence?
 Why should excuse be born, or ere begot?
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Prythee, speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour? *Cymbeline, A. 3, Sc. 2.*

Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
 Could never go so slow. I've heard of riding wagers,
 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 That run i' th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.
 Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say,
 She'll home t' her father: and provide me presently
 A riding-suit; no costlier than would fit
 A Franklin's housewife. *Ibid.*

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
 Tow' rds Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner
 As Phaëton would whip you to the west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
 That run-aways eyes may wink; and Romeo
 Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
 Lovers can see to do their am'rous rites
 By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 3, Sc. 4.

IMPLACABILITY.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
 And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height;

You may as well use question with the wolf,
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
 You may as well do any thing most hard,
 As seek to soften that (than which what's harder!)
 His Jewish heart.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 4, Sc. 1.

IMPUDENCE.

—— I ne'er heard yet
 That any of those bolder vices wanted
 Less impudence to gainsay what they did
 Than to perform it first.

The Winter's Tale, A. 3, Sc. 2.

INCONSTANCY.

E'en as one heat another heat expels,
 Or as one nail by strength drives out another;
 So the remembrance of my former love
 Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, Sc. 4.

—— Let still the woman take
 An elder than herself, so wears she to him;
 So sways she level in her husband's heart.
 For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
 Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
 More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
 Than women's are. *Twelfth Night, A. 2, Sc. 3.*

IN CREDULITY.

————— If in Naples
 I should report this now, would they believe me?
 If I should say I saw such islanders,
 (For certes, these are people of the island)
 Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet note
 Their manners are more gentle kind, than of
 Our human generation you shall find
 Many; nay, almost any.

The Tempest, A. 3, Sc. 3.

INDULGENCE.

As surfeit is the father of much fast,
 So every scope by the immoderate use
 Turns to restraint : our natures do pursue,
 Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
 A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die.

Measure for Measure, A. 1, Sc. 2.

INFANT EXPOSED.

————— We enjoin thee,
 As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
 This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
 To some remote and desert place, quite out
 Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it
 (Without more mercy) to its own protection
 And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
 It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
 On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,

That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it.

The Winter's Tale, A. 2, Sc. 3.

———— Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie, and there thy character : there these,
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty
one,
And still rest thine. The storm begins ; poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow ! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds : and most accurst am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewel!

Ibid. A. 3, Sc. 3.

INFATUATION.

When we in our viciousness grow hard,
Oh misery on't ! the wise Gods seal our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at 's while we strut
To our confusion.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 3, Sc. 10.

INGRATITUDE.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind !
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Altho' thy breath be rude.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot :
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.

As You Like It, A. 2, Sc. 5.

—— Yet you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain :
 “When you are liberal of your loves and councils,
 Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from you, never found again
 But where they mean to sink ye.”

King Henry VIII, A. 2, Sc. 1.

Heavens ! have I said the bounty of this Lord !
 How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
 This night englutted ! Who is not Timon's !
 What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord
 Timon's —
 Great Timon's, noble, worthy, royal Timon's !
 Ah ! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
 The breath is gone whereof this praise is made :
 Feast won—fast lost ; one cloud of winter showers,
 These flies are couched.

Timon of Athens, A. 2, Sc. 2.

—— These old fellows
 Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :
 Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows ;
 'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind ;

And Nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

Timon of Athens, A. 2, Sc. 2.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster! *King Lear*, A. 1, Sc. 4.

Thy sister's naught: oh! Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness like a vulture here.

Ibid. A. 2, Sc. 11.

You see me here, you Gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger;
O let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnat'ral hags!
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep. I have full cause of weeping.
This heart shall break into a thousand flaws
Or ere I weep. O fool! I shall go mad.

Ibid. A. 2, Sc. 12.

INHUMANITY.

——— 'Tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

King Henry VIII, A. 5, Sc. 5.

INNOCENCE.

——— Oh! a cherubim

Thou wast, that did preserve me: Thou didst smile,
 Infused with a fortitude from heaven
 (When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt:
 Under my burthen groan'd) which rais'd in me
 An undergoing stomach, to bear up
 Against what should ensue.

The Tempest, A. 1, Sc. 2.

——— I have mark'd

A thousand blushing apparitions
 To start into her face: a thousand innocent shames
 In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
 And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
 To burn the errors that these princes hold
 Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
 Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
 Which with experimental seal doth warrant
 The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
 My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
 If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
 Under some biting error.

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 4, Sc. 1.

Since what I am to say must be but that
 Which contradicts my accusation; and
 The testimony on my part no other
 But what comes from myself: it shall scarce boot
 me

To say, Not guilty: mine integrity,
 Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,

Be so receiv'd. But thus, if powers divine
 Behold our human actions, as they do,
 I doubt not then but Innocence shall make
 False Accusation blush, and Tyranny
 Tremble at Patience.—You, my Lord, best know,
 Who least will seem to do so, my past life
 Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
 As I am now unhappy; which is more
 Than history can pattern, though devis'd
 And play'd to take spectators. For behold me
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
 The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
 To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
 As I weigh grief which I would spare: for honour,
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
 And only that I stand for. I appeal
 To your own conscience, Sir, before Polixenes
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
 How merited to be so; since he came,
 With what encounter so uncurrent I
 Have strain'd t' appear thus; if one jot beyond
 The bounds of honour, or in act, or will
 That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
 Of all that hear me, and my nearest of kin
 Cry, Fie! upon my grave.

The Winter's Tale, A. 3, Sc. 2.

The silence often of pure innocence
 Persuades when speaking fails.

Ibid. A. 2, Sc. 2.

We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' th' sun,
 And bleat the one at th' other : what we chang'd
 Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not
 The doctrine of ill doing : no, nor dream'd
 That any did : had we pursued that life,
 And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
 With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
 Boldly, Not guilty ; th' imposition clear'd
 Hereditary ours. *Ibid.* A. 1, Sc. 3.

False to his bed ! what is it to be false ?
 To lie in watch there, and to think on him ?
 To weep 'twixt clock and clock ! if sleep charge nature,
 To break it with a fearful dream of him,
 And cry myself awake ! That's false to's bed ! is 't !
Cymbeline, A. 3, Sc. 4.

INTEGRITY.

There is a kind of character in thy life,
 That to th' observer doth thy history
 Fully unfold : thyself and thy belongings
 Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
 Thyself upon thy virtues ; they on thee.
 Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
 Not light them for themselves : for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
 But to fine issues : nor Nature never lends
 The smallest scruple of her excellence,
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
 Herself the glory of a creditor,
 Both thanks and use.

Measure for Measure, A. 1, Sc. 1.

INTEMPERANCE.

—— Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny : it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours : you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold ; the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough ; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd. *Macbeth*, A. 4, Sc. 3.

INVECTIVE.

I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune ;
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen,
The presentation of but what I was ;
The flattering index of a direful page ;
One heav'd on high, to be hurl'd down below :
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes ;
A dream of what thou wast ; a garish flag,
To be the aim of ev'ry dangerous shot ;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble ;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?
Where be thy two sons ? wherein dost thou joy ?
Who sues and kneels, and says, God save the queen ?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee ?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee ?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art :
For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;

For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
 For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
 For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

King Richard III, A. 4, Sc. 4.

INVITATION TO LOVE.

The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
 The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
 The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
 And make a checquer'd shadow on the ground.
 Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
 And whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,
 Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
 And after conflict, such as was suppos'd
 The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms
 (Our pastimes done), possess a golden slumber;
 Whilst hounds and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
 Be unto us as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Titus Andronicus, A. 2, Sc. 4.

INVOCATION.

Oh! for a muse of fire, that would ascend
 The brightest heaven of invention!
 A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
 Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
 Leash'd in, like hounds, should Famine, Sword,
 and Fire,
 Crouch for employment. *King Henry V, Prol.*

———The raven himself is hoarse
 That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
 Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here:
 And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
 Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood,
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts
 And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
 Wherever in your sightless substances
 You wait on Nature's mischief. Come, thick night,
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes!
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
 To cry, *Hold! Hold!* *Macbeth, A. 1, Sc. 5.*

JUDGMENT.

———I see men's judgments are
 A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward

To draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 3, Sc. 11.

JUSTICE.

Remember March—the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake!
What villain touch'd his body that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman. *Julius Cæsar, A. 4, Sc. 3.*

———I not deny

The jury passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two,
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to
justice,
That justice seizes on. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves. 'Tis very pregnant
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it:
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend.
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come impartial.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, Sc. 1.

The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

King Lear, A. 5, Sc. 5.

KING-KILLING.

——If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't : but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one;
Let villany itself forswear't.

The Winter's Tale, A. 2, Sc. 2.

KINGS.

——For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court ; and there the antic sits
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp :
Allowing him a breath, at little scene
To monarchise, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable : and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle-walls, and—farewel, king !
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn rev'rence : throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty ;
For you have but mistook all me this while :
I live on bread like you, feel want like you,
Taste grief, need friends, like you : subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king !

Richard II, A. 3, Sc. 2.

The single and peculiar life is bound
 With all the strength and armour of the mind,
 To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more
 That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest
 The lives of many.—The cease of majesty
 Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
 What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel
 Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
 To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
 Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
 Each small annexment, petty consequence,
 Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
 Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

Hamlet, A. 2, Sc. 3.

KINGDOM.

When Lenity and Cruelty play for a kingdom,
 The gentlest gamester is the soonest winner.

Henry V, A. 3, Sc. 6.

KNOWLEDGE HURTFUL.

—There may be in the cup
 A spider steep'd; and one may drink, depart,
 And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
 Is not infected: but if one present
 Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
 How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides
 With violent hefts. *The Winter's Tale, A. 2, Sc. 1.*

LABOUR.

—Weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard. *Cymbeline, A. 3, Sc. 6.*

THE LAW.

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
 Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
 And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
 Their perch, and not their terror.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, Sc. 1.

——Pity is the virtue of the law,
 And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

Timon of Athens, A. 3, Sc. 5.

LENITY.

——O my Lord!
 Press not a falling man too far—'tis virtue:
 His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
 Not you, correct them.

Henry VIII, A. 3, Sc. 2.

I have not stopt mine ears to their demands,
 Nor posted off their suits with slow delays:
 My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds;
 My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs;
 My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears.
 I have not been desirous of their wealth,
 Nor much oppress them with great subsidies,
 Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.

King Henry VI, Part III, A. 4, Sc. 8.

LIFE.

Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
 And after Summer evermore succeeds

Barren Winter, with his wrathful nipping cold.
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.

King Henry VI, Part II, A. 2, Sc. 4.

LIFE LOATHED.

Oh sovereign mistress of true melancholy!
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me!

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4, Sc. 7.

LOQUACITY.

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more
than any man in all Venice : his reasons are as two
grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall
seek all day ere you find them, and when you have
them, they are not worth the search.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 1, Sc. 1.

LOVE.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity :
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind :
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste.
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys themselves in game forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 1, Sc. 1.

—— It boots thee not
To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;

Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's
mirth

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, an hapless gain,
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 1, Sc. 1.

— Writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow;
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud;
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.

Ibid. A. 1, Sc. 1.

— That life is alter'd now;
I have done penance for contemning Love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs:
For in revenge of my contempt of Love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Protheus, Love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as I confess,
There is no woe to his correction;
Nor to his service, no such joy on earth.
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of Love.

Ibid. A. 2, Sc. 4.

It is to be all made of fantasy,
 All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
 All adoration, duty, and observance;
 All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;
 All purity, all trial, all observance.

As You Like It, A. 5, Sc. 2.

Base men, being in love, have then a nobility in
 their natures more than is native to them.

Othello, A. 2, Sc. 1.

There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1, Sc. 2.

———— I tell thee I am mad
 In Cressid's love : thou answer'st she is fair;
 Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
 Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice
 Handlest in thy discourse : — O that her hand!
 In whose comparison all whites are ink,
 Writing their own reproach ; to whose soft seizure
 The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
 Hard as the palm of ploughman ! This thou tell'st me
 As true thou tell'st me, when I say, I love her ;
 But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
 Thou layest, in every gash that love hath given me,
 The knife that made it.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 1, Sc. 1.

———— Expectation whirls me round.
 The imaginary relish is so sweet,
 That it enchants my sense. What will it be
 When that the wat'ry palate tastes indeed
 Love's thrice-reputed nectar ? Death ! I fear me,

Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
 Too subtle, potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
 For the capacity of my ruder powers :
 I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
 That I shall lose distinction in my joys,
 As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
 The ennemy flying. *Ibid.* A. 3, Sc. 2.

Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch
 Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
 Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
 Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life
 Is to do thus, when such a mutual pair, *[embracing.]*
 And such a twain can do 't; in which, I bind,
 On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
 We stand up peerless.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1, Sc. 1.

Love is a smoke rais'd with a fume of sighs;
 Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lover's eyes;
 Being vext, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears;
 What is it else? A madness most discreet,
 A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 1, Sc. 2.

LOVE DISSEMBLED.

Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
 'Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talks well.
 But what care I for words? Yet words do well
 When he that speaks them pleases those that hear :
 It is a pretty youth — not very pretty :
 But sure he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him.
 He'll make a proper man : the best thing in him

Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
 Did make offence, his eye did heal it up:
 He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall:
 His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well:
 There was a pretty redness in his lip,
 A little riper and more lusty red
 Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
 Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
 There be some women, Sylvius, had they mark'd him
 In parcels, as I did, would have gone near
 To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
 I love him not, nor hate him not: and yet
 I have more cause to hate him than to love him;
 For what had he to do to chide at me?
 He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
 And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
 I marvel, why I answer'd not again;
 But that's all one, omittance is no quittance.

As You Like It, A. 3, Sc. 4.

LOVE INSPIRED BY PEACE.

—— O, my Lord,
 When you went onward on this ended action,
 I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye;
 That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
 Than to drive liking to the name of Love;
 But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
 Have left their places vacant; in their rooms
 Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
 All prompting me how fair young Hero is;
 Saying I lik'd her e'er I went to wars.

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 1, Sc. 1.

LOVE IN WOMEN.

— There is no woman's sides
 Can bear the beating of so strong a passion
 As love doth give my heart : no woman's heart
 So big to hold so much ; they lack retention :
 Alas ! their love may be call'd appetite ;
 No motion of the liver, but the palate,
 That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt :
 But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
 And can digest as much. Make no compare
 Between that love a woman can bear me,
 And that I owe Olivia.

Twelfth Night, A. 2, Sc. 3.

LOVE-MESSENGER.

— There is alighted at your gate
 A young Venetian, one that comes before
 To signify th' approaching of his lord,
 From whom he bringeth sensible regrets ;
 To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
 Gifts of rich value : yet, I have not seen
 So likely an ambassador of love.
 A day in April never came so sweet,
 To shew how costly summer was at hand,
 As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 2, Sc. 9.

LOVE UNSOUGHT.

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
 In the contempt and anger of his lip !
 A murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon,

Than love that would seem hid : love's night is noon.
 Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
 By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
 I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
 Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
 Do not extort thy reasons from this clause;
 For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause :
 But rather reason thus with reason fetter :
 Love sought is good ; but giv'n unsought, is better.

Twelfth Night, A. 3, Sc. 1.

LOVER.

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
 That ever love did make thee run into,
 Thou hast not lov'd ———
 Or, if thou hast not sat, as I do now,
 Wearying the hearer in thy mistress' praise,
 Thou hast not lov'd ———
 Or, if thou hast not broke from company
 Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
 Thou hast not lov'd. ———

As You Like It, A. 2, Sc. 4.

————— O, so light a foot
 Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.
 A lover may bestride the gossamer
 That idles in the wanton summer air,
 And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 2, Sc. 6.

LOVER'S COMMENDATION.

————— What you do
 Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,

I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
 I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
 Pray so; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
 To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that; move still, still so,
 And own no other function. Each your doing,
 So singular in each particular,
 Crowns what you 're doing in the present deeds,
 That all your acts are queens.

The Winter's Tale, A. 4, Sc. 3.

LOVER'S HERALD.

— Love's heralds should be thoughts,
 Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,
 Driving back shadows over louring hills.
 Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,
 And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 3, Sc. 5.

LOVER'S VOW.

I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
 By his best arrow with the golden head,
 By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
 By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
 And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage-queen,
 When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
 By all the vows that ever men have broke;
 In number more than ever woman spoke;
 In that same place thou hast appointed me,
 To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 1, Sc. 1.

LOYALTY.

Mine honesty and I begin to square;
 The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
 Our faith mere folly : yet he that can endure
 To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
 Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
 And earns a place i' th' story.

Antony and Cleopatra. A. 3, Sc. 9.

LUXURY.

You're too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
 Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
 To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
 And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,
 To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
 With knaves that smell of sweat; say this becomes
 As his composure must be rare, indeed, [him;
 Whom these things cannot blemish; yet must Antony
 No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
 So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
 His vacancy with his voluptuousness;
 Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
 Call on him for't; but to confound such time.
 That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
 As his own state, and ours; 'tis to be chid,
 As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
 Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
 And so rebel to judgment. *Ibid. A. 1, Sc. 5.*

MACBETH'S CHARACTER.

———Yet do I fear thy nature;
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,

To catch the nearest way : thou wouldst be great;
 Art not without ambition, but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst
 highly,
 That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win : thou 'dst have, great
 Glants,
 That which cries : Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
 And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
 Than wishest should be undone.

Macbeth, A. 1, Sc. 5.

MADNESS.

—By mine honesty,
 If she be mad, as I believe no other,
 Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense;
 Such a dependency of thing on thing,
 As e'er I heard in madness,

Measure for Measure, A. 5, Sc. 1.

Alack, 'tis he : why, he was met e'en now
 As mad as the vext sea ; singing aloud;
 Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow-weeds,
 With burdocks, hemlock, nettle, cuckoo-flowers,
 Darnel; and all the idle weeds that grow
 In our sustaining corn. *King Lear, A. 4, Sc. 4.*

O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
 The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,
 sword;
 Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
 The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
 Th' observ'd of all observers! Quite, quite down!

I am of ladies most deject and wretched,
 That suck'd the honey of his music vows:
 Now see that noble and most sov'reign reason,
 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
 That unmatch'd form, and feature of blown youth,
 Blasted with ecstasy. Oh, woe is me!
 T' have seen what I have seen; see what I see.

Hamlet, A. 3, Sc. 2.

MAGISTRATE.

He who the sword of heaven will bear,
 Should be as holy as severe:
 Pattern in himself to know,
 Grace to stand, and virtue go;
 More nor less to others paying,
 Than by self-offences weighing.
 Shame on him, whose cruel striking
 Kills for faults of his own liking!
 Twice treble shame to Angelo,
 To weed my vice, and let his grow!
 Oh, what may man within him hide,
 Tho' angel on the outward side!
 How may that likeness made in crimes,
 Making practice on the times,
 Draw with idle spider's strings
 Most pond'rous and substantial things!

Measure for Measure, A. 3, Sc. 2.

MAID'S HONOUR.

—— The honour of a maid is her name, and
 no legacy is so rich as honesty.

All's Well that Ends Well, A. 3, Sc. 5.

MALICE.

—— Men that make
 Envy and crooked malice, nourishment,
 Dare bite the best. *King Henry VIII, A. 5, Sc. 5.*

MAN.

This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of
 their particular additions : he is valiant as the
 lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant ; a
 man into whom Nature hath so crowded humours,
 that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced
 with discretion ; there is no man hath a virtue, that
 he hath not a glimpse of ; nor any man an attaint,
 but he carries some stain of it : he is melancholy
 without cause, and merry against the hair : he hath
 the joints of every thing ; but every thing so out
 of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands
 and no use ; or purblinded Argus, all eyes and no
 sight. *Troilus and Cressida, A. 1, Sc. 2.*

—— Do you know what a man is ! Are not birth,
 beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning,
 gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like,
 the spice and salt that season man. *Ibid.*

He was a man, take him for all in all,
 I shall not look upon his like again.

Hamlet, A. 1, Sc. 2.

—— Oft it chances, in some particular men,
 That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
 As in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,

Since nature cannot chuse its origin)
 By the o'er-growth of some complexion,
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
 Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
 The form of plausible manners—that these men
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star;
 Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man can undergo)
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault. The dram of base
 Doth all the noble substance of worth out,
 To his own scandal. *Hamlet, A. 1, Sc. 4.*

What a piece of work is man! How noble in
 reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and
 moving, how express and admirable! In action,
 how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a
 god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of
 animals! *Ibid, A. 2, Sc. 2.*

——— What is a man,
 If his chief good, and market of his time,
 Be but to sleep and feed! A beast; no man.
 Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
 Looking before and after, gave us not
 That capability and godlike reason,
 To fust in us unused. *Ibid. A. 4, Sc. 4.*

MAN'S PRE-EMINENCE.

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye,
 But hath its bounds in earth, in sea, and sky:
 The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,

Are their males' subjects, and at their controuls,
 Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
 Lords of the wide world, and wide wat'ry seas,
 Indued with intellectual sense and soul,
 Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowl,
 Are masters to their females, and their lords :
 Then let your will attend on their accords.

The Comedy of Errors, A. 2, Sc. 1.

MARKS OF A LOVER.

A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not:—but I pardon you for that, for simply your having no beard is a younger brother's revenue — Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoes untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other. *As You Like It, A. 3, Sc. 2.*

———First, you have learn'd, like Sir Protheus, to wreath your arms, like a malecontent; to relish a love-song, like a Robin Redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast like one that takes diet; to watch like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock:

when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions;
 when you fasted, it was presently after dinner;
 when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money:
 and now you are so metamorphos'd with a mistress,
 that when I look on you, I can hardly think you my
 master: *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, A. 2, Sc. 1.

MARRIAGE.

The worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
 As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse:
 But marriage is a matter of more worth
 Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.
 For what is wedlock forced—but a hell,
 An age of discord and continual strife?
 Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
 And is a pattern of celestial peace.

Henri VI, Part I, A. 5, Sc. 6.

—— For know, Iago,
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 I would not my unhoused free condition
 Put into circumscription and confine,
 For the sea's worth. *Othello*, A. 1, Sc. 4.

—— The hearts of old gave hands;
 But our new heraldry is—*hands*, not *hearts*.

Ibid. A. 3, Sc. 4.

The instances that second marriage move,
 Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.
 A second time I kill my husband dead,
 When second husband kisses me in bed.

Hamlet, A. 2, Sc. 2.

MARTLET.

——— This guest of summer,
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
 By his lov'd masonry, that the heaven's breath
 Smells wooingly here : no jutting frieze,
 Buttress, nor coigne of 'vantage, but this bird
 Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle !
 Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
 The air is delicate. *Macbeth*, A. 1, Sc. 6.

MEDIOCRITY.

——— For aught I see, they are as sick, that
 surfeit with too much, as they that starve with
 nothing ; therefore it is no mean happiness to be
 seated in the mean—Superfluity comes sooner by
 white hairs ; but competency lives longer.
The Merchant of Venice, A. 1, Sc. 2.

MEEKNESS.

——— Love and meekness, Lord,
 Become a churchman better than ambition :
 Win straying souls with modesty again ;
 Cast none away. *Henry VIII*, A. 5, Sc. 2.

MEETING OF LOVERS.

It gives me wonder, great as my content,
 To see you here before me. O my soul's joy !
 If after every tempest come such calms,
 May the winds blow till they have waken'd death !
 And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
 Olympus high ; and duck again as low,
 As Hell's from Heaven ! If I were now to die,

'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate. *Othello*, A. 2, Sc. 1.

MELANCHOLY.

I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humourous sadness.

As You Like It, A. 4, Sc. 1.

————— O Melancholy!

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish care
Might eas'liest harbour in? *Cymbeline*, A. 4, Sc. 2.

————— This is mere madness;

And thus awhile the fit will work on him:
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
Ere that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping. *Hamlet*, A. 5, Sc. 2.

MELANCHOLY STORIES.

In Winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betide:

And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

King Richard II, A. 5, S. 1.

MENACE.

— Thou injurious Tribune !
Within thine eyes set twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutched as many millions :
In thy lying tongue both numbers ; I would say
Thou ly'st ! unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Coriolanus, A. 3, Sc. 3.

MERCY.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The Marshal's truncheon, nor the Judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does : if he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slept like him ;
But he like you would not have been so stern.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, Sc. 1.

— Alas ! alas !

Why, all the souls that are, were forfeit once ;
And he, that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are ! Oh, think on that ;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made. *Ibid, A. 2, Sc. 1.*

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown:
 His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Tho' justice be thy plea, consider this,
 That in the course of justice none of us
 Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;
 And that same pray'r doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 4, Sc. 1.

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
 Draw near them then in being merciful:
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Titus Andronicus, A. 1, Sc. 2.

MERMAID.

— Thou remember'st,
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song,

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, Sc. 1.

MERRY MAN.

————— A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 2, Sc. 1.

MESSENGER.

————— After him came spurring hard
A gentleman almost forespent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse:
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand the news from Shrewsbury.
He told me that rebellion had ill-luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his agile heels
Up to the rowel-head; and starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

Henry IV, Part II, A. 1, Sc. 3.

MESSENGER WITH BAD NEWS.

Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretels the nature of a tragic volume.
So looks the strand whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Thou tremblest, and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Ev'n such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burn'd.

I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin
To speak a truth: if he be slain, say so;
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd tolling a departed friend.

Henry IV, Part II, A. I, Sc. I.

'MIRTH AND MELANCHOLY.

———— Then let's say you are sad,
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap, and say you're merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed
Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time!
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,

And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper ;
 And others of such vinegar aspect,
 That they 'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
 Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 1, Sc. 1.

MISERY.

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.

Tempest, A. 2, Sc. 2.

THE MISERIES OF WAR.

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
 Unpruned dies ; her hedges even pleach'd,
 Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
 Put forth disorder'd twigs : her fallow leas
 The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
 Doth root upon : while that the coulter rusts,
 That should deracinate such savagery :
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled cowslip, burnet and green clover,
 Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
 Conceives by idleness ; and nothing teems,
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility ;
 And all our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness.

King Henry V, A. 5, Sc. 2.

MISTRESS.

——— She is my own !

And I as rich in having such a jewel,
 As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
 The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me doat upon my love.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, Sc. 4.

M O B.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust,
Such is the lightness of you common men.

Henry VI, Part III, A. 3, Sc. 1.

——— What would you have, ye curs,
That like not peace nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang eye —
Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate;
Him vile that was your garland.

Coriolanus, A. 1, Sc. 1.

MODERATION.

—— Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great ; and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Thou noble partner
(The rather for I earnestly beseech)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 2, Sc. 2.

MODERATION IN LOVE.

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die ; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste, confounds the appetite :
Therefore love moderately ; long love doth so :
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 2, Sc. 6.

MODEST MERIT.

It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection.

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 2, Sc. 3.

MODESTY.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the better to my view ?

Since maids in modesty, say *No*, to that
Which they would have the profferer construe *Aye*.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, Sc. 2.

————— Let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go
with me to my trial ; wherein if I be foiled, there is
but one sham'd that was never gracious ; if kill'd
but one dead that is willing to be so : I shall do my
friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me ; the
world no injury, for in it I have nothing ; only in
the world I fill up a place, which may be better
supplied when I have made it empty.

As You Like It, A. 1, Sc. 2.

MONSTER.

A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost ;
And, as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. *The Tempest*, A. 4, Sc. 1.

MOONLIGHT.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sound of music
Creep in our ears ; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica : look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold !
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims ;
Such harmony is in immortal souls !

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 5, Sc. 1.

Peace! how the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked! *Ibid.*

MORNING.

—— Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts wand'ring here and there
Troop home to churchyards; damned spirits, all
That in cross ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully exile themselves from light;
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 5, Sc. 1.

The grey-eyed morning smiles on frowning night,
Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness, like a drunkard, reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 2, Sc. 3.

See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a yonker prancing to his love!

Henry VI, Part III, A. 2, Sc. 1.

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,

What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.

Henry VI Part III, A. 2, Sc. 6.

But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Hamlet, A. 1, Sc. 1.

MORTALITY.

——— She should have dy'd hereafter ;
There would have been a time for such a word—
To-morrow—and to-morrow—and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. *Macbeth, A. 5, Sc. 5.*

——— Duncan is in his grave ;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well :
Treason has done his worst ; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further. *Macbeth, A. 3, Sc. 2.*

——— Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither ;
Ripeness is all ——— *King Lear, A. 5, Sc. 2.*

——— All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players ;

They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

As You Like It, A. 2, Sc. 5.

MURDER.

See how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless;

Being all descended to the lab'ring heart,
 Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
 Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy :
 Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
 To blush and beautify the cheek again.
 But see his face is black and full of blood;
 His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd;
 Staring full-ghastly, like a strangled man:
 His air uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
 His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
 And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
 Look on the sheets; his hair, you see, is sticking;
 His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
 Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
 It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;
 The least of all these signs were probable.

Henry VI, Part III, A. 3, Sc. 6.

MURDERER'S LOOK.

The image of a wicked heinous fault
 Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
 Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast.
 And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

King John, A. 4, Sc. 2.

MUSIC.

Where should this music be! In air or earth!
 It sounds no more, and sure it waits upon
 Some god of th' island. Sitting on a bank,
 Weeping again the king my father's wreck,

This music crept by me upon the water,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air. *The Tempest*, A. 1, Sc. 5.

'Tis good; tho' music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
Measure for Measure, A. 4, Sc. 1.

Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music. That the comparison
May stand more just, my eye shall be the stream
And wat'ry death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then! Then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new crowned monarch; such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 3, Sc. 2.

I'm never merry when I hear sweet music.
—The reason is, your spirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
(Which is the hot condition of their blood)
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand;
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature.
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
 The motions of his spirits are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus:
 Let no such man be trusted.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 5, Sc. 1.

If music be the food of love, play on;
 Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.
 That strain again!—it had a dying fall:
 Oh! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing and giving odour!

Twelfth Night, A. 1, Sc. 1.

NATURAL AFFECTION.

Oh! she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
 That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
 These sov'reign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,
 (Her sweet perfections) with one self-same king!

Ibid. A. 1, Sc. 1.

NECESSARIES OF LIFE.

Oh! reason not the need; our basest beggars
 Are in the poorest things superfluous.

Allow not nature more than nature needs,
 Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;
 If only to go warm were gorgeous,
 Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
 Which scarcely keeps thee warm.

King Lear, A. 2, Sc. 1.

NEW CUSTOMS.

—— New customs,
 Though they be never so ridiculous,
 Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

King Henry VIII, A. 1, Sc. 1.

NEWS-TELLERS.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
 With open mouth swallowing a taylor's news;
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
 Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
 Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
 Told of a many thousand warlike French,
 That were embattled and rank'd in Kent.
 Another lean unwash'd artificer
 Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

King John, A. 4, Sc. 2.

NIGHT.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
 Lovers, to bed! 't is almost fairy time.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 5, Sc. 1.

—— Ere the bat hath flown
 His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons

The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hum,
Hath rung night's yawning peal; there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note. *Macbeth*, A. 3, Sc. 2.

—— Come, feeling night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things by day begin to droop and drowse;
While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Ibid. A. 3, Sc. 2.

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon;
Whilst the heavy plowman snores,
All with weary task foredone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run,
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house.

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 5, Sc. 1.

The gaudy, babbling, and remorseless day
 Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
 And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades,
 That drag the tragic melancholy night,
 Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
 Clip dead men's graves; and from their misty jaws
 Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

Henry VI, Part II, A. 4, Sc. 1.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
 When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
 Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot
 blood,

And do such bitter business as the day
 Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother—
 O heart! lose not thy nature; let not ever
 The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
 Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
 I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

Hamlet, A. 3, Sc. 2.

NIGHT IN A CAMP.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
 The hum of either army stilly sounds;
 That the fixt sentinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch.
 Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
 Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
 The armourers accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,

Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll ;
And (the third hour of drowsy morning nam'd)
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger : and their gesture sad,
Invest in lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presented them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. Who now beholds
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, *Praise and glory on his head !*
For forth he goes, and visits all his host,
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him ;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night,
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint,
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty ;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. *Henry V, A. 4, Chorus.*

NOBILITY.

Peace, master Marquis, you are malapert;
 Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current,
 Oh! that your young Nobility could juge
 What 't were to lose it, and be miserable!
 They that stand high have many blasts to shake
 them;

And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Richard III, A. 1, Sc. 3.

NUN.

———Question your desires:

Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
 Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
 You can endure the livery of a Nun;
 For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
 To live a barren sister all your life,
 Chaunting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon!
 Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
 To undergo such maiden pilgrimage!
 But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
 Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
 Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 1, Sc. 1.

OATH.

No—not an oath: if not the face of men,
 The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse—
 If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
 And every man hence to his idle bed;
 So let high-sighted tyranny range on,

Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
 As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
 To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
 The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
 What need we any spur, but our own cause,
 To prick us to redress? What other bond,
 Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
 And will not falter; and what other oath
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
 Swear priests and cowards, and men cautelous,
 Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
 That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes swear
 Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
 The even virtue of our enterprise,
 Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 To think, that or our cause or our performance
 Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath past from him.

Julius Cæsar, A. 2, Sc. 1.

OBEDIENCE.

——— Be advis'd, fair maid.
 To you your father should be as a God,
 One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one,
 To whom you are but as a form in wax
 By him imprinted; and within his power
 To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 1, Sc. 1.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
 So much they love it : but to stubborn spirits
 They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.

King Henry VIII, A. 3, Sc. 1.

OBSOLETE LAWS.

——— This new Governor
 Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties
 Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by th' wall
 So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
 And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
 Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
 Freshly on me. *Measure for Measure, A. 1, Sc. 2.*

We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
 (The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds)
 Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep;
 Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
 That goes not out to prey : now, as fond fathers
 Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
 Only to stick it in their children's sight,
 For terror, not to use; in time, the rod
 Becomes more mock'd than fear'd : so our decrees,
 Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead.
 And Liberty plucks Justice by the nose;
 The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
 Goes all decorum. *Ibid.*

OLD AGE.

——— It is as common to Old Age
 To cast beyond itself in its opinions,

As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. *Hamlet, A. 2, Sc. 1.*

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly; let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

As You Like It, A. 2, Sc. 3.

Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory;
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses, I cannot err,
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholis.

The Comedy of Errors, A. 5, Sc. 1.

Do you set down your name in the scrawl of
youth, that are written down old, with all the
characters of age? Have you not a moist eye—a
dry hand—a yellow cheek—a white beard—a
decreasing leg—an increasing belly?—Is not your
voice broken—your wind short—your chin double
—your wit single—and every part of you blasted
with antiquity?—And will you yet call yourself
young!—Fie, fie, fie! *Henry IV, Part II, A. 1, Sc. 2.*

OLD SONG.

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
 And the free maids that weave their thread with
 Do use to chant it : it is silly, sooth, [bones,
 And dallies with the innocence of love,
 Like the old age. *Twelfth Night*, A. 2, Sc. 3.

OMENS.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign :
 The night-crow cry'd a boding luckless tune :
 Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down
 trees :
 The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
 And chattering pyes in dismal discord sung :
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope.
 To wit, an indigest deformed lump,
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born
 To signify thou cam'st to bite the world :
 And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
 Thou cam'st into the world with thy legs forward.
Henry VI, Part III, A. 5, Sc. 7.

OMISSION.

Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves.
 Omission to do what is necessary,
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
 Even then, when we sit idly in the sun.
Troilus and Cressida, A. 3, Sc. 3.

OPHELIA DROWNING.

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
 That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream :
 There with fantastic garlands did she come,
 Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
 (That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
 But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them) :
 There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
 Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke ;
 When down her weedy trophies and herself
 Fell in the weeping brook : her clothes spread wide,
 And, mermaid like, awhile they bore her up ;
 Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
 As one incapable of her own distress ;
 Or like a creature native, and indued
 Unto that element : but long it could not be,
 Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
 Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
 To muddy death. *Hamlet, A. 4, Sc. 1.*

OPINION.

———— There is nothing, either good or bad ;
 But thinking makes it so. *Ibid. A. 2, Sc. 6.*

OPPORTUNITY.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune ;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
 On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or lose our ventures. *Julius Cæsar, A. 4, Sc. 3.*

ORATION.

Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say
My tears gain-say; for every word I speak,
I see I drink the water of my eyes:
Therefore no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe, his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice; then in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the battle.

Henry VI, Part III, A. 5, Sc. 6.

I shall lack voice; the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man, I speak of, cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'erprest Roman, and i' th' consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee. In that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd th' best man i' th' field, and for his need
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;

And in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
 He lurch'd all swords o' th' garland. For this last,
 Before and in Corioli, let me say,
 I cannot speak him home : he stopt the flyers,
 And by his rare example made the coward
 Turn terror into sport. As waves before
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his stern. His sword, death's stamp,
 Where it did mark, it took from face to foot.
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was tim'd with dying cries. Alone he enter'd
 The mortal gate o' th' city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny ; aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
 Corioli, like a planet. Nor all's this ;
 For by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready sense, when straight his double spirit
 Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battle came he ; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil ; and till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

Coriolanus, A. 2, Sc. 6.

Funeral ORATION, after the language of Nature.

—— With fairest flowers,
 While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
 I'll sweeten thy sad grave : thou shalt not lack
 The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor
 The azure hare bell, like thy veins ; no, nor
 The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,

Out sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would
With charitable bill (Oh bill sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;
Yea, and furr'd most besides, when flowers are none
To winter-ground thy corse.

Cymbeline, A. 4, Sc. 2.

Othello's ORATION to the Senate.

Most potent, grave and reverend Signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent—no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, thy have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself: yet, by your gracious
patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs—what
charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For such proceeding I am charged withal)
I won his daughter with.
——Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,

From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it :
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances ;
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
Of hair - breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly
breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travels' history ;
Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
heaven,
It was my hint to speak (such was the process)
And of the Cannibals that each other eat ;
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to
hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline.
But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse ; which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate ;
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively : I did consent ;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,

She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing
 strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it: yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man. She
 thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake.
She lov'd me for the dangers I had past;
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady—let her witness it.

Othello, A. 1, Sc. 3.

ORDER.

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of Order:
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check to good and bad. But when the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents! what mutiny!
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate

The unity and married calm of states
 Quite from their fixture! Oh! when degree is shak'd,
 Which is the ladder to all high designs,
 The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primo-geniture and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place?
 Take but degree away—untune that string,
 And hark what discord follows! Each thing meets
 In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:
 Strength should be Lord of Imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:
 Force should be right, or rather right and wrong
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides)
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then every thing includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite;
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And last eat up himself.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 1, Sc. 3.

OSTENTATION.

——— Ever note, Lucilius,
 When love begins to sicken and decay,
 It useth an enforced ceremony.
 There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:

But hollow men, like horses hot at hand
 Make gallant shew, and promise of their mettle,
 But, when they should endure the bloody spur,
 They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
 Sink in the trial. *Julius Cæsar*, A. 4, Sc. 2.

PAINTING.

Dost thou love pictures! We will fetch thee strait
 Adonis, painted by a running brook;
 And Cytherea, all in sedges hid—
 Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
 Ev'n as the waving sedges play with wind.
 We'll shew thee Io, as she was a maid,
 And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
 As lively painted as the deed was done;
 Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
 Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;
 And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep:
 So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

The Taming of the Shrew, Induction.

The painting is almost the natural man:
 For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
 He is but outside: pencil'd figures are
 Ev'n such as they give out.

Timon of Athens, A. 1, Sc. 2.

PARENTAL FONDNESS.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
 Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
 To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines

Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil
 Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
 In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
 Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
 As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
 How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
 This squash, this gentleman!

The Winter's Tale, A. 1, Sc. 2.

PARTING.

'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
 A wilderness is populous enough,
 So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
 For where thou art, there is the world itself,
 With every several pleasure in the world;
 And where thou art not, desolation.
 I can no more—Live thou to joy thy life;
 Myself no joy in aught but that thou liv'st.

King Henry VI, Part II, A. 3, Sc. 8.

———Tend me to-night:
 May be, it is the period of your duty;
 Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
 A mangled shadow. It may chance, to-morrow
 You'll serve another master. I look on you
 As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
 I turn you not away, but, like a master
 Married to your good service, stay till death:
 Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
 And the Gods shield you for't!

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4, Sc. 2.

I did not take my leave of him, but had
 Most pretty things to say : ere I could tell him
 How I would think on him, at certain hours,
 Such thoughts, and such ; or, I could make him swear
 The Dames of Italy should not betray
 Mine interest, and his honour ; or have charg'd him,
 At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
 T' encounter me with orisons ; for then
 I am in heaven for him ; or ere I could
 Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
 Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father ;
 And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
 Shakes all our buds from growing.

Cymbeline, A. 1, Sc. 4.

PARTING OF FRIENDS.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part :
 Bassanio told him he would make some speed
 Of his return : he answer'd, do not so :
 Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
 But stay the very riping of the time ;
 And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
 Let it not enter in your mind of love :
 Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
 To courtship, and such fair ostents of love,
 As shall conveniently become you there.
 And even there, his eye being big with tears,
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
 And with affection wondrous sensible
 He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 2, Sc. 8.

PARTING OF LOVERS.

What! gone without a word?
 Ay, so true love should do; it cannot speak;
 For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 4, Sc. 8.

We two, that with so many thousand sighs
 Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves,
 With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
 Injurious time, now, with a robber's haste,
 Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
 As many farewels as be stars in heaven,
 With distinct breath, and consign'd kisses to them,
 He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
 And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
 Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 2, Sc. 2.

——— Should we be taking leave
 As long a term as yet we have to live,
 The lothness to depart would grow—Adieu!

Cymbeline, A. 2, Sc. 2.

I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd them
 To look upon him, till the diminution [but
 Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
 Nay, followed him till he had melted from
 The smallness of a gnat, to air; and then
 Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. *Ibid. A. 1, Sc. 4.*

PATIENCE.

Cease to lament for what thou canst not help,
 And study help from that which thou lament'st.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good:
 There if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
 Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3, Sc. 1.

How poor are they that have not patience!
 What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
 Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
 And wit depends on dilatory time.

Othello, A. 2, Sc. 3.

Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;
 They can be meek that have no other cause;
 A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
 We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
 But, were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
 As much, or more, should we ourselves complain:
 So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
 With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me:
 But if thou live to see like right bereft,
 This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

The Comedy of Errors, A. 2, Sc. 1.

PATRIOTISM.

If it be aught toward the general good,
 Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
 And I will look on both indifferently;
 For let the Gods so speed me as I love
 The name of honour more than I fear death.

Julius Cæsar, A. 1, Sc. 2.

PATRONAGE.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
 Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!

Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Richard III, A. 3, Sc. 4.

PEACE.

So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall damp her lips with her own children's blood :
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile pacers. Those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now in mutual well-beseeming ranks
March all one way ; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies :
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master.

Henry IV, Part I, A. 1, Sc. 1.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry-meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures :
Grim visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front,
And now—instead of mounting barbed steeds

To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
 He capers nimbly, in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

King Richard III, A. 1, Sc. 1.

PEACE AND WAR.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility :
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger—
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage :
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head,
 Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height. *King Henry V, A. 3, Sc. 1.*

PERIL.

When last the young Orlando parted from you,
 He left a promise to return again
 Within an hour ; and pacing through the forest,
 Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
 Lo, what befel ! he threw his eye aside,
 And, mark, what object did present itself.
 Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
 And high top bald with dry antiquity,
 A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,

Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck
 A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
 Who, with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
 The op'ning of his mouth ; but, suddenly
 Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
 And, with indented glides, did slip away
 Into a bush ; under which bush's shade
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
 Lay couching head on ground, with cat-like watch,
 When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
 The royal disposition of that beast
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.

As You Like It, A. 4, Sc. 3.

PERSEVERANCE.

Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion,
 A great-siz'd monster of Ingratitudes :
 Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done—Perseverance, dear my Lord,
 Keeps honour bright : to have done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty nail,
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way,
 For honour travels in a streight so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast. Keep then the path ;
 For Emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue ; if you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost—
 Or, like a gallant horse, fall'n in first rank,

Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on : then what they do in
present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours :
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer. Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. Oh ! let not Virtue
seek

Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating Time.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 3, Sc. 3.

PERSEVERANCE IN LOVE.

A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her:
Send her another ; never give her o'er ;
For scorn at first makes after love the more.
If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you :
But rather to beget more love in you :
If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone ;
For, why, the fools are mad if left alone .
Take no repulse whatever she doth say ;
For, get you gone, she doth not mean away.
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces ;
Tho' ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3, Sc. 1.

PERSONAL VIRTUE.

— Strange is it that our bloods,
 Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
 Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
 In differences so mighty. If she be
 All that is virtuous (save what thou dislik'st
 A poor physician's daughter) thou dislik'st
 Of virtue for the name : but do not so.
 From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
 The place is dignified by th' doer's deed :
 Where great addition swells, and virtue none,
 It is a dropsy'd honour ; good alone,
 Is good without a name. Vileness is so :
 The property by what it is should go,
 Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair ;
 In these to Nature she's immediate heir ;
 And these breed honour. That is honour's scorn,
 Which challenges itself as honour's born,
 And is not like the sire. Honours best thrive
 When rather from our acts we them derive,
 Than our fore-goers : the mere word's a slave,
 Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave ;
 A lying trophy ; and as oft is dumb,
 Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
 Of honour'd bones, indeed.

All's Well that Ends Well, A. 2, Sc. 3.

PERTURBATION OF MIND.

If it were done, when 't is done, then 't were well
 It were done quickly. If the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,

With his surcease success ; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all, here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time—
We 'd jump the life to come—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor : thus even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust :
First, as I am his kinsman, and his subject,
Strong both against the deed : then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off :
And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless coursers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.

Macbeth, A. 1, Sc. 7.

Let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams,

That shake us nightly : Better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than in the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. *Macbeth*, A. 3, Sc. 2.

PHILOSOPHY.

I 'll give thee armour to bear off that word,
Adversity's sweet milk, Philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.
Romeo and Juliet, A. 3, Sc. 5.

PICTURE.

Admirable! How this grace
Speaks his own standing! What a mental power
This eye shoots forth! How big imagination
Moves in his lip! To the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.
I 'll say of it,
It tutors nature : artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.
Timon of Athens, A. 1, Sc. 1.

PITY.

For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit's pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armour buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords!
Troilus and Cressida, A. 5, Sc. 3.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Good, my Lord, will you see the players well
bestowed! Do you hear! let them be well used :

for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the times : after your death, you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Hamlet, A. 2, Sc. 2.

————— I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. *Ibid.*

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue : but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hands, thus : but use all gently ; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I might say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Oh ! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings ; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shews and noise ; I would have such a fellow whipt for over-doing Termagant ; it out-herods Herod : pray you avoid it.

Be not too tame neither ; but let your own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you overstep not the modesty of nature : for any thing so overdone, is from the purpose of

playing whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to Nature; to shew Virtue her own feature; Scorn her own image; and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone or come tardy off, though it may make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh the whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players, that I have seen play—and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christians, Pagans, nor men, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

—Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered. That's villanous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.

Hamlet, A. 3, Sc. 2.

PLEASURE AND REVENGE.

—Pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 3, Sc. 4.

POLITICS.

The Devil knew not what he did when he made man politic; he cross'd himself by 't: and I cannot think but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him clear. *Timon of Athens*, A. 3, Sc. 3.

POPULAR APPLAUSE.

I love the people;
But do not like to stage me in their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *Aves* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it.

Measure for Measure, A. 1, Sc. 1.

POPULAR FAVOUR.

I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having stretch'd it, here be with them,
Thy knee bussing the stones; for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears; waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling; or say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs so far,
As thou hast power and person.

Coriolanus, A. 3, Sc. 5.

POPULARITY.

Ourself—

Observ'd his courtship to the common people :
 How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
 With humble and familiar courtesy ;
 What reverence he did throw away on slaves ;
 Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
 And patient underbearing of his fortune,
 As 't were to banish their affects with him.
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench :
 A brace of draymen bid, God speed him well !
 And had the tribute of his supple knee ;
 With—Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends ;
 As were our England in reversion his,
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

King Richard II, A. 1, Sc. 4.

It hath been taught us from the primal state,
 That he which is, was wish'd until he were,
 And the ebb'd man ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
 Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
 Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
 Goes to and back, lackying the varying tide,
 To rot itself with motion.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1, Sc. 4.

PORTIA'S PICTURE.

What find I here !
 Fair Portia's counterfeit. What demi-god
 Hath come so near creation ! Move these eyes !
 Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,

Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips
 Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
 Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her hairs
 The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
 A golden mesh t' intrap the hearts of men,
 Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes—
 How could he see to do them! Having made one,
 Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
 And leave itself unfinish'd. Yet how far
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
 In underprizing it! so far this shadow
 Doth limp behind the substance.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 3, Sc. 2.

POVERTY.

Art thou so base and full of wretchedness,
 And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks;
 Need and oppression starve in thine eyes;
 Upon thy back hangs ragged misery:
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
 The world affords no law to make thee rich:
 Then be not poor; but break it, and take this.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 5, Sc. 1.

POWER OF LOVE.

But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
 Lives not alone immured in the brain;
 But, with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in every power;
 And gives to every power a double power,
 Above their functions and their offices.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye:
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
 When the suspicious head of thrift is stopt.
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste;
 For savour, is not Love a Hercules,
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
 Subtle as Sphinx! as sweet and musical
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair:
 And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs:
 O! then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humanity.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 3, Sc. 3.

PRAYER.

We, ignorant of ourselves,
 Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
 Deny us, for our good. So find we profit
 By losing of our prayers.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 2, Sc. 1.

——— O thou! whose captain I account myself,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall
 Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,

That we may praise thee in thy victory.
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
 Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still!

Richard III, A. 5, Sc. 3.

The God of soldiers.
 With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
 Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst prove
 To shame invulnerable, and stick i' th' wars
 Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
 And saving those that eye thee!

Coriolanus, A. 5, Sc. 3.

PRAYERS.

———When maidens sue,
 Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
 All their petitions are as truly theirs,
 As they themselves would owe them.

Measure for Measure, A. 1, Sc. 4.

PRECISE MAN.

———Lord Angelo is precise;
 Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite
 Is more to bread than stone! hence shall we see,
 If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

Ibid. A. 1, Sc. 3.

———Upon his place,
 And with full line of his authority,
 Governs Lord Angelo: a man whose blood
 Is very snow-broth; one who never feels

The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profit of the mind, study and fast.

Measure for Measure, A. 1, Sc. 4.

PRECEDENT.

It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established.

'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 4, Sc. 1.

PREDICTION.

Let me speak, Sir;
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant, Heaven still move about her!
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed. Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
Than this blest soul shall be. All princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her;
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her;
She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake, like a field of beaten corn,

And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows
with her.

In her days, every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And claim by those their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as, when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new-create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of
darkness,

Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth,
Terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him: our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King Henry VIII, A. 5, Sc. 4.

PREFERMENT.

———'Tis the curse of service;
Preferment goes by letter and affection,

Not by the old gradation, where each second
 Stood heir to the first. *Othello*, A. 1, Sc. 1.

PRIDE.

Small things make base men proud.

Henry VI, Part II, A. 4, Sc. 1.

——Pride hath no other glass
 To shew itself but pride; for supple knees
 Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 3, Sc. 3.

——He that 's proud, eats up himself. Pride
 is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle;
 and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours
 the deed i' the praise. *Ibid.* A. 2, Sc. 7.

PRODIGES.

——Give me leave
 To tell you once again, that at my birth
 The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
 The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
 Were strangely clam'rous in the frightened fields.
 These signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
 And all the courses of my life do shew
 I am not in the roll of common men.

Henry IV, Part I, A. 3, Sc. 1.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
 The graves stood tenantless; and the sheeted dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
 Stars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell;

Disasters veil'd the sun; and the moist star,
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
 Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse:
 And even the like precurse of fierce events,
 As harbingers preceding still the fates,
 And prologue to the omen'd coming-on,
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
 Unto our climatures and countrymen.

Hamlet, A. 1, Sc. 1.

PRODIGIES RIDICULED.

——The earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
 And not in fear of your nativity.
 Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
 In strange eruptions; and the teeming earth
 Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vext
 By the imprisoning of unruly wind
 Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
 Shakes the old beldam Earth, and topples down
 High towers and moss-grown steeples. At your birth
 Our grandam Earth with this distemperature
 In passion shook. *Henry IV, Part I, A. 3, Sc. 1.*

PROGNOSTICS OF WAR.

The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,
 And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
 The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth;
 And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change:
 Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap;
 The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy;
 Th' other, in hope t' enjoy by rage and war.
King Richard II, A. 2, Sc. 2.

PROMISES.

Promising is the very air of the time; it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his act; and but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise, is most courtly and fashionable. Performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Timon of Athens, A. 5, Sc. 2.

PROSPERITY.

Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.

The Winter's Tale, A. 4, Sc. 3.

PROSTITUTE.

'T is the strumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one.

Othello, A. 5, Sc. 1.

PROTESTATION.

—— Were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eyes swerve; had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's; I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

The Winter's Tale, A. 4, Sc. 3.

PROVIDENCE.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Hamlet, A. 1, Sc. 5.

———Rashly———

And prais'd be rashness for it — Let us know
Our indiscretion sometime serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail: and that should teach us
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will. *Ibid. A. 5, Sc. 2.*

———There is a special providence in the
fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come; if
it be not to come, it will be not now; if it be now,
yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man
knows aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave
betimes? *Ibid. A. 5, Sc. 2.*

———That I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier. Heavens deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly:
So distribution should undo excess:
And each man have enough.

King Lear, A. 4, Sc. 2.

PROTESTATION OF LOVE.

True swains in love, shall in the world to come
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,

T

Want similies, truth tired with iteration,
 “As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
 As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
 As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre—”
 Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
 As truth’s authentic author to be cited,
 “As true as Troilus” shall crown up the verse,
 And sanctify the numbers.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 3, Sc. 2.

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
 When time is old, and have forgot itself;
 When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
 And blind oblivion swallow’d cities up,
 And mighty states characterless are grated
 To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
 From false to false, among false maids in love,
 Upbraid my falsehood! When they have said—as
 false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer’s calf,
 Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
 Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
 As false as Cressida. *Ibid.*

PUNCTUALITY.

——— I ’ll give thrice so much-land
 To any well-deserving friend;
 But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
 I ’ll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Henry IV, Part I, A. 3, Sc. 1.

PUNISHMENT.

The Law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
 Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
 If the first man, that did the edict infringe,
 Had answer'd for his deed. Now 't is awake;
 Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
 Looks in a glass that shews what future evils,
 Or new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
 And so in progress to be hatch'd and born;
 Are now to have no successive degrees;
 But ere they live, to end.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, Sc. 2.

QUIBBLING.

O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
 The fool hath planted in his memory
 An army of good words; and I do know
 A many fools that stand in better place,
 Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
 Defy the matter.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 3, Sc. 5.

RANCOUR.

I hate him, for he is a Christian:
 But more, for that in low simplicity
 He lends out money gratis, and brings down
 The rate of usance here, with us in Venice.
 If I can catch him once upon the hip,
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
 He hates our sacred nation; and he rails
 Ev'n there, where merchants most do congregate,

On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

The Merchant of Venice, A. 1, Sc. 3.

RAPTURE.

— O thou day o'th' world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness, to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4, Sc. 7.

RASHNESS OF YOUTH.

I beseech your Majesty to make it
Natural rebellion done i'th' blade of youth,
When oil and fire too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

All's Well that Ends Well, A. 5, Sc. 3.

RAVING OF A MOTHER.

I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine:
My name is Constance; I was Geffry's wife:
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!
I am not mad; I would to heaven I were!
For then, 't is like, I should forget myself.
Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonized, Cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself.

If I were mad, I should forget my son,
 Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:
 I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
 The different plague of each calamity.

King John, A. 3, Sc. 4.

Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
 That we shall see and know our friends in heaven.
 If that be, I shall see my boy again;
 For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
 To him that did but yesterday suspire,
 There was not such a gracious creature born.
 But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek;
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
 And so he'll die; and rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,
 I shall not know him: therefore never, never,
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more. *Ibid.*

RECOMMENDATION.

(A death-bed one.)

Sir—I most humbly pray you to deliver
 This to my Lord the king—
 In which I have commended to his goodness
 The model of our chaste loves—his young daughter.
 The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!
 Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding
 (She is young, and of a noble, modest nature;
 I hope she will deserve well); and a little
 To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,

Heaven knows, how dearly ! My next poor petition
 Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
 Upon my wretched women, that so long
 Have folloved both my fortunes faithfully :
 Of which there is not one, I dare avow
 (And now I should not lye) but will deserve,
 For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
 For honesty, and decent carriage,
 A right good husband : let him be a noble ;
 And sure those men are happy that shall have 'em.
 The last is, for my men—They are the poorest ;
 But poverty could never draw them from me—
 That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
 And something over, to remember me by :
 If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life,
 And abler means—we had not parted thus.
 Those are the whole contents : and, good my Lord,
 By that you love the dearest in this world,
 As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
 To do me this last right.

Henry VIII, A. 4, Sc. 2.

REGRET.

———It so falls out,
 That what we have, we prize not to the worth,
 Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and lost,
 Why, then we rack the value ; then we find
 The virtue that possession would not shew us
 Whilst it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio :
 When he shall hear she dy'd upon his words,
 Th' idea of her life shall sweetly creep

Into his study of imagination,
 And every lovely organ of her life
 Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit;
 More moving delicate, and full of life,
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 Than when she liv'd indeed.

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 4, Sc. 1.

RELENTING TENDERNESS.

——— Like a dull actor now,
 I have forgot my part, and I am out,
 Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
 Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
 For that, forgive our Romans — Oh! a kiss
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
 Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
 I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since — Ye Gods! I prate,
 And the most noble mother of the world
 Leave unsaluted: sink my knees i' th' earth;
 Of thy deep duty more impression shew
 Than that of common sons.

Coriolanus, A. 5, Sc. 3.

REMEDY OF EVILS.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
 Which we ascribe to heaven. The fated sky
 Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
 Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
 What power is it which mounts my love so high,
 That makes me see, and cannot feed my eye?
 The mightiest space in fortune nature brings,

To join like likes; and kiss, like native things.
 Impossible be strange attempts, to those
 That weigh their pain in sense; and do suppose
 What hath been, cannot be.

All's Well that Ends Well, A. 1, Sc. 2.

REMORSE.

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
 And dull to all proceedings. A defloured maid!
 And by an eminent body that enforc'd
 The law against it! But that her tender shame
 Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
 How might she tongue me! yet reason dares her:
 For my authority bears a credent bulk;
 That no particular scandal once can touch,
 But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
 Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
 Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge;
 By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
 With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!
 Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
 Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.

Measure for Measure, A. 4, Sc. 4.

Oh! when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
 Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
 Witness against us to damnation.
 How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
 Makes deeds ill done! for hadst not thou been by,
 A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
 Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
 This murther had not come into my mind.

But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
 Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
 Apt, liable to be employed in danger,
 I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death,
 And thou, to be endeared to a king,
 Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a prince.

King John, A. 4, Sc. 2.

Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
 When I spake darkly what I purposed;
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
 Or bid me tell my tale in express words;
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
 And those thy fears might have wrought fear in me:
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,
 And didst in signs again parley with sin;
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And consequently thy rude hand to act
 The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.

Ibid. A. 4, Sc. 2.

REPOSE.

——— She bids you

All on the wanton rushes lay you down,
 And rest your gentle head upon her lap;
 And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
 And on your eyelids crown the God of Sleep,
 Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
 Making such diff'rence betwixt day and night,
 The hour before the heavenly harness'd team
 Begins his golden progress in the east.

Henry IV, Part I, A. 3, Sc. 1.

REPROACH.

You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
 By all of us; and the fair soul herself
 Weigh'd between lothness and obedience, at
 Which end of the beam she'd bow. We've lost your
 son,
 I fear, for ever. Milan and Naples have
 More widows in them of this business' making,
 Than we bring men to comfort them:
 The fault 's your own.

The Tempest, A. 2, Sc. 1.

Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
 Like Cæsar's sister; the wife of Antony
 Should have an army for an usher, and
 The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
 Long ere she did appear: the trees by th' way
 Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
 Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
 Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
 Rais'd by your populous troops. But you are come
 A market maid to Rome, and have prevented
 The ostentation of our love; which, left unshown,
 Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
 By sea and land, supplying every stage
 With an augmented greeting.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 3, Sc. 5.

REPUTATION.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
 Is spotless reputation. That away,
 Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

A jewel in a ten times barr'd-up chest,
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one:
Take honour from me, and my life is done.

Richard II, A. 1, Sc. 1.

Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something,
nothing—

'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. *Othello, A. 3, Sc. 2.*

RESENTMENT.

Let it be so; thy truth then be thy dower:
For by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous

Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

King Lear, A. 1, Sc. 2.

RESERVE.

—— Fair soul,
 In your fine frame hath love no quality?
 If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
 You are no maiden, but a monument:
 When you are dead, you should be such a one
 As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
 And now you should be as your mother was,
 When your sweet self was got.

All's Well that Ends Well, A. 4, Sc. 2

RESOLVED LOVE.

—— I would
 Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
 And call upon my soul within the house;
 Write royal cantos of contemned love,
 And sing them loud even in the dead of night:
 Hollow your name to the reverberant hills,
 And make the babbling gossip of the air
 Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
 Between the elements of air and earth,
 But you should pity me.

Twelfth Night, A. 1, Sc. 5.

RESOLUTION.

—— If they speak but truth of her,
 These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
 The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
 Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine,
 Nor age so eat up my invention,
 Nor fortune made such havock of my means,

Nor my bad life left me so much of friends,
 But they shall find awak'd in such a kind,
 Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
 Ability in means, and choice of friends,
 To quit me of them thoroughly.

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 4, Sc. 1.

—Wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
 Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
 Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
 Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
 Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
 Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
 Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
 That borrow their behaviours from the great,
 Grow great by your example; and put on
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.
 Away! and glister like the god of war,
 When he intendeth to become the field.
 Shew boldness and aspiring confidence.

King John, A. 5, Sc. 1.

—If I am
 Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know,
 My faculties, nor person, yet will be
 The chronicle of my doing; let me say
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
 That virtue must go through. We must not stint
 Our necessary actions, in the fear
 To cope malicious censurers, which ever,
 As ravenous fishes do a vessel, follow
 That is new trimm'd, but benefit no farther

Than vainly longing—What we oft do best,
 By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
 Not ours, or not allow'd—what worst, as oft
 Hitting a proper quality, is cried up
 For our best act. If we shall stand still
 In fear, our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at.
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit
 State-statues only.

King Henry VIII, A. 1, Sc. 2.

——How poor an instrument
 May do a noble deed!—He brings me liberty.
 My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
 Of woman in me: now from head to foot
 I'm marble constant; now the fleeting moon
 No planet is of mine.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 5, Sc. 5.

Sweet, rouse yourself: and the weak wanton Cupid
 Shall from your neck unloose his am'rous fold,
 And, like a dew-drop from a lion's mane,
 Be shook to air. *Troilus and Cressida, A. 3, Sc. 8.*

Oh! bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
 From off the battlements of yonder tower;
 Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
 Where roaring bears and savage lions roam;
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud

(Things, that to hear them nam'd have made me
tremble)

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 4, Sc. 1.

RESPECT.

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush,
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 1, Sc. 6.

RESPECT TO THE WORLD.

You have too much respect upon the world :
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 1, Sc. 2.

REVENGE.

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all. *Othello, A. 5, Sc. 2.*

Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Atë by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry Havock ! and let slip the dogs of war.

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, Sc. 4.

Lo ! by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands !
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge !
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels ;
And then I 'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe ;

Provide two proper palfries black as jet
 To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
 And find out murders in their guilty caves;
 And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by thy waggon-wheel
 Trot like a servile footman all day long;
 Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
 Until his very downfall in the sea.
 And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
 So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Titus Andronicus, A. 5, Sc. 4.

RHYMERS.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew!
 Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.
 I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
 Or a dry wheel grate on the axletree;
 And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
 Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
 'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Henry IV, Part I, A. 2, Sc. 6.

RICHARD III. CHARACTER.

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
 Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and
 furious;
 Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
 Thy age confirm'd; proud, subtle, sly, and bloody.

Richard III, A. 3, Sc. 5.

RING IN A DARK PIT.

Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
 A precious ring that lightens all the hole,

Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shews the ragged entrails of this pit.

Titus Andronicus, A. 2, Sc. 7.

RISING PASSION.

I pr'y thee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee. My child, farewell;
We 'll no more meet, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,
Or rather a disease that 's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, or embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I 'll not chide thee,
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure.
I can be patient, I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

King Lear, A. 2, Sc. 12.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

I am that merry wanderer of the night:
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a silly foal:
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlaps pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,

Sometimes for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And tailor cries, and falls into a cough;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
 And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 2, Sc. 1.

ROYALTY.

—Do but think
 How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
 Within whose circuit is Elysium,
 And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

King Henry VI, Part. III, A. 1, Sc. 4.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
 An outward honour, for an inward toil;
 And, for unfelt imaginations,
 They often feel a world of restless cares:
 So that between their titles, and low name,
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Richard III, A. 2, Sc. 5.

RUMOUR.

I from the orient to the drooping west,
 Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
 The acts commenced in this ball of earth:
 Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
 The which in every language I pronounce;
 Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
 I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
 Under the smile of safety, wounds the world;

And who but Rumour, who but only I,
 Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence,
 Whilst the big year, swol'n with some other griefs,
 Is thought with child by the stern tyrant War,
 And no such matter! Rumour is a pipe,
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
 And of so easy and so plain a stop,
 That the blunt monster, with uncounted heads,
 The still discordant wavering multitude,
 Can play upon it.

Henry IV, Part II, A. 1, Sc. 1.

SATIRE.

—Why, who cries out on pride,
 That can therein tax any private party?
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
 Till that the very means do ebb?
 What woman in the city do I name,
 When that I say, the city woman bears
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
 Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
 When such a one as she, such is her neighbour!
 Or what is he of basest function,
 That says his bravery is not on my cost;
 Thinking that I mean him; but therein suits
 His folly to the metal of my speech?
 There then; how then! what then! Let me see
 wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
 Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free,
 Why, then my taxing, like a wild-goose, flies,
 Unclaim'd of any man. *As You Like It, A. 2, Sc. 7.*

SCOLDING.

Think you a little din can daunt my ears?
 Have I not, in my time, heard lions roar?
 Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds,
 Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
 Have I not in a pitched battle heard
 Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?
 And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
 That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
 As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?

The Taming of the Shrew, A. 1, Sc. 3.

SCORNFUL AND SATIRICAL BEAUTY.

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
 Misprising what the ylook on; and her wit
 Values itself so highly, that to her
 All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
 Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
 She is so self-ender'd.

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 3, Sc. 1.

——I never yet saw man,
 How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
 But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
 She'd swear the gentleman shou'd be her sister;
 If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,
 Made a foul blot: if tall, a lauce ill-headed;
 If low, an aglet very vilely cut:
 If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;

If silent, why, a block moved with none.
 So turns she every man the wrong side out,
 And never gives to truth and virtue that
 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 3. Sc. 1,

SEASONS.

The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
 When neither is attended; and, I think
 The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
 When every goose is cackling, would be thought
 No better a musician than the wren.
 How many things by season season'd are
 To their right praise, and true perfection!

The Merchant of Venice, A. 5, Sc. 1.

SEDUCTION.

This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child;
 Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhimes,
 And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
 Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love,
 And stol'n th' impression of her phantasy,
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
 Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats (messengers
 Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth)
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
 Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
 To stubborn harshness.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 1, Sc. 1.

SELF-ABASEMENT.

——— Though for myself alone,
 I would not be ambitious in my wish,
 To wish myself much better : yet for you,
 I would be trebled twenty times myself;
 A thousand times more fair ; ten thousand times
 More rich ; that, to stand high in your account,
 I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
 Exceed account : but the full sum of me
 Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,
 Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd :
 Happy in this, she is not yet so old
 But she may learn ; more happy then in this,
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;
 Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
 Commits itself to yours to be directed
 As from her lord, her governor, her king :
 Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
 Is now converted.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 3, Sc. 2.

SELF-INTEREST.

——— Rounded in the ear,
 With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
 That broker, that still breaks the pate of Faith,
 That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
 Who having no external thing to lose
 But the word Maid, cheats the poor maid of that ;
 That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,
 Commodity, the bias of the world,
 The world, which of itself is poised well,

Made to run even, upon even ground :
 Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
 This sway of motion, this commodity,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent.

King John, A. 2, Sc. 6.

SELF-LOVE.

Self-love is not so vile a sin
 As self-neglecting. *Henry V, A. 2, Sc. 4.*

SEPARATION.

To die is to be banish'd from myself;
 And Silvia is myself : banish'd from her,
 Is self from self; a deadly banishment !
 What light is light, if Silvia be not seen ?
 What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by,
 Unless it be to think that she is by,
 And feed upon the shadow of perfection !
 Except I be by Silvia in the night,
 There is no music in the nightingale ;
 Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
 There is no day for me to look upon :
 She is my essence ; and I leave to be,
 If I be not by her fair influence
 Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3, Sc. 1.

SERVILITY.

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons ;
 Come all to help him, and so stop the air
 By which he should revive : and even so

The general subjects to a well-wish'd king
 Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
 Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
 Must needs appear offence.

Measure for Measure, A. 3, Sc. 1.

It is the curse of kings, to be attended
 By slaves that take their humours for a warrant,
 To break into the bloody house of life;
 And on the winking of authority,
 To understand a law, to know the meaning
 Of dang'rous Majesty; when, perchance, it frowns
 More upon humour, than advis'd respect.

King John, A. 4, Sc. 2.

SHEPHERD.

I am a true labourer. I earn that I eat; get that
 I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness;
 glad of other men's good, content with my harm;
 and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes
 graze, and my lambs suck.

As You Like It, A. 3, Sc. 3.

SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

O God! methinks it were a happy life
 To be no better than a homely swain;
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now;
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
 How many make the hour full complete,
 How many hours will bring about the day,
 How many days will finish up the year,

How many years a mortal man may live.
 When this is known, then to divide the time;
 So many hours must I tend my flock;
 So many hours must I take my rest;
 So many hours must I contemplate;
 So many hours must I sport myself;
 So many days my ewes have been with young;
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
 So many months ere I shall sheer the fleece:
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
 Past over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Ah! what a life were this! how sweet, how lovely!
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep
 Than doth a rich-embroider'd canopy
 To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
 Oh! yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth!
 And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched on a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treasons wait on him.

Henry VI, Part III, A. 2, Sc. 6.

SHEPHERD'S PHILOSOPHY.

I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease
 he is; and that he that wants money, mean, and
 content, is without three good friends: that the

property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn : that good pasture makes fat sheep ; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun : that he that hath learn'd no wit by nature, nor art, may complain of good-breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred. *As You Like It*, A. 3, Sc. 3.

SICKNESS.

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound : we are not ourselves
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body.

King Lear, A. 2, Sc. 4.

SIMPLICITY.

I was not much afraid ; for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on all alike.

The Winter's Tale, A. 4, Sc. 3.

SLANDER.

For slander lives upon succession :
For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.

The Comedy of Errors, A. 3, Sc. 1.

——'Tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword ; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile ; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye
All corners of the world : kings, queens, and states,

Maids, matrons—nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.

Cymbeline, A. 3, Sc. 4.

——For haply slander,
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter
As level as the cannon to his blank
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air. *Hamlet, A. 4, Sc. 1.*

SLEEP.

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter. *The Tempest, A. 2, Sc. 1.*

Boy! Lucius! fast asleep! It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Julius Cæsar, A. 2, Sc. 1.

SOLICITATION.

——Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither; since thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and
sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we

Thine enmity's most capital; thou barr'st us
 Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
 That all but we enjoy: for how can we,
 Alas! how can we for our country pray,
 Whereto we're bound, together with thy victory;
 Whereto we're bound! Alack! or we must lose
 The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
 Our comfort in the country. We must find
 An eminent calamity, though we had
 Our wish, which side should win: for either thou
 Must as a foreign recreant be led
 With manacles thorough our street; or else
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
 And bear the palm for having bravely shed
 Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
 I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
 These wars determine. If I can't persuade thee
 Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts
 Than seek the end of one; thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy country, than to tread
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
 That brought thee to this world.

Coriolanus, A. 5, Sc. 3.

SOLICITUDE.

O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
 For what offence have I this fortnight been
 A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
 Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
 Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
 Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth,
 And start so often, when thou sitt'st alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
 And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
 To thick-eyed musing, and curst melancholy?
 In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
 Cry, Courage! To the field! and thou hast talk'd
 Of sallies and retires; of trenches, tents,
 Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
 And all the current of a heady fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
 Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream:
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath
 On some great suddenhaste. Oh! what portents are
 these!

Some heavy business hath my Lord in hand,
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Henry IV, Part I, A. 2, Sc. 3.

SOLITUDE.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!
 This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
 I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
 Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
 And to the nightingale's complaining notes
 Tune my distresses, and record my woes.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 5. Sc. 4.

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons' difference: as the icy fang,
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
 Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
 This is no flattery; these are counsellors,
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.

As You Like It, A. 2, Sc. 1.

SON PRAISED.

Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
 In envy that my Lord Northumberland
 Should be the father of so blest a son;
 A son who is the theme of Honour's tongue;
 Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;
 Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride:
 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
 See riot and dishonour stain the brow
 Of my young Harry. Oh! could it be prov'd
 That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd,
 In cradle-clothes, our children where they lay,
 And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet;
 Then would I have his Harry, and he mine!

Henry IV, Part I, A. 1, Sc. 1.

SORROW.

Oh! if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
 And let belief and life encounter so,

As doth the fury of two desperate men
Which in the very meeting fall and die.
Fellow, begone! I cannot brook thy sight:
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

King John, A. 3, Sc. 1.

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours;
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.

Richard III, A. 1, Sc. 4.

—— Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh : as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such smile :
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Cymbeline, A. 4, Sc. 2.

—— Patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once : her smiles and tears
Were like a better day. Those happy smiles
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes, which parted thence
As pearls from diamonds dropt. In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it. *Lear, A. 4, Sc. 3.*

Give sorrow words ; the grief that doth not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Macbeth, A. 4, Sc. 6.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. *Hamlet, A. 4, Sc. 5.*

SPECULATION AND PRACTICE.

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; such a hare is Madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of Good Counsel the cripple!

The Merchant of Venice, A. 1, Sc. 2.

SPRING.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus sings he:
Cuckow! cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks;
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws;
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
The cuckow then, &c.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 5, Sc. 2.

STATUE.

— Oh! thus she stood—
Even with such life of majesty (warm life,

As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.
 I am asham'd—does not the stone rebuke me
 For being more stone than it! Oh, royal piece!
 There's magic in thy majesty, which has
 My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
 From my admiring daughter took the spirits,
 Standing like stone with thee.

The Winter's Tale, A. 5, Sc. 3.

STOICISM.

I pray thee peace: I will be flesh and blood;
 For there was never yet philosopher
 That could endure the tooth-ach patiently,
 However they have writ the style of Gods,
 And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 5, Sc. 1.

STORM.

——Jove's lightnings, the precursors
 Of dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
 And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks
 Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
 Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble—
 Yea, his dread trident shake.

The Tempest, A. 1, Sc. 2.

STORM DESCRIBED BY A CLOWN.

I would you did but see how it chafes, how it
 rages, how it takes up the shore! But that's not to
 the point. Oh, the most piteous cry of the poor
 souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em;

now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service—to see how the bear tore out his shoulder bone; how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship; to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it.—But first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them; and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him; both roaring louder than the sea or weather!

The Winter's Tale, A. 3, Sc. 4.

STORMY NIGHT.

The night has been unruly : where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' th' air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time : the obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night : some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macbeth, A. 2, Sc. 3.

STREAM.

The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;

And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport to the wild ocean.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, Sc. 7.

STUDY.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority, from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.

Love's Labour's Lost, A. 1, Sc. 1.

SUBMISSION.

——God is much displeased
That with unthankfulness you take his doing.
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to pay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

King Richard III, A. 2, Sc. 2.

SUBMISSION TO THE LAWS.

——If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword

That guards the peace and safety of your person ;
 Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,
 And mock your workings in a second body :
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours ;
 Be now the father, and propose a son ;
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd ;
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted ;
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd ;
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And in your power so silencing your son.

Henry IV, Part II, A. 5, Sc. 2.

SUICIDE.

To be, or not to be ; that is the question :
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them ! To die—to sleep—
 No more—And by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd—To die ; to sleep—
 To sleep ! perchance to dream : aye, there's the rub !
 For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect,
 That makes calamity of so long life :
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,

When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin! who would fardles bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death
 (That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of!
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

Hamlet, A. 3, Sc. 1.

I know where I will wear this dagger then:
 Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
 Therein, ye Gods! you make the weak most strong;
 Therein, ye Gods! you tyrants do defeat.
 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
 But life, being weary of those worldly bars,
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
 If I know this—know all the world beside,
 That part of tyranny that I do bear,
 I can shake off at pleasure.

Julius Cæsar, A. 1, Sc. 3.

SUITORS.

From the four corners of the earth they come,
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint.

Th' Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as thoroughfares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia.
The watry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 2, Sc. 7.

SUN-RISING.

——— Know'st thou not
That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe that lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders and in outrage bloody, here;
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through ev'ry guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked; trembling at themselves!

King Richard II, A. 3, Sc. 2.

SUPERFLUITY.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, and add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish —
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

King John, A. 4, Sc. 2.

SUPPLICATION.

——Whate'er you are,
 That in this desert inaccessible,
 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
 If ever you have look'd on better days,
 If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
 If ever sat at any good man's feast,
 If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
 And know what 't is to pity and be pitied;
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be;
 In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

As You Like It, A. 2, Sc. 7.

SUSPENSE.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
 And the first motion, all the interim is
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
 The genius and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council; and the state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection.

Julius Cæsar, A. 2, Sc. 1.

SWIMMING.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
 And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
 Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
 The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
 Himself with his good arms, in lusty strokes,

To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him.

The Tempest, A. 2, Sc. 1.

SYMPATHY.

Hast thou, that art but air, a touch, a feeling,
Of their afflictions; and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th'
quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance. They being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. *Ibid. A. 5, Sc. 1.*

T A L E.

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

King Richard III, A. 4, Sc. 4.

T E A R S.

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.

King John, A. 5, Sc. 2.

When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
 Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Titus Andronicus, A. 3. Sc. 2.

TEMPEST.

Are you not mov'd when all the sway of earth
 Shakes like a thing unfirm! O Cicero!

I have seen tempests when the scolding winds—
 Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
 Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
 To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds;
 But never till to-night, never till now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Julius Cæsar, A. 1, Sc. 3.

——— Things that love night
 Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
 Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
 And make them keep their caves: since I was man,
 Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
 Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
 Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
 The affliction, nor the fear.

King Lear, A. 3, Sc. 2.

Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you

From seasons such as these! Oh! I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, Pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just.

King Lear, A. 3, Sc. 2.

TEMPTATION.

— Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be most straight in virtue,
That in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose;
Whether you had not some time in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, Sc. 2.

— Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles to betray us
In deepest consequence. *Macbeth, A. 1, Sc. 3.*

THANKS.

— Thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Timon of Athens, A. 1, Sc. 3.

THIEVERY.

— I'll example you with thievery.
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction

Robs the vast sea. The moon's an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 The moon into salt tears. The earth's a thief,
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n
 From general excrements. Each thing's a thief.
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
 Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves: away!
 Rob one another.

Timon of Athens, A. 4, Sc. 7.

THOUGHT INEFFECTUAL.

Oh! who can hold a fire in his hand,
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
 By bare imagination of a feast?
 Or wallow naked in December snow,
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
 Oh no! the apprehension of the good
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse;
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

King Richard II, A. 2, Sc. 3.

TIME.

Oh! gentlemen, the time of life is short:
 To spend that shortness basely were too long,
 Tho' life did ride upon the dial's point,
 Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.

Henry IV, Part I, A. 5, Sc. 5.

What! keep a week away! seven days and nights!
 Eight score eight hours! and love's absent hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score times!
Oh! weary reckoning! *Othello*, A. 3, Sc. 13.

TOOLS IN OFFICE.

Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay those honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led, or driven, as he points the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off;
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in common.

Julius Cæsar, A. 4, Sc. 1.

TORMENT.

—Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sicorax
Could not undo again.

The Tempest, A. 1, Sc. 2.

TRAVELLING.

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,

Than (living dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 1, Sc. 1.

TROILUS'S CHARACTER.

The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shews;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty;
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects; but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him Troilus, and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas, one that knows the youth
Even to his inches; and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 4, Sc. 9.

TRUE LOVE.

—If thou shalt ever love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd. *Twelfth Night, A. 2, Sc. 4.*

— He says he loves my daughter:
 I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
 Upon the water, as he'll stand and read
 As 't were my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
 I think there is not half a kiss to chuse
 Who loves another best.

The Winter's Tale, A. 4, Sc. 3.

TYRANNICAL GOVERNMENT.

— Alas, poor country!
 Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
 Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
 Where sighs and groans, and shrieks, that rend the air,
 Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
 Is there scarce ask'd, for whom! and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying or ere they sicken.

Macbeth, A. 4, Sc. 3.

VALE DESCRIBED.

A barren and detested vale, you see, it is.
 The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
 O'ercome with moss, and baleful misseltoe.
 Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds
 Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
 And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,

As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

Titus Andronicus, A. 2, Sc. 4.

VALOUR.

Methought he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof and bark at him.

Henry VI, Part III, A. 2, Sc. 1.

VALUE.

But Value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 't is precious of itself
As in the prizer. 'T is mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god:
And the will doats, that is inclinable
To what infection itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 2, Sc. 2.

VALUE OF THE WORLD.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
A stage where every man must play his part,
And mine a sad one.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 1, Sc. 1.

VANITY OF PLEASURES.

Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain.

Love's Labour's Lost, A. 1, Sc. 1.

VANITY OF POWER.

No matter where : of comfort no man speak :
 Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth !
 Let's chuse executors, and talk of wills ;
 And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?
 Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's ;
 And nothing can we call our own but death,
 And that small model of the barren earth
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For heav'n's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings ;
 How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
 Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossess'd,
 Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,
 All murther'd. *King Richard II*, A. 3, Sc. 2.

VIRTUE.

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven ;
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
 Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
 And prey on garbage. *Hamlet*, A. 1, Sc. 5.

VOWS.

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows ;
 They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
 Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.
Troilus and Cressida, A. 5, Sc. 3.

WANT.

Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.
 Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
 Within this mile break forth an hundred springs:
 The oak bears mast, the briars scarlet hips:
 The bounteous housewife, Nature, on each bush
 Lays her full mess before you—Want! Why want?

Timon of Athens, A. 4, Sc. 3.

WANTONNESS.

—Fie, fie upon her!—

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;
 Nay, her foot speaks, her wanton spirits look out
 At every joint and motion of her body,
 Oh! these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
 That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
 And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
 To every ticklish reader! set them down
 For sluttish spoils of opportunity.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 4, Sc. 5.

WARLIKE SPIRIT.

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
 Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
 They sell the pasture now to buy the horse;
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries;
 For now sits expectation in the air,
 And hides a sword from hilts unto the point

With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.

King Henry V, A. 2, Sc. 1.

WARRIOR.

I saw young Harry with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury;
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Henry IV, Part I, A. 4, Sc. 2.

WIFE.

—I do think it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall : say that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite:
Why, we have galls; and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them; they see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour
As husbands have—What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is. And doth affection breed it?
I think it doth. Is it frailty that thus errs?
It is so too. And have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?

Then let them use us well : else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Othello, A. 4, Sc. 3.

WIFE'S DUTY.

Fie ! fie ! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads ;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds ;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance ; commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband :
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?
I am asham'd that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace ;

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world?
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts
 Should well agree with our external parts.

The Taming of the Shrew, A. 5, Sc. 2.

WILFULNESS.

———O, sir, to wilful men,
 The injuries that they themselves procure,
 Must be their schoolmasters.

King Lear, A. 2, Sc. 13.

WILL.

———'T is in ourselves that we are thus and thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners : so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme ; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many ; either have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry ; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. *Othello, A. 1, Sc. 3.*

WINTER.

When isicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail ;

When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To whit! to who! a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly, &c.

Love's Labour's Lost, A. 5, Sc. 2.

WISDOM AND FORTUNE.

Wisdom and Fortune combating together,
 If that the former dare but what it can,
 No chance may shake it.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 3, Sc. 9.

WITCHES.

———What are these,
 So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
 That look not like the inhabitants o' th' earth,
 And yet are on 't! Live you, or are you aught
 That man may question? You seem to understand me,
 By each at once her choppy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips. You should be women;
 But yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 That you are so. *Macbeth, A. 1, Sc. 3.*

WITCHES POWER.

I conjure you, by that which you profess,
 (Howe'er you come to know it) answer me,

Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
 Against the churches! though the yesty waves
 Confound and swallow navigation up;
 Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown
 down;

Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
 Though palaces and pyramids do slope
 Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
 Of Nature's germins tumble all together,
 Even till destruction sicken! answer me
 To what I ask you. *Ibid.* A. 4, Sc. 1.

WOLSEY'S CHARACTER.

—You are meek, and humble:
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility; but your heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen and pride.
 You have by fortune, and his Highness' favours,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,
 Where powers are your retainers; and your words,
 Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honour than
 Your high profession spiritual.

Henry VIII, A. 2, Sc. 6.

WOMAN'S FEARS.

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
 For I am sick and capable of fears;
 Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
 A widow, husbandless, subject to fears:
 A woman, naturally born to fears;

And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.

King John, A. 3, Sc. 1.

WOMAN IN MAN'S APPAREL.

——I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparel'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with a braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lyes,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick, and died;
I could not do with all: then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of these puny lyes I'll tell;
That men shall swear I've discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have in my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 3, Sc. 4.

——Were't not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant cutlass upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand, and in my heart
(Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,

As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

As You Like It, A. 1, Sc. 3.

You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness,
The handmaids of all women, or more truly
Woman its pretty self, to waggish courage;
Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek;
Exposing it (but, oh, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You have made Juno angry.

Cymbeline, A. 3, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

—— Women are angels, wooing.
Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing.
That she lov'd knows naught, that knows not this,
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 1, Sc. 2.

—— Women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 3, Sc. 5.

WOMEN'S EYES.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;

They are the books, the arts, th' academies,
That shew, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.

Love's Labour's Lost, A. 4, Sc. 4.

WOMEN, AN INVECTIVE AGAINST.

Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all!
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp't. Some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time, so doth my wife
The non-pareil of this—Oh vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn—that I thought
her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow. Oh, all the devils!
This yellow Iachimo in an hour—was 't not?—
Or less—at first! Perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried, Oh! and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but, I affirm,
It is the woman's part: be 't lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;

Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longings, slanders, mutability :
 All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
 Why, hers, in part, or all; but rather all—For even
 to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them—yet 't is greater skill,
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will;
 The very devils cannot plague them better.

Cymbeline, A. 2, Sc. 7.

W O N D E R.

There was speech in their dumbness, language
 in their gesture; they look'd as they had heard of a
 world ransom'd, or one destroy'd; a notable passion
 of wonder appear'd in them; but the wisest be-
 holder, that knew no more but seeing, could not
 say if th' importance were joy or sorrow; but in the
 extremity of the one it must needs be.

The Winter's Tale, A. 5, Sc. 2.

—Can such things be,
 And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
 Without our special wonder! You make me strange
 Even to the disposition that I owe,
 When now I think you can behold such sights,
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,
 When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Macbeth, A. 3, Sc. 4.

WORDS.

Why should calamity be full of words,
 Windy attorneys to their client's woes,
 Airy succeders of intestate joys,
 Poor breathing orators of miseries?
 Let them have scope. Though what they do impart
 Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart.

King Richard III, A. 4, Sc. 4.

WORLD.

Oh, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
 Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
 Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
 Are still together, who twin as t' were in love
 Unseparable, shall within this hour,
 On a dissension of a doit, break out
 To bitterest enmity: So fellest foes
 Whose passions and whose plots have broke their
 sleep,

To take the one the other, by some chance,
 Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
 And interjoin their issues. *Coriolanus, A. 4, Sc. 4.*

WRONG.

———Now breathless Wrong
 Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
 And pury Insolence shall break his wind
 With fear and horrid flight.

Timon of Athens, A. 5, Sc. 5.

YOUTH.

———From our infancy
 We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:

And though myself have been an idle truant,
 Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
 To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;
 Yet hath Sir Protheus, for that's his name,
 Made use and fair advantage of his days:
 His years are young, but his experience old;
 His head unmellow'd but his judgment ripe;
 And in a word (for far behind his worth
 Come all the praises that I now bestow)
 He is complete in feature and in mind
 With all good grace, to grace a gentleman.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, Sc. 4.

—————O thou Goddess,
 Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
 In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
 As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
 Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rudest wind,
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'T is wonderful
 That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
 Civility not seen from other; valour
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 As if it had been sow'd.

Cymbeline, A. 4, Sc. 2.



A SELECTION
 OF THE MOST
 INTERESTING SCENES
 IN
 SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

N.^o I. — THE TEMPEST.

ACT III, SCENE I. *Before Prospero's Cell.*

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

FERDINAND.

THERE be some sports are painful; but their labour
 Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
 Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
 Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
 As heavy to me, as 'tis odious: but
 The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
 And makes my labours pleasure. Oh! she is
 Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
 And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
 Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
 Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
 Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
 Had ne'er like executor; I forget;
 But these sweet thoughts do ev'n refresh my labour,
 Most busy-less when I do it.

A a

*Enter Miranda ; and Prospero , at a distance ,
unseen.*

Mira. Alas ! now, pray you,
Work not so hard ; I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile !
Pray, set it down and rest you ; when this burns,
'T will weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study ; pray now, rest yourself ;
He 's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you 'll sit down,
I 'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that,
I 'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature :
I 'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me,
As well as it does you ; and I should do it
With much more ease ; for my good-will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm ! thou art infected ;
This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress : 't is fresh morning
with me.
When you are by at night. I do beseech you
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers)
What is your name ?

Mira. Miranda. O my father,
I've broke your 'hest to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration : worth
What 's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I've ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil. But you, oh! you,
So perfect and so peerless are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father. How features are abroad,
I'm skill-less of; but, by my modesty
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda! I do think, a king
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth — Hear my soul
speak—

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides
To make me slave to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heav'n! O earth! bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I
Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool
To weep at what I'm glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful Cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy Innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in 't. And now
farewel

Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand! thousand! [Exeunt.

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [Exit.

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N.<sup>o</sup> II.—MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT III, SCENE I. *The Prison.*

*Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.*

DUKE.

So, then you've hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

*Claud.* The miserable have no other medicine,  
But only hope: I've hope to live, and am prepar'd  
to die.

*Duke.* Be absolute for death: or death, or life,  
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:  
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing  
That none but fools would keep. A breath thou art,  
Servile to all the skiey influences  
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,  
Hourly afflict: merely thou art death's fool;  
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,  
And yet run'st toward him still. Thou art not noble:  
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,



Are nurs'd by baseness: thou 'rt by no means valiant;  
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork  
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,  
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st  
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not  
thyself;

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains,  
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;  
For what thou hast not still thou striv'st to get;  
And what thou hast forget'st. Thou art not certain;  
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects  
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou art poor;  
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,  
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;  
For thy own bowels, which do call thee Sire,  
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,  
Do curse the *gout*, *serpigo*, and the *rheum*,  
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth,  
nor age;

But as it were an after-dinner's sleep,  
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth  
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms  
Of palsied Eld; and when thou art old and rich,  
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty  
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this  
That bears the name of life? yet in this life  
Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,  
That makes these odds all even.

*Claud.* I humbly thank you.  
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;  
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.



*Enter Isabella.*

*Isab.* What, ho! Peace here, grace and good company!

*Prov.* Who's there? Come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

*Duke.* Dear Sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

*Claud.* Most holy Sir, I thank you.

*Isab.* My business is a word or two with Claudio.

*Prov.* And very welcome. Look, Signior, here's your sister.

*Duke.* Provost, a word with you.

*Prov.* As many as you please.

*Duke.* Bring them to speak where I may be conceal'd,

Yet hear them. *Exeunt Duke and Provost.*

*Claud.* Now, sister, what's the comfort?

*Isab.* Why, as all comforts are; most good in deed:  
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,  
Intends you for his swift ambassador;  
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger,  
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;  
To-morrow you set on.

*Claud.* Is there no remedy?

*Isab.* None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,  
To cleave a heart in twain,

*Claud.* But is there any?

*Isab.* Yes, brother, you may live:  
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,  
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,  
But fetter you till death.

*Claud.* Perpetual durance?



*Isab.* Ay, just; perpetual durance; a restraint,  
Tho' all the world's vastidity you had,  
To a determin'd scope.

*Claud.* But in what nature?

*Isab.* In such a one, as you, consenting to 't,  
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,  
And leave you naked,

*Claud.* Let me know the point.

*Isab.* Oh! I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,  
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,  
And six or seven winters more respect  
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?  
The sense of death is most in apprehension;  
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies.

*Claud.* Why give you me this shame?  
Think you, I can a resolution fetch  
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,  
I will encounter darkness as a bride,  
And hug it in mine arms.

*Isab.* There spake my brother; there my father's  
grave  
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:  
Thou art too noble to conserve a life  
In base appliances. This outward-sainted Deputy,  
Whose settled visage and deliberate word  
Nips youth i' th' head; and follies doth emmew,  
As faulcon doth the fowl; is yet a devil:  
His filth within being cast, he would appear  
A pond as deep as hell.

*Claud.* The princely Angelo?



*Isab.* Oh, 't is the cunning livery of hell,  
The damned'st body to invest and cover  
In princely guards. Dost thou think, Claudio,  
If I would yield him my virginity,  
Thou might'st be freed?

*Claud.* O, heavens! it cannot be.

*Isab.* Yes, he would give it thee for this rank  
offence,  
So to offend him still. This night 's the time  
That I should do what I abhor to name,  
Or else thou dy'st to morrow.

*Claud.* Thou shalt not do 't.

*Isab.* Oh! were it but my life,  
I 'd throw it down for your deliverance  
As frankly as a pin.

*Claud.* Thanks, dearest Isabel.

*Isab.* Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

*Claud.* Yes. Has he affections in him,  
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,  
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;  
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

*Isab.* Which is the least?

*Claud.* If it were damnable, he being so wise,  
Why, would he for the momentary trick  
Be perdurably fin'd? Oh, Isabel!

*Isab.* What says my brother?

*Claud.* Death is a fearful thing.

*Isab.* And shamed life a hateful.

*Claud.* Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;  
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit



To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice ;  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendant world ; or to be worse than worst  
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts  
Imagine howling : 't is too horrible !  
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,  
That age, ach, penury, imprisonment,  
Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.

*Isab.* Alas ! alas !

*Claud.* Sweet sister, let me live !  
What sin you do to save a brother's life,  
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,  
That it becomes a virtue.

*Isab.* Oh, you beast !  
Oh, faithless coward ! oh, dishonest wretch !  
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice ?  
Is 't not a kind of incest to take life  
From thine own sister's shame ? What should I think ?  
Heaven grant my mother play'd my father fair !  
For such a warped slip of wilderness  
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,  
Die, perish ! Might my only bending down  
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.  
I 'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death ;  
No word to save thee.

*Claud.* Nay, hear me, Isabel.

*Isab.* Oh, fie, fie, fie !  
Thy sin 's not accidental, but a trade ;  
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd ;



'T is best, that thou dy'st quickly. [ *Going.*

*Claud.* Oh, hear me, Isabel.

*Enter Duke and Provost.*

*Duke.* Vouchsafe a word, young sister; but one word.

*Isab.* What is your will?

*Duke.* Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you; the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

*Isab.* I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile.

*Duke.* [ *To Claudio, aside.* ] Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

*Claud.* Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

[ *Exit Claud.*





N.<sup>o</sup> III.—AS YOU LIKE IT.ACT II, SCENE VII. *Forest.**Enter Duke Sen. and Lords. [A Table set out.*

DUKE Sen.

I think he is transform'd into a beast,  
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My Lord, he is but even now gone hence;  
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

*Duke Sen.* If he, compact of jars, grow musical,  
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.  
Go, seek him; tell him, I would speak with him.

*Enter Jaques.*

1. *Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

*Duke Sen.* Why, how now, Monsieur, what a life  
is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company?  
What! you look merrily.

*Jaq.* A fool, a fool——I met a fool i' the forest,  
A motley fool—a miserable world!—

As I do live by food, I met a fool,  
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,  
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,  
In good set terms—and yet a motley fool.

Good morrow, fool, quoth I—No, Sir, quoth he;  
Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune;  
And then he drew a dial from his poke,  
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,



Says, very wisely, It is ten o'clock :  
 Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags :  
 'T is but an hour ago since it was nine,  
 And after one hour more 't will be eleven;  
 And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,  
 And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,  
 And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear  
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,  
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  
 That fools should be so deep contemplative;  
 And I did laugh, *sans* intermission,  
 An hour by his dial. O noble fool!  
 A worthy fool—motley's the only wear.

*Duke Sen.* What fool is this?

*Jaq.* A worthy fool: one that hath been a courtier;  
 And says, if ladies be but young and fair,  
 They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,  
 Which is as dry as the remainder bisket  
 After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd  
 With observation, the which he vents  
 In mangled forms. Oh that I were a fool!  
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

*Duke Sen.* Thou shalt have one.

*Jaq.* It is my only suit;  
 Provided that you weed your better judgments  
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them,  
 That I am wise. I must have liberty  
 Withal; as large a charter as the wind,  
 To blow on whom I please; for so fools have.  
 And they that are most galled with my folly,  
 They most must laugh: and why, sir, must they so?  
 The *why* is plain as way to parish church:



He, whom a fool doth very wisely hit,  
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,  
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd  
Even by the squand'ring glances of a fool.  
Invest me in my motley, give me leave  
To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,  
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

*Duke Sen.* Fie on thee! I can tell what thou  
wouldst do.

*Jaq.* What, for a counter, would I do but good?

*Duke Sen.* Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding  
sin :

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,  
As sensual as the brutish sting itself :  
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,  
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,  
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

*Jaq.* Why, who cries out on pride,  
That can therein tax any private party?  
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
Till that the very, very means do ebb?  
What woman in the city do I name,  
When that I say the city-woman bears  
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?  
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,  
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour!  
Or what is he of basest function,  
That says, his bravery is not on my cost,  
Thinking, that I mean him; but therein suits  
His folly to the metal of my speech?



There then; how then? what then? Let me see  
wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,  
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,  
Why, then my taxing, like a wild goose, flies  
Unclaim'd of any man—But who comes here?

*Enter Orlando, with a sword drawn.*

*Orla.* Forbear, and eat no more——

*Jaq.* Why, I have eat none yet.

*Orla.* Nor shalt thou till necessity be serv'd.

*Jaq.* What kind should this cock come of?

*Duke Sen.* Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy  
distress;

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

*Orla.* You touch'd my vein at first. The thorny  
point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the shew

Of smooth civility; yet am I inland-bred,

And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:

He dies that touches any of this fruit,

Till I and my affairs are answered.

*Jaq.* If you will not

Be answered with reason, I must die.

*Duke Sen.* What would you have? Your gentleness  
shall force

More than your force move us to gentleness.

*Orla.* I almost die for food, and let me have it.

*Duke Sen.* Sit down and feed; and welcome to  
our table. [you;

*Orla.* Speak you so gently?—Pardon me, I pray



I thought, that all things had been savage here ;  
 And therefore put I on the countenance  
 Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,  
 That in this desert inaccessible,  
 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,  
 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;  
 If ever you have look'd on better days,  
 If ever been where bells have knell'd to church,  
 If ever sat at any good man's feast,  
 If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,  
 And know what 't is to pity and be pitied ;  
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be ;  
 In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

*[Sheathing his sword.]*

*Duke Sen.* True is it, that we have seen better days ;  
 And have with holy bell been knell'd to church ;  
 And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes  
 Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd :  
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness,  
 And take upon command what help we have,  
 That to your wanting may be ministered.

*Orla.* Then but forbear your food a little while,  
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,  
 And give it food. There is an old poor man,  
 Who after me hath many a weary step  
 Limp'd in pure love : till he be first suffic'd,  
 Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,  
 I will not touch a bit.

*Duke Sen.* Go, find him out,  
 And we will nothing waste till your return.

*Orla.* I thank ye ; and be bless'd for your good  
 comfort ! *[Exit.]*



*Duke Sen.* Thou seest, we are not all alone  
unhappy:

This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woful pageants, than the scene  
Wherein we play.

*Jaq.* All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. First the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover;  
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eye brow. Then a soldier;  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden, quick in quarrel;  
Seeking the bubble reputation,  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the  
justice,  
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;  
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,



Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
*Sans* teeth, *sans* eyes, *sans* taste, *sans* every thing.

*Enter Orlando, with Adam.*

*Duke Sen.* Welcome. Set down your venerable  
 burden,  
 And let him feed.

*Orla.* I thank you most for him.

*Adam.* So had you need.

I scarce can speak, to thank you for myself.

*Duke Sen.* Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you  
 As yet to question you about your fortunes.  
 Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

## N.<sup>o</sup> IV. — MACBETH.

### ACT II, SCENE I.

MACBETH.

Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
 She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Serv.*]  
 Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch  
 thee!

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
 To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation  
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
 As this which now I draw——



Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;  
 And such an instrument I was to use.  
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
 Or else worth all the rest—I see thee still;  
 And on thy blade of dudgeon, gouts of blood,  
 Which was not so before—There's no such thing—  
 It is the bloody business, which informs  
 Thus to mine eyes—Now o'er one half the world  
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
 The curtain'd sleep: now witchcraft celebrates  
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd Murther,  
 (Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf  
 Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,  
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design  
 Moves like a ghost—Thou sound and firm-set earth,  
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about;  
 And take the present horror from the time,  
 Which now suits with it—Whilst I threat, he lives—  
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.  
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me: [*A bell rings.*  
 Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell,  
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell! [*Exit.*

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

*Lady.* That which hath made them drunk, hath  
 made me bold;  
 What hath quench'd them, hath giv'n me fire. Hark!  
 peace!  
 It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,  
 Which gives the stern'st good-night—he is about it—  
 The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms



Do mock their charge with snores. I've drugg'd  
 their possets,  
 That death and nature do contend about them,  
 Whether they live or die.

—*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* Who's there!—what ho!

*Lady.* Alack! I am afraid, they have awak'd;  
 And 't is not done. Th' attempt, and not the deed,  
 Confounds us—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready.  
 He could not miss 'em—Had he not resembled  
 My father as he slept, I had done 't—My husband!

*Macb.* I've done the deed—didst thou not hear  
 a noise?

*Lady.* I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.  
 Did not you speak?

*Macb.* When?

*Lady.* Now.

—*Macb.* As I descended?

*Lady.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark!—who lies i' the second chamber?

*Lady.* Donalbain.

*Macb.* This is a sorry sight. [*Looks on his hands.*

*Lady.* A foolish thought, to say, a sorry sight.

*Macb.* There's one did laugh in his sleep, and  
 one cry'd, *Murder!*

They wak'd each other; and I stood and heard them;  
 But they did say their prayers, and address'd them  
 Again to sleep.

*Lady.* There are two lodg'd together.

—*Macb.* One cry'd, *God bless us!* and *Amen!* the  
 other;



As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,  
Listening their fear, I could not say, Amen,  
When they did say, God bless us!

*Lady.* Consider it not so deeply.

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce,  
Amen!

I had most need of blessing, and Amen  
Stuck in my throat.

*Lady.* These deeds must not be thought,  
After these ways; so it will make us mad.

*Macb.* Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*

Macbeth *doth murther sleep*; the innocent sleep;  
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast—

*Lady.* What do you mean?

*Macb.* Still it cry'd, *Sleep no more*, to all the house:  
*Glamis hath murther'd sleep*; and therefore Cawdor  
*shall sleep no more*; Macbeth *shall sleep no more!*

*Lady.* Who was it that thus cry'd? Why, worthy  
*Thane,*

You do unbend your noble strength to think  
So brain-sickly of things. Go, get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
They must lie there. Go, carry them, and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macb.* I'll go no more.

I am afraid to think what I have done;  
Look on 't again I dare not.



*Lady.* Infirm of purpose,  
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures; 't is the eye of childhood,  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit.

*Knock within.*

*Macb.* Whence is that knocking! [Starting.  
How is it with me, when every noise appals me?  
What hands are here! Hah! they pluck out mine eyes.  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green——one red.

*Enter Lady.*

*Lady.* My hands are of your colour; but I shame  
To wear a heart so white; I hear a knocking [Knock.  
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber;  
A little water clears us of this deed.  
How easy is it then! Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended—Hark, more knocking!  
[Knock.  
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,  
And shew us to be watchers. Be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* To know my deed, 't were best not know  
myself.  
Wake Duncan with this knocking! Would thou  
couldst! [Exeunt.





N.<sup>o</sup> V.—MACBETH.

ACT III, SCENE V. *A Room of state in the Castle.*

*A Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lords, and Attendants.*

MACBETH.

YOU know your own degrees, sit down :  
At first and last, the hearty welcome.

*Lords.* Thanks to your Majesty.

*Macb.* Ourselves will mingle with society,  
And play the humble host ;  
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time  
We will require her welcome. [ *They sit.*

*Lady.* Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends ;  
For my heart speaks, they 're welcome.

*Enter first Murtherer.*

*Macb.* See! they encounter thee with their hearts'  
thanks :

Both sides are even. Here I' ll sit i' the midst.  
Be large in mirth ; anon we 'll drink a measure  
The table round—There 's blood upon thy face.

[ *To the Murtherer, aside, at the door.*

*Mur.* 'T is Banquo's then.

*Macb.* 'T is better thee without, than he within.  
Is he dispatch'd ?

*Mur.* My Lord, his throat is cut ; that I did for  
him.

*Macb.* Thou art the best of cut-throats ; yet  
he 's good,



That did the like for Fleance ; if thou didst it,  
Thou art a non-pareil.

*Mur.* Most royal Sir,  
Fleance is 'scap'd.

*Macb.* Then comes my fit again : I had else been  
perfect ;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,  
As broad, and general, as the casing air :  
But now I 'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo 's safe ?

*Mur.* Ay, my good Lord. Safe in a ditch he  
bides,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head :  
The least a death to Nature.

*Macb.* Thanks for that.  
There the grown serpent lies ; the worm, that 's fled,  
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone ; to-morrow  
We 'll hear 't ourselves again. [*Exit Murtherer.*]

*Lady.* My royal Lord,  
You do not give the cheer ; the feast is cold,  
That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a making  
'T is given with welcome. To feed, were best at  
home ;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony ;  
Meeting were bare without it.

[*The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in  
Macbeth's place.*]

*Macb.* Sweet remembrancer !  
—Now good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both !

*Len.* May 't please your highness sit !



*Macb.* Here had we now our country's honour  
roof'd,  
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present,  
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness  
Than pity for mischance!

*Rosse.* His absence, Sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness  
To grace us with your royal company!

*Macb.* The table's full. [ *Starting.*

*Len.* Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.

*Macb.* Where?

*Len.* Here, my good Lord.  
What is that moves your highness?

*Macb.* Which of you have done this?

*Lords.* What, my good Lord?

*Macb.* Thou canst not say, I did it. Never shake  
Thy goary locks at me.

*Rosse.* Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

*Lady.* Sit, worthy friends—my Lord is often thus,  
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat.  
The fit is momentary, on a thought  
He will again be well. If much you note him,  
You shall offend him, and extend his passion.  
Feed, and regard him not—Are you a man?

[ *To Macbeth aside.*

*Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that,  
Which might appal the devil.

*Lady.* O proper stuff!  
This is the very painting of your fear; [ *Aside.*  
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,  
Led you to Duncan. Oh! these flaws and starts,  
Impostors to true fear, would well become



A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!  
Why do you make such faces! When all's done,  
You look but on a stool.

*Macb.* Pry'thee, see there!  
Behold! look! lo! how say you?

[ *Pointing to the Ghost.*

Why, what care I! if thou canst nod, speak too—  
If charnel-houses and our graves must send  
Those that we bury back; our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites. [ *The Ghost vanishes.*

*Lady.* What! quite unmann'd in folly!

*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him.

*Lady.* Fie, for shame!

*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' older  
time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;  
Ay, and since too, murthers have been perform'd  
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die.  
And there an end; but now they rise again  
With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools. This is more strange  
Than such a murther is.

*Lady.* My worthy Lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

*Macb.* I do forget—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends.  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all!  
Then I'll sit down: give me some wine, fill full—  
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,



And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;  
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,  
And all to all.

*Lord.* Our duties, and the pledge.

[ *The Ghost rises again.*

*Macb.* Avaunt, and quit my sight! let the earth  
hide thee;

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,  
Which thou dost glare with.

*Lady.* Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom; 't is no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*Macb.* What man dare, I dare.

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or Hyrcan tyger,  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword!  
If trembling I inhibit, then protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!  
Unreal mockery, hence! Why, so—Being gone,

[ *The Ghost vanishes.*

I am a man again. Pray you sit still. [ *The Lords rise.*

*Lady.* You have displac'd the mirth, broke the  
good meeting

With most admir'd disorder.

*Macb.* Can such things be,  
And overcome us, like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder? You make me strange  
Even to the disposition that I owe,  
When now I think, you can behold such sights,



And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,  
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

*Rosse.* What sights, my Lord?

*Lady.* I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;

Question enrages him. At once, good-night.

Stand not upon the order of your going,

But go at once.

*Len.* Good-night, and better health

Attend his Majesty!

*Lady.* Good-night to all. [Exeunt Lords.]

*Macb.* It will have blood—They say, blood will have blood.

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;

Augurs, that understand relations, have

By magotpies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth

The secret'st man of blood—What is the night?

*Lady.* Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

*Macb.* How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,

At our great bidding?

*Lady.* Did you send to him, Sir?

*Macb.* I heard it by the way; but I will send.

There's not a Thane of them, but in his house

I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,

Betimes I will, unto the weyward sisters;

More shall they speak; for now I'm bent to know,

By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good

All causes shall give way; I am in blood

Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er.



Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;  
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

*Lady.* You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

*Macb.* Come, we 'll to sleep; my strange and  
self-abuse

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use;

We're yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

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N.^o VI. — MACBETH.

ACT IV, SCENE I. *A dark Cave; in the middle,
a great Cauldron burning.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

I WITCH.

THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Twice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 *Witch.* Harper cries, 't is time, 't is time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go,
In the poison'd entrails throw.

[*They march round the cauldron, and throw in
several ingredients as for the preparation of their
charm.*

Toad, that under the cold stone,

Days and nights hast thirty-one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got;

Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

1 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
 Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
 Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
 Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
 For a charm of powerful trouble;
 Like a bell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
 Witches' mummy; maw and gulf
 Of the ravening salt-sea shark;
 Root of hemlock digg'd i' th' dark;
 Liver of blaspheming Jew:
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
 Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips:
 Finger of birth-strangled babe,
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;
 Make the gruel thick, and slab.
 Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,
 For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
 Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.

Hec. Oh! well done! I commend your pains,
 And every one shall share i' the gains.
 And now about the cauldron sing,
 Like elves and fairies in a ring,
 Inchanting all that you put in.

Music and a Song.

*Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

- 2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes:
Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight
hags!

What is 't ye do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me.

'Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;

Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown
down;

Though castles topple on their warders' heads;

Though palaces and pyramids do slope

Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of Nature's germins tumble all together,

Even till destruction sicken, answer me

To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

I *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em. Let me see 'em.

I *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow, grease, that's sweaten
From the murtherer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come high or low:
Thyself and office deftly show. } [*Thunder.*

Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power—

I *Witch.* He knows thy thought.
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware
Macduff!
Beware the Thane of Fife—dismiss me—enough.

[*Descends.*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy kind caution,
thanks.

Thou'st harp'd my fear aright. But one word more—

I *Witch.* He will not be commanded. Here's
another
More potent than the first. } [*Thunder.*

Apparition of a bloody child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. } [*Descends.*

Macb. Then live, Macduff. What need I fear
of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of Fate. Thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Fear, it lies;
And sleep in spite of thunder. [*Thunders.*

*Apparition of a Child crowned, with a tree in his
hand, rises.*

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam-wood to Dunsinane's high hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; tell me, if your art
Can tell so much, shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[*The cauldron sinks into the ground.*

Macb. I will be satisfy'd. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know,
Why sinks that cauldron, and what noise is this.
[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Shew!

2 *Witch.* Shew!

3 *Witch.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart.
Come like shadows, so depart.

[*Eight Kings appear, and pass over in order; and
Banquo the last, with a glass in his hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo.
Down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls—And thy air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first—
A third is like the former—Filthy hags!
Why do you shew me this?—A fourth!—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom!—
Another yet! A seventh!—I'll see no more—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shews me many more; and some I see,
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry.
Horrible sight! nay, now I see 't is true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What! is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round,
That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay. [*Music.*

[*The witches dance and vanish.*

Macb. Were are they! gone! — Let this pernicious hour

Stand ay accursed in the kalendar!

Come in, without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What 's your Grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who was 't came by?

Len. 'T is two or three, my Lord, that bring you
word

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. [*Aside.*] Time, thou anticipat'st my dread
exploits.

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise,
Seize upon Fife, give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls

That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool:
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt,

N.^o VII.—KING JOHN.

ACT IV, SCENE I. *A Prison.*

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

HUBERT.

HEAT me these irons hot, and look thou stand
Within the arras; when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair. Be heedful; hence, and watch.

Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples; fear not you; look to't—
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good-morrow, Hubert..

Hub. Good-morrow, little Prince.

Arth. As little Prince (having so great a title
To be more Prince) as may be—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I;
Yet I remember when I was in France.
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,

So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
 I should be merry as the day is long:
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt
 My uncle practises more harm to me.
 He is afraid of me, and I of him.
 Is it my fault, that I was Geffrey's son?
 Indeed, it is not; and I would to heaven,
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert!

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate,
 He will awake my mercy which lies dead;
 Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day;
 In sooth I would you were a little sick,
 That I might sit all night and watch with you.
 Alas! I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.
 Read here, young Arthur—— [*Shewing a paper.*
 How now, foolish rheum, [*Aside.*
 Turning despiteous torture out of door!
 I must be brief lest resolution drop
 Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears—
 Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
 Must you with irons burn out both mine eyes!

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did
 but ache,
 I knit my handkerchief about your brows
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me)
 And I did never ask it you again;

And with my hand at midnight held your head;
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
 Saying—what lack you? and where lies your grief?
 Or what good love may I perform for you?
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
 But you at your sick service had a Prince.
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
 And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:
 If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
 Why then, you must—Will you put out mine eyes?
 These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
 So much as frown on you.

Hub. I've sworn to do it;
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah! none but in this iron age would do it.
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
 And quench its fiery indignation,
 Even in the matter of mine innocence:
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn hard than hammer'd iron?
 Oh! if an angel should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believ'd a tongue, but Hubert's.

[*Hubert stamps, and the men enter.*

Hub. Come forth; do as I bid you.

Arth. O save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are
 out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boist'rous rough?
 I will not struggle; I will stand stone-still,
 For heav'n's sake! Hubert, let me not be bound.
 Nay, hear me, Hubert—drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
 Nor look upon the iron angrily;
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

Exec. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt.*

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend:
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart;
 Let him come back, that his compassion may
 Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven! that there were but a moth in
 yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
 Any annoyance in that precious sense;
 Then, feeling what small things are boistr'ous there,
 Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your
 tongue—

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
 Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
 Let me not hold my tongue: let me not, Hubert;
 Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
 So I may keep mine eyes. Oh! spare mine eyes!

Though to no use, but still to look on you.
Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with
grief,

Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes ; see else yourself !
There is no malice in this burning coal ;
The breath of heav'n hath blown its spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on its head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes ;
And like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office ; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine
eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :
Yet am I sworn ; and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. Oh! now you look like Hubert. All this
while

You were disguised.

Hub. Peace : no more. Adieu.

Your uncle must not know but you are dead.
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports :

And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence! no more; go closely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

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N.<sup>o</sup> VIII.—KING RICHARD II.

ACT V, SCENE V. *Prison at Pomfret-Castle.*

*Enter King Richard.*

I HAVE been studying, how I may compare  
This prison, where I live, unto the world;  
And, for because the world is populous,  
And here is not a creature but myself,  
I cannot do it; yet I 'll hammer on 't.  
My brain I 'll prove the female to my soul,  
My soul the father; and these two beget  
A generation of still-breeding thoughts;  
And these same thoughts people this little world;  
In humour, like the people of this world,  
For no thought is contented. The better sort,  
As thoughts of things divine, are intermixt  
With scruples, and do set the *word* itself  
Against the *word*: as thus, *Come, little ones*; and  
then again—

*It is as hard to come as for a camel*

*To thread the postern of a needle's eye.*

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot  
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails



May tear a passage through the flinty ribs  
Of this hard world, my ragged prison-walls,  
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.  
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves,  
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,  
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars  
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,  
That many have, and others must sit there;  
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
Bearing their own misfortune on the back  
Of such as have before endur'd the like.  
Thus play I, in one person, many people,  
And none contented. Sometimes am I king;  
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,  
And so I am. Then crushing penury  
Persuades me I was better when a king;  
Then am I king'd again; and by and by  
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,  
And straight am nothing. But whate'er I am,  
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,  
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd  
With being nothing—Music do I hear! [*Music.*  
Ha, ha; keep time—how sour sweet music is,  
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!  
So is it in the music of men's lives;  
And here have I the daintiness of ear,  
To check time broke in a disorder'd string,  
But for the concord of my state and time,  
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.  
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;  
For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock.  
My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar:



Their watches to mine eyes the outward watch;  
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,  
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.  
 Now, Sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is,  
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,  
 Which is the bell; so sighs, and tears, and groans,  
 Shew minutes, hours, and times. Oh! but my time  
 Runs posting on, in Bolingbroke's proud joy,  
 While I stand fooling here, his jack o' th' clock.  
 This music mads me, let it sound no more!  
 For though it have help'd madmen to their wits,  
 In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.  
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!  
 For 't is a sign of love; and love to Richard  
 Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

*Enter Groom.*

*Groom.* Hail, royal Prince!

*K. Rich.* Thanks, noble Peer.

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.  
 What art? how com'st thou hither,  
 Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog,  
 That brings me food to make misfortune live!

*Groom.* I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,  
 When thou wert King; who travelling towards York,  
 With much ado at length have gotten leave  
 To look upon my sometime master's face.  
 Oh! how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld,  
 In London streets that coronation-day,  
 When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,  
 That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid;  
 That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd!



K. *Rich.* Rode he on Barbary ? Tell me, gentle friend,  
How went he under him ?

*Groom.* So proudly, as he had disdain'd the ground.

K. *Rich.* So proud, that Bolingbroke was on his back !

That jade had eat bread from my royal hand ;  
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.  
Would he not stumble ? would he not fall down,  
Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck  
Of that proud man that did usurp his back ?  
Forgiveness, horse ! why do I rail on thee,  
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,  
Wast born to bear. I was not made a horse,  
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,  
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jaunting Bolingbroke.

*Enter Keeper, with a dish.*

*Keep.* Fellow, give place ; here is no longer stay.

[ *To the Groom.*

K. *Rich.* If thou love me, 't is time thou wert away.

*Groom.* What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

[ *Exit.*

*Keep.* My Lord, will 't please you to fall to ?

K. *Rich.* Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

*Keep.* My Lord, I dare not ; for Sir Pierce of Exton,

Who late came from the King, commands the contrary.



*K. Rich.* The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee!

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[*Beats the Keeper.*

*Keep.* Help! help! help!

*Enter* Exton, and Servants.

*K. Rich.* How now! what means death in this rude assault?

Vilain! thine own hand yields thy death's instrument;

[*Snatching a sword, and killing one.*

Go thou! and fill another room in hell!

[*Kills another.*

[*Exton strikes him down.*

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,  
That staggers thus my person; thy fierce hand  
Hath with the King's blood stain'd the King's own  
land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,  
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

[*Dies.*

*Exton.* As full of valour as of royal blood;  
Both have I spilt. Oh! would the deed were good!  
For now the devil, that told me I did well,  
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.  
This dead King to the living King I'll bear;  
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[*Exeunt.*



N.<sup>o</sup> IX. — THE FIRST PART OF  
KING HENRY IV.

ACT I, SCENE II. *An Apartment of the Prince.*

*Enter Henry Prince of Wales, and Sir John Falstaff.*

FALSTAFF.

Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. *Henry.* Thou art so fat-witted with drinking old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches in the afternoon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou would'st truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta. I see no reason why thou should'st be so superfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal. For we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he, that wandering knight so fair. And I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art King—as God save thy Grace (Majesty, I should say; for Grace thou wilt have none)—

P. *Henry.* What! none!

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. *Henry.* Well, how then?—Come—roundly, roundly—



*Fal.* Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not us, that are 'squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's booty. Let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say, we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the Moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

*P. Henry.* Thou say'st well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being govern'd, as the sea is, by the Moon. As for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing, *Lay by*; and spent with crying *Bring in*: now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

*Fal.* By the Lord! thou say'st true, lad: and is not mine Hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

*P. Henry.* As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle; and is not a buff-jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

*Fal.* How now, how now, mad wag! What! in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to do with a buff-jerkin?

*P. Henry.* Why, what a pox have I to do with my Hostess of the tavern?

*Fal.* Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time, and oft.

*P. Henry.* Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?



*Fal.* No, I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

*P. Henry.* Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

*Fal.* Yea, and so us'd it, that were it not here apparent, that thou art Heir Apparent — But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antic, the Law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

*P. Henry.* No; thou shalt.

*Fal.* Shall I? O rare! By the Lord! I'll be a brave judge.

*P. Henry.* Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

*Fal.* Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

*P. Henry.* For obtaining of suits?—

*Fal.* Yea, for obtaining of suits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood! I am as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugg'd bear.

*P. Henry.* Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

*Fal.* Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

*P. Henry.* What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

*Fal.* Thou hast the most unsavoury similies; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young Prince—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble



me no more with vanity; I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought! an old Lord of the Council rated me the other day in the street about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wisely, and in the street too.

*P. Henry.* Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

*Fal.* Oh! thou hast damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, Hal, God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over, by the Lord! an I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

*P. Henry.* Where shall we take a purse to-morrow Jack?

*Fal.* Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

*P. Henry.* I see a good amendment of life in thee from praying to purse-taking.

*Fal.* Why, Hal, 't is my vocation, Hal. 'T is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know, if Gads-hill have set a match. Oh! if men were to be sav'd by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him!

*Enter Poins.*

This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cry'd,  
*Stand,* to a true man—

E c



*P. Henry.* Good morrow, Ned.

*Poins.* Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack! how agree the devil and thou about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

*P. Henry.* Sir John stands to his word; the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs: *He will give devil his due.*

*Poins.* Then thou art damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

*P. Henry.* Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

*Poins.* But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gad's-hill; there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have visors for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Gads-hill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in East-cheap; we may do it, as secure as sleep: if you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

*Fal.* Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

*Poins.* You will, chops?

*Fal.* Hal, wilt thou make one?

*P. Henry.* Who! I rob! I a thief! Not I, by my faith.

*Fal.* There is neither honesty, manhood, nor good-fellowship in thee, nor thou can'st not of the blood-royal, if thou dar'st not cry, *Stand*, for ten shillings.



*P. Henry.* Well then, once in my days, I 'll be a mad-cap.

*Fal.* Why, that 's well said.

*P. Henry.* Well, come what will, I 'll tarry at home.

*Fal.* By the Lord! I 'll be a traitor then when thou art king.

*P. Henry.* I care not.

*Poins.* Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the Prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

*Fal.* Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speak'st may move, and what he hears may be believ'd; that the true Prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewel: you shall find me in East-cheap.

*P. Henry.* Farewel, thou latter spring! Farewel, all-hallow summer. [Exit Falstaff.

*Poins.* Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow. I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gads-hill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from off my shoulders.

*P. Henry.* But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

*Poins.* Why, we will set forth before or after them; and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure



upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner atchiev'd, but we'll set upon them.

*P. Henry.* Ay, but, 't is like they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

*Poins.* Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

*P. Henry.* But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

*Poins.* Well for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fights longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper; how thirty at least he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jest.

*P. Henry.* Well, I'll go with thee. Provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in East-cheap; there I'll sup. Farewel.

*Poins.* Farewel, my Lord. [Exit Poins.]

*P. Henry.* I know you all, and will awhile uphold  
The unyok'd humour of your idleness;  
Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother up his beauty from the world;  
That when he please again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,



By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
 Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.  
 If all the year were playing holidays,  
 To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
 But when they seldom come, they wisht-for come,  
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.  
 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
 And pay the debt I never promised,  
 By how much better than my word I am,  
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;  
 And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
 My reformation glittering o'er my fault,  
 Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,  
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;  
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

[*Exit.*]

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N.^o X. — THE FIRST PART OF
 KING HENRY IV,

ACT II, SCENE IV.

Enter Falstaff, Gads-hill, Bardolph, and Peto.

POINS.

WELCOME, Jack; where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague on all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too, marry and Amen! — Give me a cup of sack, boy—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether socks, and mend them, and foot them too.

A plague on all cowards! — Give me a cup of sack, rogue—is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. Henry. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? (pitiful-hearted Titan!) that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound!

Fal. You rogue, here 's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man. Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help, the while! A bad world! I say—I would I were a weaver; I could sing all manner of songs — A plague on all cowards! I say still.

P. Henry. How now, Woolsack, what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I 'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why you whoreson round man! what 's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? Answer me to that—and Poins there? [*To Poins.*

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I 'll stab thee.

Fal. I, call thee coward! I 'll see thee damn'd

ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face me—Give me a cup of sack; I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All 's one fort that. [*He drinks.*]

A plague on all cowards, still, say I!

P. Henry. What 's the matter?

Fal. What 's the matter! Here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pounds this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack! where is it?

Fal. Where is it? Taken from us, it is. A hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What! a hundred, man?

Fal. I am rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw—*Ecce signum!* (*Shews his sword*) I never dealt better since I was a man—All would not do. A plague on all cowards! — Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Henry. Speak, Sirs, how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my Lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us.

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray heaven, you have not murthered some of them!

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal; if I tell thee a lye, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou know'st my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What! four! Thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal, I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me; I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven! Why there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram,

Poins. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Henry. Pr'ythee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of—

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green, came at my back and let drive at me (for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand).

P. Henry. These lyes are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou claybrain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson obscene greasy tallow-keech—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? Is not the truth the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: what sayst thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at

the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would not give you a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Henry. I 'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dry'd neat's tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish—Oh! for breath to utter what is like thee—You tailor's yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tuck—

P. Henry. Well, breathe awhile, and then to 't again; and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Henry. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four, and with a word out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can shew it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now!

Fal. By the Lord! I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters; was it for me to kill the Heir Apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules. But beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true Prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion; and thou, for a true Prince. But, by the Lord! lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play *extempore*?

P. Henry. Content — and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah! — no more of that, Hal, if thou lovest me.

Enter *Hostess*.

Host. My lord the Prince!

P. Henry. How now, my lady the hostess, what sayst thou to me?

Host. Marry, my Lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you; he says, he comes from your father.

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?
Shall I give him his answer?

P. Henry. Pr'ythee do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing [Exit.]

P. Henry. Now, Sirs, by 'r lady, you fought fair;
so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph; you are
lions too, you ran away upon instinct; you will
not touch the true Prince; no. Fie!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earnest; how came
Falstaff's sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and said,
he would swear truth out of England, but he would
make you believe it was done in fight, and per-
suaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-
grass to make them bleed; and then beslobber our
garments with it, and swear it was the blood of
true men. I did that I did not these seven years
before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Henry. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack
eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner,
and ever since thou hast blush'd *extempore*. Thou
hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou
rannest away. What instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? Do
you behold these exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. Hot livers, and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thy own knee?

Fal. My own knee! When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague on sighing and grief! it blows up a man like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad; here was Sir John Braby from your father; you must go to the Court in the morning. The same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook: what a plague call you him—

Poins. Oh! Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs a horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Henry. He that rides at high speed, and with a pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal has good mettle in him, he will not run.

P. Henry. Why, what a rascal art thou then to praise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckow! but a foot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Henry. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue caps more. Worcester is stol'n away by night. Thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news. You may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Henry. Then 't is like, if there come a hot June, and these civil buffetings hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

Fal. By the mass! lad, thou say'st true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way—But tell me, Hal, art not thou horribly afraid, thou being heir apparent? Could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Henry. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou com'st to thy father; if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Henry. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? Content—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Henry. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Fal. Well, and the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved—Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be

thought I have wept ; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyzes' vein.

P. Henry. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech—Stand aside, Nobility—

Host. This is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain—

Host. Oh the father! how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful Queen,
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of those harlotry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain—Harry, I do not only marvel, where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompany'd ; for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. Thou art my son ; I have partly thy mother's word, partly mine own opinion ; but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lieth the point ; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at ? Shall the blessed Sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat black-berries ? A question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses ? A question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch : this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile ; so

doth the company thou keep'st; for, Harry, now do I not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also—And yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Henry. What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now, I remember me, his name is Falstaff. If that man should be lewdly given, he deceives me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit, then peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Henry. Dost thou speak like a King! Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me—If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulterer's hare.

P. Henry. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand; judge, my masters.

P. Henry. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from East-cheap.

P. Henry. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false——Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

P. Henry. Swearst thou, ungracious boy! Henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace; there's a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that boulding hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuft cloak-bag of guts, that roasted *Manningtree* ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years! Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it! wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it! wherein cunning, but in craft! wherein crafty, but in villany; wherein villanous, but in all things; wherein worthy, but in nothing!

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you. Whom means your grace?

P. Henry. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Henry. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more is the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked. If to be old and merry, be a sin, then many an old host, that I know, is damn'd. If to be fat, be to be hated, then Pharoah's lean kine are to be lov'd. No, my good lord, banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, king Jack Falstaff,

true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Henry. I do, I will.

[*Knocking; and Hostess goes out.*]

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. Oh, my lord, my lord! the Sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue!—Play out the Play; I have much to say in behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter the Hostess.

Host. Oh, my lord, my lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: what's the matter?

Host. The Sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal! Never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit; thou art essentially mad without seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural coward without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major. If you will deny the Sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Henry. Go, hide thee behind the arras, the

rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had ; but their date is out, and therefore I 'll hide me.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, &c.*

P. Henry. Call in the Sheriff—

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master Sheriff, what is your will with me ?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord—A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Henry. What men ?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord, A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Henry. The man, I do assure you, is not here, For I myself at this time have employ'd him ; And, Sheriff, I engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withal ; And so let me intreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Henry. It may be so ; if he have robb'd these men, He shall be answerable ; and so farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Henry. I think it is good-morrow, is it not ?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it to be two o'clock.

[*Exit.*

P. Henry. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's ; go call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Henry. Hark! how hard he fetches breath! Search his pockets.

[*He searches his pockets, and finds certain papers.*

P. Henry. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Henry. Let's see, what be they? Read them.

Peto. *Item*, a capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Henry. Oh monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close, we'll read it at more advantage; there let him sleep till day. I'll to the Court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot, and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning: and so good morrow, *Peto*.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

N.^o XI.—THE SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

ACT III, SCENE I. *The Palace in London.*

Enter King Henry in his Night Gown, with a Page.

K. HENRY.

Go, call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them. Make good speed.

[*Exit Page.*]

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness!
Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And husht with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou, dull God, why ly'st thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case, or a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,

Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafning clamours in the slipp'ry shrouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, o partial Sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude?
And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a King! Then happy lowly clown!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrows to your Majesty!

K. Henry. Is it good-morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. Henry. Why, then, good-morrow to you.

Well, my lords,

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my Liege.

K. Henry. Then you perceive the body of our
kingdom,

How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd,
Which to its former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice and little medicine;
My lord, Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Henry. O heaven! that one might read the
book of fate,

And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see

The beachy girdle of the ocean
 Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
 And changes fill the cup of alteration
 With divers liquors! Oh! if this were seen,
 The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
 What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
 Wou'd shut the book, and sit him down, and die.
 'Tis not ten years gone
 Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
 Did feast together; and in two years after
 Were they at wars. It is but eight years since
 This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
 Who, like a brother, toil'd in my affairs,
 And laid his love and life under my foot;
 Yea, for my sake, ev'n to the eyes of Richard,
 Gave him defiance. But which of you was by
 (You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember) [*To War.*
 When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
 Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy:
 'Northumberland, *thou ladder by the which*
 ' *My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my Throne:*
 Though then, Heaven knows, I had no such intent;
 But that Necessity so bow'd the State,
 That I and Greatness were compell'd to kiss—
 ' *The time will come, thus did he follow it,*
 ' *The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,*
 ' *Shall break into corruption;*' so went on
 Foretelling this same time's condition,
 And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;

The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness,
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Henry. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities;
And that same word even now cries out on us.
They say, the Bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be:
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your Grace
To go to bed. Upon my life, my Lord,
The pow'rs that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your Majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Henry. I will take your counsel;
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear Lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*



N.^o XII.—THE SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

ACT IV, SCENE IV. *The Palace at Westminster.*

*Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence,
and Gloucester.*

K. HENRY.

Now, Lords, if Heaven doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctify'd.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish;
Only we want a little personal strength,
And pause us, till these rebels, now a-foot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your Majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Henry. Humphry, my son of Gloucester,
Where is the Prince your brother?

Glou. I think, he's gone to hunt, my Lord, at
Windsor.

K. Henry. And how accompanied?

Glou. I do not know, my Lord.

K. Henry. Is not his brother Thomas of Clarence
with him?

Glou. No, my good Lord, he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my Lord and father?

K. *Henry*. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers; cherish it, my boy;
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren.
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love;
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day, for melting charity;
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper therefore must be well observ'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;
But being moody, give him line and scope,
'Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this,
Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,
As, force-per-force, the age will pour it in,
Shall never leak, though it does work as strong
As *aconitum*, or rash gunpowder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Henry. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. Henry. And how accompanied? Canst thou tell that?

Cla. With Poins, and others, his continual followers.

K. Henry. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them; therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, th' unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon,
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
Oh! with what wings shall his affection fly
Tow'rd fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite;

The Prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue, wherein to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your Highness knows, comes to no farther use,
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The Prince will in the perfectness of time
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his Grace must meet the lives of others;

Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Henry. 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave
her comb
In the dead carrion—Who's here? Westmoreland!

Enter Westmoreland.

West. Health to my Sovereign, and new happiness,
Added to that which I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law.
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her olive ev'ry where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leisure may your Highness read,
With every course, in his particular.

K. Henry. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer
bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look! here's more news.

Har. From enemies Heaven keep your Majesty!
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!

The Earl Northumberland, and the Lord Bar-
dolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.
The manner and true order of the fight,

This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Henry. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters!

She either gives a stomach, and no food;
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach; such the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

I should rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.
Oh me! come near me, now I am much ill.

Glou. Comfort your Majesty!

Cla. Oh, my royal father!

West. My sovereign Lord, cheer up yourself,
look up.

War. Be patient, Princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his Highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air, he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs;
Th' incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Glou. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of Nature.
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doating chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great grandsire Edward sick'd and dy'd.

War. Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.

Glou. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.

K. Henry. I pray you take me up, and bear me hence

Into some other chamber. Softly, pray.

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,

Unless some dull and favourable hand

Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Henry. Set me the crown upon the pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Henry. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!

How doth the King?

Glou. Exceeding ill.

P. Henry. Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Henry. If he be sick with joy,

He 'll recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my Lords; Sweet Prince, speak low;

The King, your father, is dispos'd to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your Grace to go along with us?

P. Henry. No; I will sit and watch here by the King.

[*Exeunt all but P. Henry.*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,

War. What would your Majesty ! How fares your Grace !

K. Henry. Why did you leave me here alone, my Lords !

Cla. We left the Prince my brother here, my Liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Henry. The Prince of Wales ! Where is he !
Let me see him.

War. This door is open, he is gone this way.

Glou. He came not through the chamber where we staid.

K. Henry. Where is the crown ! Who took it from my pillow !

War. When we withdrew, my Liege, we left it here.

K. Henry. The Prince hath ta'en it hence ; go seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death ! Find him, my Lord of Warwick,
And chide him hither straight ! this part of his
Conjoins with my disease, and helps to end me.
See, sons, what things you are ! how quickly Nature
Falls to revolt when gold becomes her object !
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thought, their brains
with care,
Their bones with industry ; for this, engross'd
The canker'd heaps of strange-atchieved gold ;
For this, they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises.
When, like the bee, culling from every flower,

Our thighs are packt with wax, our mouths with
honey,

We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains! This bitter taste
Yields his engrossments to the dying father.

Enter Warwick.

Now, where is he, that will not stay so long,
Till his friend, Sickness, hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next
room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanor in great sorrow,
That Tyranny, which never quast but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Henry. But wherefore did he take away the
crown?

Enter Prince Henry.

Lo! where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry—
—Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

P. Henry. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Henry. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
thought;

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,

That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours
Before thy hour be ripe, O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not;
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my frail life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
—Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms—
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form;
Henry the Fifth is crown'd. Up, Vanity!
Down, royal State! All you sage Counsellors, hence!
And to the English Court assemble now,
From every region, apes of Idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum;
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England shall double gild his treble guilt:
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the Fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks

The muzzle of Restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.

O my poor kingdom! sick with civil blows,
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
Oh! thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. *Henry*. Oh! pardon me, my Liege! but for my
tears,

The moist impediments unto my speech, [*Kneeling*.
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And he that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending!
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
Oh! let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to shew th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead
(And dead almost, my Liege, to think you were)
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it—The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore thou best of gold art worst of gold:
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,

Preserving life in medicine potable ;
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up—Thus, Royal Liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it;
Let Heaven for ever keep it from my head !
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it !

K. Henry. O my son !

Heaven put it in thy head to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed ;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown ; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation ;
For all the soil of the atchievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boist'rous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances ;

Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
 Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears,
 Thou seest, with peril I have answered,
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene,
 Acting that argument; and now my death
 Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
 Falls upon thee in a much fairer sort;
 So thou the garland wear'st successively.

Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green,
 And all thy friends, which thou must make thy
 friends,

Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out,
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
 And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displac'd; which to avoid
 I cut them off, and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the Holy Land;
 Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
 Too near into my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels; that action, hence, borne out,
 May waste the memory of former days.

More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Henry. My gracious Liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
 Then plain and right must my possession be;
 Which I, with more than with a common pain,
 Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Hh

Enter Lord John of Lancaster, and Warwick.

K. Henry. Look! look! here comes my John of Lancaster.

Lan. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father!

K. Henry. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;

But health, alack! with youthful wing is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk. Upon thy sight
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Henry. My lord of Warwick——

K. Henry. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble Lord.

K. Henry. Laud be to God! even there my life
must end.

It hath been prophesy'd to me many years

I should not die but in Jerusalem,

Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land.

But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lie:

In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [Exeunt.

N.^o XIII.—KING HENRY V.

ACT IV, SCENE I.

*Enter three Soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court,
and Michael Williams, to the King.*

COURT.

BROTHER John Bates, is not that the morning
which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think 't be; but we have no great cause
to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day;
but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who
goes there?

K. Henry. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Henry. Under sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind
gentleman. I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Henry. Even as men wreck'd upon a sand, that
look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

K. Henry. No; nor is it meet he should; for,
though I speak it to you, I think, the king is but a
man as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to
me; the element shews to him as it doth to me; all
his senses have but human conditions. His cere-
monies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a
man; and though his affections are higher mounted
than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the
like wing: therefore, when he sees reason of fears as

we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are; yet in reason no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him at all adventures, so we were quit here!

K. Henry. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the King; I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone! so should he be sure to be ransom'd, and many poor men's lives saved.

K. Henry. I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the King's company, his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we are the King's subjects; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopp'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, *We dy'd at such a place*; some swearing; some crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe;

some, upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. *Henry.* So, if a son, that is sent by his father about merchandise, do fall into some lewd action and miscarry, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no King, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of Peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-

breach of the King's laws, in the King's quarrel now : where they feared the death, they have borne life a way ; and where they would be safe, they perish. Then, if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the King's, but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every moth out of his conscience ; and, dying so, death is to him advantage ; or, not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained : and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'T is certain, that every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the King is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Henry. I myself heard the King say, he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully ; but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Henry. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then ; that 's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch ! You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his

face with a peacock's feather. You 'll never trust his word after! Come, 't is a foolish saying.

K. Henry. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Henry. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Henry. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet; then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Henry. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, This is my glove; by this hand! I will give thee a box on the ear.

K. Henry. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

K. Henry. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word, fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Henry. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the King himself will be a clipper. [*Exeunt soldiers,*

Manet King Henry.

Upon the King! let us our lives, our souls,

Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our sins, lay on the King; he must bear all.
O hard condition, and twin-born with greatness,
Subject to breath of every fool, whose sense
No more can feel but his own wringing!
What infinite heart-ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy! And what have kings,
That private have not too, save Ceremony,
Save general ceremony? ———
And what art thou, thou idol Ceremony?
What kind of God art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O Ceremony, shew me but thy worth!
What is thy soul, O Adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing?
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? Oh! be sick, great Greatness,
And bid thy Ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a King's repose;
I am a King, that find thee; and I know,
'T is not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,

The farced title running 'fore the King,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp,
 That beats upon the high shore of this world ;
 No, nor all these thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
 But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus; and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
 Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labour to his grave :
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Hath the fore-hand and 'vantage of a King.
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
 What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace;
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
 Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Henry. Good old Knight,
 Collect them all together at my tent :
 I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do 't, my Lord. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. O God of battles! steel my soldiers'
 hearts !

Possess them not with fear ! take from them now
 The sense of reck'ning , lest th' opposed numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them !—Not to-day, o Lord,
 Oh ! not to-day, think not upon the fault
 My father made in compassing the crown !
 I Richard's body have interred new,
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
 Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood.
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
 Tow'rd heaven to pardon blood ; and I have built
 Two chauntries, where the sad and solemn priests
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do ;
 Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
 Since that my penitence comes after all,
 Imploring pardon.

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 N.º XIV.—KING RICHARD III.

ACT I, SCENE IV. *The Tower.*

*Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.*

BRAKENBURY.

WHY looks your Grace so heavily to-day ?

*Clar.* Oh ! I have pass'd a miserable night,  
 So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,  
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,  
 I would not spend another such a night,  
 Though 't were to buy a world of happy days !  
 So full of dismal terror was the time.

*Brak.* What was your dream, my Lord ? I pray  
 you tell me,



*Clar.* Methought that I had broken from the  
Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;  
And in my company my brother Glo'ster,  
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd England,  
And cited up a thousand heavy times,  
During the wars of York and Lancaster,  
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along  
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought that Glo'ster stumbled; and in falling  
Struck me, that sought to stay him, over-board  
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

Lord, Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!  
What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!  
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!  
I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;  
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon:  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels.  
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes,  
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,  
As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems;  
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

*Brak.* Had you such leisure in the time of death  
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

*Clar.* Methought I had; and often did I strive  
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood  
Kept in my soul and would not let it forth  
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air,  
But smother'd it within my panting bulk.



Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

*Brak.* Awak'd you not with this sore agony !

*Clar.* No, no, my dream was length'ned after life;

Oh! then began the tempest to my soul.

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,

With that grim ferryman, which poets write of,

Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul,

Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,

Who cry'd aloud : What scourge for perjury

Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?

And so he vanish'd—Then came wand'ring-by

A shadow like an angel, with bright hair

Dabbled in blood ; and he shriek'd out aloud :

Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury !

Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments !

With that, methought a legion of foul fiends

Invirion'd me, and howled in mine ears

Such hideous cries, that with the very noise

I, trembling, wak'd ; and for a season after

Could not believe but that I was in hell :

Such terrible impression made my dream.

*Brak.* No marvel, Lord, that it affrighted you ;  
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

*Clar.* Ah ! Brakenbury, I have done those things,  
That now give evidence against my soul,  
For Edward's sake ; and, see, how he requites me !  
O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,  
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,  
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone :



Oh! spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!  
—I pr'ythee, Brakenbury, stay by me;  
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

*Brak.* I will, my Lord; God give your Grace  
good rest! [*Clarence sleeps.*]

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,  
Make the night morning, and the noontide night.  
Princes have but their titles for their glories,  
An outward honour for an inward toil;  
And for unfelt imaginations  
They often feel a world of restless cares:  
So that, between their titles and low name,  
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

*Enter the two Murderers.*

1 *Vil.* Ho! who's there?

*Brak.* In God's name! what art thou! how cam'st  
thou hither?

2 *Vil.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came  
hither on my legs.

*Brak.* What! so brief?

1 *Vil.* 'T is better, Sir, than to be tedious—Let  
him see our commission, and talk no more.

*Brak. reads.* I am in this commanded to deliver  
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.  
I will not reason what is meant hereby,  
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.  
There lies the Duke asleep, and there the keys!  
I'll to the King, and signify to him,  
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 *Vil.* You may, Sir; 't is a point of wisdom. Fare  
you well. [*Exit Brakenbury.*]



2 *Vil.* What! shall we stab him as he sleeps!

1 *Vil.* No; he'll say 't was done cowardly when he wakes.

2 *Vil.* When he wakes! Why, fool! he shall never wake until the great judgment-day.

1 *Vil.* Why, then he'll say we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Vil.* The urging of that word, *Judgment*, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Vil.* What! art thou afraid!

2 *Vil.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Vil.* I'll back to the Duke of Glo'ster, and tell him so.

2 *Vil.* Nay, pr'ythee, stay a little : I hope this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Vil.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Vil.* Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Vil.* Remember the reward when the deed's done.

2 *Vil.* Come!—he dies. I had forgot the reward.

1 *Vil.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Vil.* Oh! in the Duke of Glo'ster's purse.

1 *Vil.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Vil.* 'T is no matter, let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Vil.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Vil.* I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous



thing; it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 'T is a blushing shame-fac'd spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom: it fills one full of obstacles. It made me once restore a purse of gold that by chance I found. It beggars any man that keeps it. It is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Vil.* 'T is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the Duke.

2 *Vil.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 *Vil.* I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Vil.* Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Vil.* Take him over the costard with the hilt of thy sword; and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

2 *Vil.* O excellent devise! — and make a sop of him.

1 *Vil.* Soft! he wakes. Shall I strike?

2 *Vil.* No, we'll reason with him.

*Clar.* Where art thou, Keeper? Give me a cup of wine.

2. *Vil.* You shall have wine enough, my Lord, anon.

*Clar.* In God's name, what art thou!



1 *Vil.* A man, as you are.

*Clar.* But not as I am, royal.

1 *Vil.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

*Clar.* Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Vil.* My voice is now the King's; my looks mine own.

*Clar.* How darkly, and how deadly, dost thou speak!

—Your eyes do menace me. Why look you pale? Who sent you hither? wherefore do you come?

*Both.* To, to, to——

*Clar.* To murder me?

*Both.* Ay, ay.

*Clar.* Ye scarcely have the hearts to tell me so, And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it. Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Vil.* Offended us you have not, but the King.

*Clar.* I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Vil.* Never, my Lord; therefore prepare to die.

*Clar.* Are you call'd forth from out a world of men, To slay the innocent? What's my offence? Where is the evidence that doth accuse me? What lawful quest hath given their verdict up Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death? Before I be convict by course of law, To threaten me with death is most unlawful. I charge you, as you hope to have redemption, That you depart, and lay no hands on me: The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Vil.* What we will do, we do upon command.



2 *Vil.* And he that hath commanded is our king.

*Clar.* Erroneous vassals ! the great King of kings  
Hath in the Table of his Law commanded,  
That *Thou shalt do no murder.* Will you then  
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's ?  
Take heed ! for he holds vengeance in his hand,  
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Vil.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on  
thee

For false forswearing and for murder too :  
Thou didst receive the Sacrament to fight  
In quarrel with the house of Lancaster.

1 *Vil.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,  
Didst break that vow ; and with thy treach'rous blade  
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy Sovereign's son.

2 *Vil.* Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and  
defend.

1 *Vil.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law  
to us,

When thou hast broke it in such high degree ?

*Clar.* Alas ! for whose sake did I that ill deed ?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake.

He sends you not to murder me for this,

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

Oh ! know you yet, he doth it publicly.

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm ;

He needs no indirect, nor lawless course,

To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Vil.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,

When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,

That princely novice, was struck dead by thee ?



*Clar.* My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Vil.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,  
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

*Clar.* If you do love my brother, hate not me :  
I am his brother, and I love him well.  
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,  
And I will send you to my brother Glo'ster,  
Who will reward you better for my life  
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Vil.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Glo'ster  
hates you.

*Clar.* Oh, no! he loves me, and he holds me dear.  
Go you to him from me.

*Both.* Ay, so we will.

*Clar.* Tell him, when that our princely father York  
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,  
And charg'd us, from his soul, to love each other,  
He little thought of this divided friendship.  
Bid Glo'ster think on this, and he will weep.

1. *Vil.* Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

*Clar.* Oh! do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Vil.* As snow in harvest—You deceive yourself;  
'T is he that sends us to destroy you here.

*Clar.* It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,  
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore with sobs,  
That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Vil.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you  
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Vil.* Make peace with God, for you must die,  
my Lord.

*Clar.* Have you that holy feeling in your soul,  
To counsel me to make my peace with God;



And are you yet to your own souls so blind,  
That you will war with God by murd'ring me?  
Oh! Sirs, consider, they that set you on  
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

2 *Vil.* What shall we do?

*Clar.* Relent, and save your souls.  
Which of you, if you were a Prince's son,  
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,  
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,  
Would not intreat for life? Ah! you would beg,  
Were you in my distress——

1 *Vil.* Relent! 'T is cowardly and womanish.

*Clar.* Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.  
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks:  
Oh! if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and intreat for me!  
A begging Prince what beggar pities not?

2 *Vil.* Look behind you, my Lord!

1 *Vil.* Take that, and that! if all this will not do,  
[*Stabs him.*  
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within. [*Exit.*

2 *Vil.* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd.  
—How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands  
Of this most grievous guilty murder!

*Re-enter first Villain.*

1 *Vil.* How now! what mean'st thou, that thou  
help'st me not?

By Heaven! the Duke shall know how slack you  
've been.

2 *Vil.* I would he knew that I had sav'd his  
brother!



Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;  
For I repent me that the Duke is slain. [*Exit.*

*I Vil.* So do not I. Go, coward as thou art!  
—Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole  
Till that the Duke give order for his burial;  
And, when I have my meed, I must away:  
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [*Exit.*

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N.^o XV.—KING HENRY VIII.

ACT III, SCENE II. *Wolsey alone.*

WOLSEY.

So, farewell to the little good you bear me!
Farewel, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man. To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh! how wretched

Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
 More pangs and fears than war or women have;
 And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again!

Enter Cromwell, standing amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What! amaz'd

At my misfortunes! Can thy spirit wonder
 A great man should decline! Nay, if you weep,
 I am fallen indeed!

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now, and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities;
 A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me,
 I humbly thank his Grace; and from these shoulders,
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
 A load would sink a navy — too much honour.
 Oh! 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden,
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom. I'm glad your Grace has made that right
 use of it.

Wol. I hope I have. I'm able now, methinks,
 Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
 To endure more miseries, and greater far,
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer,
 What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is
chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden——
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome;
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his Queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O Cromwell!

The King has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the King—
That sun, I pray, may never set. I've told him
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee:

Some little memory of me will stir him:
 I know his noble nature, not to let
 Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
 Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
 For thine own future safety.

Crom. Oh! my Lord,
 Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
 So good, so noble, and so true a master?
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his Lord!
 The King shall have my service; but my prayers
 For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries: but thou hast forc'd me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
 And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me must more be heard, say then, I taught thee;
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in,
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it,
 Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me!
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
 By that sin fell the angels: how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
 Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,

Thy God's, and Truth's; then, if thou fall'st, o
 Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King;
 And — pr'ythee, lead me in.
 There take an inventory of all I have;
 To the last penny, 't is the King's. My robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call my own. Oh! Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience!

Wol. So I have. Farewel

The hopes of Court! My hopes in Heaven do dwell.
 [Exeunt.

N.^o XVI. — KING HENRY VIII.

ACT IV, SCENE II. *Kimbolton.*

*Enter Catherine Dowager, sick, led between Griffith,
 her Gentleman-Usher, and Patience, her Woman.*

GRIFFITH.

How does your Grace?

Cath. Oh! Griffith, sick to death:
 My legs, like loaded branches, bow to the earth,
 Willing to leave their burden: reach a chair;
 So—Now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
 Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
 That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
 Was dead?

Griff. Yes, madam; but I think your Grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

Cath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died;
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Griff. Well; the voice goes, madam;
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Cath. Alas, poor man!

Griff. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words—*O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!

So went to-bed, where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himself
Foretold should be his last), full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

Cath. So may he rest! his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity—he was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom: simony was fair play;

His own opinion was his law : i' the presence
He would say untruths ; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning : he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Griff. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your Highness
To hear me speak his good now ?

Cath. Yes, good Griffith ;
I were malicious else.

Griff. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one :
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading :
Lofty, and sour to them that lov'd him not ;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer,
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely : ever witness for him,
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford ; one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good he did it ;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,

And found the blessedness of being little:
 And, to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Cath. After my death I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth, and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!—
 Patience, be near me still: and set me lower:
 I have not long to trouble thee—Good Griffith,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note
 I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn music.

Griff. She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit down
 quiet
 For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision.

Cath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye gone?
 And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Griff. Madam, we're here.

Cath. It is not you I call for.
 Saw you none enter since I slept?

Griff. None, Madam.

Cath. No! Saw you not e'en now a blessed troop
 Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
 Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
 They promised me eternal happiness,

And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall, assuredly.

Griff. I am most joyful, Madam, such good
dreams

Possess your fancy.

Cath. Bid the music leave ;
'T is harsh and heavy to me.

[*Music ceases.*

Pat. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden ?
How long her face is drawn ! how pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold ! Observe her eyes.

Griff. She is going, wench. Pray, pray—

Pat. Heaven comfort her !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An 't like your Grace—

Cath. You are a saucy fellow.
Deserve we no more reverence ?

Griff. You 're to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

Mess. [*kneeling*] I humbly do intreat your
Highness' pardon ;

My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman sent from the King to see you.

Cath. Admit him entrance, Griffith. But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exit Messenger.*

Enter Capucius.

If my sight fail not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew ; and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Cath. O my Lord,
The times and titles are now alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,
First mine own service to your Grace; the next,
The King's request that I would visit you,
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good comfort.

Cath. O my good Lord! that comfort comes too
late;
'T is like a pardon after execution.
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I 'm past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Cath. So may he ever do, and ever flourish
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, Madam.

Cath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willing, Madam.

Cath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter.
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding
(She's young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well) and a little

To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully;
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
And now I should not lye, but well deserves,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband; let him be a noble,
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is for my men; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me.
If Heaven had pleas'd to 've given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents. And, good my Lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world;
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heaven! I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Cath. I thank you, honest Lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highness;
And tell him his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him, in death I bless'd him;
For so I will—Mine eyes grow dim. Farewel,
My Lord—Griffith, farewel—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed—
Call in more women—When I'm dead, good wench,

Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
 I was a chaste wife to my grave; embalm me;
 Then lay me forth. Although unqueen'd, yet like
 A Queen, and daughter to a King, inter me—
 I can no more— [Exeunt, leading Catharine.

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 N.º XVII. — JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT II, SCENE I.

BRUTUS *alone.*

BOY! Lucius!—Fast asleep—It is no matter;  
 Enjoy the honey heavy dew of slumber!  
 Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,  
 Which busy care draws in the brains of men;  
 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*Enter Portia.*

*Por.* Brutus, my Lord!

*Bru.* Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise  
 you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit  
 Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. You've ungently,  
 Brutus,  
 Stol'n from my bed; and, yesternight at supper,  
 You suddenly arose and walk'd about,  
 Musing and sighing, with your arms across;  
 And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.



I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,  
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;  
Yet I insisted; yet you answer'd not;  
But with an angry wafture of your hand  
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,  
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withal,  
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man,  
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;  
And could it work so much upon your shape,  
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,  
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my Lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

*Bru.* I am not well in health, and that is all.

*Por.* Brutus is wise; and were he not in health,  
He would embrace the means to come by it.

*Bru.* Why, so I do—Good Portia, go to bed.

*Por.* Is Brutus sick? and is it physical  
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours  
Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick?  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed  
To dare the vile contagion of the night,  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus,  
You have some sick offence within your mind,  
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,  
I charge you, by my once-commended beauty,  
By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,



Why you are heavy, and what men to-night  
Have had resort to you; for here have been  
Some six or seven who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle, Brutus.  
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
Is it excepted I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,  
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,  
To keep with you at meals, consort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the  
suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Then am I Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

*Bru.* You are my true and honourable wife;  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know this  
secret.

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,  
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife.  
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,  
A woman well reputed Cato's daughter.  
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,  
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?  
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:  
I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
Giving myself a voluntary wound  
Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,  
And not my husband's secrets?

*Bru.* O ye Gods!



Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knock.*  
 Hark, hark, one knocks! Portia, go in awhile;  
 And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
 The secrets of my heart.  
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
 All the charactery of my sad brows—  
 Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*

N.<sup>o</sup> XVIII.—JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT III, SCENE II. *The Forum.*

*Enter Brutus, and mounts the Rostra; Cassius, with  
 the Plebeians.*

*Plebeian.*

WE will be satisfied. Let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience,  
 friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,  
 And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;  
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;  
 And public reasons shall be rendered  
 Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear Cassius, and compare their  
 reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians.*

3 *Pleb.* The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.



Romans, Countrymen, and Lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition.

Who is here so base that would be a bondman?

If any, speak; for him have I offended.

Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman?

If any, speak; for him have I offended.

Who is here so vile that will not love his country?

If any, speak; for him have I offended.

I pause for a reply.

*All.* None, Brutus, none.

*Bru.* Then none have I offended.

I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.



*Enter Mark Antony with Cæsar's body.*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth, as which of you shall not! With this I depart, that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

*All.* Live, Brutus, live! live!

*1 Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

*2 Pleb.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

*3 Pleb.* Let him be Cæsar.

*4 Pleb.* Cæsar's better parts  
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

*1. Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house  
With shouts and clamours.

*Bru.* My countrymen——

*2 Pleb.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

*1 Pleb.* Peace, ho!

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,  
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.  
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech  
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,  
By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a man depart,  
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. *[Exit.]*

*1 Pleb.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

*3 Pleb.* Let him go up into the public chair,  
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.



4 *Pleb.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Pleb.* He says, for Brutus' sake  
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus  
here.

1 *Pleb.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain.  
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans——

*All.* Peace ho! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me  
your ears.

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil, that men do, lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar! Noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

For Brutus is an honourable man,

So are they all, all honourable men,

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:



Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
You all did see that on the Lupercal  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke ;  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without cause :  
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?  
O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me :  
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Pleb.* If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, masters ? I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take the crown ;

Therefore, 't is certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2. *Pleb.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3. *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,



And none so poor to do him reverence.  
 O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir  
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
 Who, you all know, are honourable men.  
 I will not do them wrong: I rather choose  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you  
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
 But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;  
 I found it in his closet; 't is his will.  
 Let but the Commons hear this testament,  
 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,  
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood—  
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
 Unto their issue.

*4 Pleb.* We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.

*All.* The will! the will! We will hear Cæsar's will!

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends! I must not  
 read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.  
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;  
 And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;  
 For, if you should, oh! what would come of it!

*4 Pleb.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony:  
 You shall read us the will: Cæsar's will!

*Ant.* Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?  
 I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.



I fear I wrong the honourable men  
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar. I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors. Honourable men!

*All.* The will! the testament!

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers. The will!  
Read the will!

*Ant.* You will compel me then to read the will?  
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,  
And let me shew you him that made the will.  
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

*All.* Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave—

4 *Pleb.* A ring! Stand round!

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse! stand from the  
body!

2 *Pleb.* Room for Antony—most noble Antony!

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me! stand far off!

*All.* Stand back! room! bear back!

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this mantle. I remember,  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on,  
'T was on a summer's evening in his tent,  
That day he overcame the Nervii,  
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;  
See! what a rent the envious Casca made!  
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;  
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd  
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no.  
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel;



Judge, O you Gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him.  
 This was the most unkindest cut of all:  
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
 Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart:  
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.  
 Oh what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down:  
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
 Oh! now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel  
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.  
 Kind souls! what, weep you, when you but behold  
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!  
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Pleb.* O woful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors! villains!

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd! Revenge! About—  
 seek—burn—fire—kill! slay! Let not a traitor live!

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen —

1 *Pleb.* Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him; we'll follow him; we  
 'll die with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir  
 you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny:

They that have done this deed are honourable.

What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,



That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,  
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:  
 I am no orator, as Brutus is,  
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
 That love my friend; and that they know full well  
 That give me public leave to speak of him;  
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
 Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
 To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.  
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;  
 Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb  
 mouths!

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,  
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*All.* We'll mutiny—

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Pleb.* Away then! Come, seek the conspirators!

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak!

*All.* Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony!

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not  
 what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not. I must tell you then.

You have forgot the will I told you of.

*All.* Most true—the will—Let's stay and hear  
 the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.  
 To every Roman citizen he gives,



To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Pleb.* Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.* O royal Cæsar!

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*All.* Peace, ho!

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,  
On that side Tiber; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never! Come, away, away!  
We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire all the traitors' houses!  
Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire!

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches!

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing!

[*Exeunt Plebeians with the body.*]

*Ant.* Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot;  
Take thou what course thou wilt!



## N.<sup>o</sup> XIX.—JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT IV, SCENE III. *The inside of Brutus's Tent.*  
*Brutus and Cassius.*

CASSIUS.

THAT you have wrong'd me doth appear in this—  
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,



For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;  
Wherein my letter, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

*Bru.* You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm  
To sell, and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm?  
You know that you are Brutus, that speak this ;  
Or, by the Gods ! this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

*Cas.* Chastisement ! —————

*Bru.* Remember March, the Ides of March  
remember !

Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake ?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice ? What ! shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world,  
But for supporting robbers—shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ;  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours  
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus ? —  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bay not me ;  
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,  
To edge me in. I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself



To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to : you are not Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say, you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more; I shall forget myself—  
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther.

*Bru.* Away, slight man!

*Cas.* Is 't possible? ———

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak;  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?  
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

*Cas.* O Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all this?

*Bru.* All this! ay, more. Fret, till your proud  
heart break;

Go, shew your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour? By the Gods!  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you : for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this?

*Bru.* You say, you are a better soldier:  
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way—you wrong me,  
Brutus :

I said, an elder soldier, not a better.  
Did I say better?—

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.



*Cas.* When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted

*Cas.* I durst not! — [him.

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What! durst not tempt him?

*Bru.* For your, life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love.  
I may do that I should be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty  
That they pass by me as the idle wind  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold which you deny'd me;  
For I can raise no money by vile means;  
By Heaven! I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash  
By any indirection. I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you deny'd me. Was that done like Cassius?  
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts!  
Dash him to pieces!

*Cas.* I deny'd you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not—he was but a fool  
That brought my answer back—Brutus hath riv'd  
my heart:



A friend should bear his friend's infirmities ;  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatt'rer's would not, though they do appear  
As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come—  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is weary of the world :  
Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;  
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,  
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. Oh ! I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes ! There is my dagger !  
And here my naked breast ! within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold.  
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;  
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart :  
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ! for, I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him  
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheath your dagger :

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;  
Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius lived



To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand !

*Bru.* And my heart too ! *[Embracing.*

*Cas.* O Brutus !

*Bru.* What's the matter ?

*Cas.* Have you not love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,  
Makes me forgetful ?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius ; and from henceforth,  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

*Enter Lucilius and Titinius.*

*Bru.* Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders  
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

*Cas.* And come yourselves, and bring Messala  
with you,

Immediately to us. *[Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*

*Bru.* Lucius, a bowl of wine.

*Cas.* I did not think you could have been so angry.

*Bru.* O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

*Cas.* Of your philosophy you make no use,  
If you give place to accidental evils.

*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better. Portia's dead.

*Cas.* Ha ! Portia !

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so ?  
O insupportable and touching loss !  
Upon what sickness ?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence ;



And grief that young Octavius, with Mark Antony,  
Have made themselves so strong (for with her death  
That tidings came), with this she fell distract,  
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

*Cas.* And dy'd so?

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cas.* O ye immortal Gods!

*Bru.* Speak no more of her.

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N.^o XX.—TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT IV, SCENE III. *The Woods.*

Enter Timon.

TIMON.

O Blessed, breeding Sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity! below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant, touch with several fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser. Not even nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pastor lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him leave. Who dares, who
dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,

And say, this man's a flatterer! If one be,
 So are they all; for every grize of fortune
 Is smooth' by that below. The learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique;
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures
 But direct villainy. Therefore be abhorr'd
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains!
 Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots.
[*Digging the earth.*

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison!
 What's here? Gold! Yellow, glittering, precious
 gold!
 No, Gods! I am no idle votarist.
 Roots, you clear heavens!
 Thus much
 Of this will make black, white; fair, foul; wrong,
 right;
 Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
 You Gods! Why, this—What! this, you Gods!—
 Why, this
 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.
 This yellow slave
 Will knit and break religions; bless th' accurs'd;
 Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,
 With senators on the bench: this is it,
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again.
 She whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores,
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices

To th' April day again. Come, damned earth !
 Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right nature—[*March afar off.*] Ha! a drum !
 — Thou 'rt quick,
 But yet I 'll bury thee. Thou 'lt go, strong thief,
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.
 —Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*]

Enter Alcibiades, with drum and fife in warlike manner, and Phrynia and Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. Cancers gnaw thy heart,

For shewing me again the eyes of man!

Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
 That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind.
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
 That I might love thee something.

Alc. I know thee well ;
 But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd, and strange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more than that I know
 thee

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum ;
 With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
 Religious canons, civil laws, are cruel ;
 Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
 Hath in her more destruction than thy sword
 For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee : then the rot returns

To thine own lips again.

Alc. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do
thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none.
If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee!
For thou art a man; if thou dost perform,
Confound thee! for thou art a man.

Alc. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

Alc. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the
world

Voic'd so regardfully!

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still. They love thee not that
use thee:

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust;
Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves
For tubs and baths, bring down the rose-cheek'd
youth

To th' tub-fast, and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alc. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd, and lost in his calamities.

—I have but little gold of late, brave Timon;
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I heard and griev'd
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them—

Tim. I pr'y thee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost
trouble?

I'd rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well.

Here's gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap—

Tim. War'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alc. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The Gods confound them all then in thy
conquest,

And after, thee, when thou hast conquered!

Alc. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That by killing of villains thou wast born
to conquer my country.

Put up thy gold. Go on—Here's gold—Go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air. Let not thy sword skip one.

Pity not honour'd Age for his white beard;

He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron:

It is her habit only that is honest;

Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,

That through the window-barn bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ;
Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the
babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their
mercy;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse. Swear against objects,
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priest in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers.
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! speak not! be gone—

Alc. Hast thou gold yet?

I'll take the gold thou giv'st me, not thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, Heaven's curse
upon thee!

Both. Give us some gold, good Timon. Hast thou
more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant; you're not oathable,
Although I know you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal Gods that hear you. Spare your
oaths:

I'll trust to your conditions. Be whores still.
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoak,

And be no turncoats. Yet may your pains
 Six months be quite contrary : and thatch
 Your poor thin roofs with burdens of the dead,
 (Some that were hang'd, no matter)
 Wear them, betray with them, and whore on still;
 Paint till a horse may mire upon your face;
 A pox of wrinkles !

Both. Well, more gold—what then ?
 Believe that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
 In hollow bones of men ; strike the sharp shins,
 And marr men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
 That he may never more false title plead,
 Nor sound his quilllets shrilly : hoar the flamen,
 That scolds against the quality of flesh,
 And not believes himself : down with the nose,
 Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away
 Of him, that, his particular to foresee,
 Smells from the general weal : make curl-pate
 ruffians bald ;
 And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
 Derive some pain from you. Plague all ;
 That your activity may defeat and quell
 The source of all erection—There's more gold !
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
 And ditches grave you all !

Both. More counsel with more money, bounteous
 Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief, first. I've given
 you earnest.

Alc. Strike up the drums towards Athens.
 Farewell, Timon.

If I thrive well, I 'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I 'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Callst thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee hence! Away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him—Strike!

[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia,
and Timandra.*]

Tim. [*Digging.*] That nature, being sick of man's
unkindness,

Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all th' abhorred births below crisp heaven,
Whereon Hyperion's quick'ning fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conception womb;
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man:
Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented—Oh! a root—Dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas,
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips—

Enter Apemantus.

More man! Plague! plague!—

Apem. I was directed hither. Men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected,
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit, and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseases'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee; hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou 'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears (like tapsters, that bid
welcome)

To knaves and all approachers: 't is most just
That thou turn rascal. Hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou 'st cast away thyself, being like
thyself,

So long a madman, now a fool. What think'st thou,
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moist trees,
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,

And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold
brook,
Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,
Whose naked natures live in all the spight
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature! bid them flatter thee;
Oh! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee; depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in 't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 't were well; but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou 'dst courtier be,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp; is crown'd before;
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish. Best states, contentless,
Have a distracted and most wretched being;
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
 With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
 Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded
 Through sweet degrees that this brief world affords,
 To such as may the passive drugs of it
 Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself
 In general riot, melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
 The icy precepts of respect, but followed
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary,
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of
 men

At duty, more than I could frame employments
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak; have with one winter's brush
 Fall'n from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows. I to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden.
 Thy nature did commence in suff'rance; time
 Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou
 hate men?

They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given?
 If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
 Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
 To some she-beggar, and compounded thee,
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! Begone—
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
 Thou hadst been knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now.
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone!
—That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here. I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him another.*

Tim. First mend my company; take away thyself!

Apem. So I shall mend my own, by th' lack of
thine.

Tim. 'T is not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind, if thou wilt.
Tell them there, I have gold. Look! so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest:
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that 's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather,
where
I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew
my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never
knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When
thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mock'd
thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest

none, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar!

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was belov'd after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee, thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, or remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the Gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert a lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass; if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou liv'dst but as a breakfast to the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee; and oft thou shouldst

hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine ownself the conquest of thy fury. Wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? And what a beast art thou already, and seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here. The Commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a Poet, and a Painter! The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon! A plague on thee!

Apem. Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee—I 'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me that thou art alive!

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away! thou tedious rogue; I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee.

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue! rogue! rogue!

[*Apemantus retreats backward, as going.*

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph;

That death in thee at others' lives may laugh.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible God,

That sold'st close impossibilities,

And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every
tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!

Think thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire.

Apem. 'Would 't were so;
But not till I am dead! I'll say, thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.—

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die! I am quit.
More things like men—Eat, Timon, and abhor
them. [Exit Apemantus.]

N.^o XXI. — CYMBELINE.

ACT II, SCENE II. *A magnificent Bed-Chamber;
in one part of it a large trunk.*

*Imogen is discovered reading in her bed, a Lady
attending.*

IMOGEN.

Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, Madam—

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then; mine eyes
are weak.

Fold down the leaf where I have left. To-bed!

Take not away the taper, leave it burning:

And if thou canst awake by four o' th' clock,

I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*

To your protection I commend me, Gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye! [*Sleeps.*

[*Iachimo rises from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd
sense

Repairs itself by rest; our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! Fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! that I might touch!
But kiss, one kiss—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do 't!—'T is her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see the inclosed light, now canopy'd
Under these windows: white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct—But my design's
To note the chamber—I will write all down,
Such and such pictures—there, the window—such
The adornment of her bed—the arras, figures—
Why, such and such—and the contents o' the story—
Ah! but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables,
Would testify, to enrich my inventory.
O Sleep, thou ape of Death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off! come off—

[*Taking off her bracelet.*

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard—

'T is mine; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her Lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I' the bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
 Will force him think I've pick'd the lock, and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. No more—to what
 end?

Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
 Screw'd to my memory! She hath been reading,
 late,
 The Tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
 Where Philomel gave up—I have enough—
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
 May bare its raven eye: I lodge in fear;
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here!

[*Clock strikes.*

One, two, three! Time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk; the Scene closes.*

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 N.<sup>o</sup> XXII.—CYMBELINE.

ACT III, SCENE III. *A Forest with a Cave, in  
 Wales.*

*Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

BELLARIUS.

A Goodly day! not to keep house, with such  
 Whose roof's as low as ours. See, boys! this gate



Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows  
you

To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs  
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through,  
And keep their impious turbands on, without  
Good-morrow to the Sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!  
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly  
As prouder livers do.

*Guid.* Hail, heaven!

*Arr.* Hail, heaven!

*Bel.* Now for our mountain sport! Up to yon  
hill;

Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Consider,  
When you, above, perceive me like a crow,  
That it is *place* which lessens and sets off.  
And you may then revolve what tales I told you,  
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war.  
This service is not service, so being done,  
But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,  
Draws up a profit from all things we see:  
And often, to our comfort, shall we find  
The sharded beetle in a safer hold  
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh! this life  
Is nobler than attending for a cheek;  
Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble;  
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:  
Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,  
Yet keeps his book uncross'd. No life to ours.

*Guid.* Out of your proof you speak. We, poor,  
unfledg'd,

Have never wing'd from yiew o' the nest; nor know  
not



What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,  
If quiet life is best : sweeter to you,  
That have a sharper known ; well corresponding  
With your stiff age : but unto us, it is  
A cell of ignorance ; travelling a-bed ;  
A prison, for a debtor that not dares  
To stride a limit.

*Arr.* What should we speak of,  
When we are old as you ! when we shall hear  
The rain and wind beat dark December ! How,  
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse  
The freezing hours away ! We have seen nothing ;  
We're beastly ; subtle as the fox for prey,  
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :  
Our valour is to chase what flies ; our cage  
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,  
And sing our bondage freely.

*Bel.* How you speak !  
Did you but know the city's usuries,  
And felt them knowingly ; the art o' the Court,  
As hard to leave as keep ; whose top to climb  
Is certain falling, or so slippery that  
The fear's as bad as falling ; the toil of the war,  
A pain that only seems to seek out danger  
I' the name of fame and honour ; which dies i' the  
search ;

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,  
As record of fair act ; nay, many time,  
Doth ill deserve, by doing well : what's worse,  
Must curtsy at the censure. Oh ! boys, this story  
The world may read in me : my body's mark'd  
With Roman swords ; and my report was once



First with the best of note. Cymbeline lov'd me;  
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name  
 Was not far off: then was I as a tree,  
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but, in one night,  
 A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,  
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,  
 And left me bare to weather!

*Guid.* Uncertain favour!

*Bel.* My fault being nothing, as I have told you  
 oft,

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd  
 Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,  
 I was confederate with the Romans; so  
 Follow'd my banishment; and these twenty years,  
 This rock and these demesnes have been my world;  
 Where I have liv'd an honest freedom; paid  
 More pious debts to heaven than in all  
 The fore end of my time—But, up to th' mountains?  
 This is not hunters' language: he that strikes  
 The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;  
 To him the other two shall minister:  
 And we will fear no poison which attends  
 In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the  
 vallies. [ *Exeunt Guid. and Arv.*

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!  
 These boys know little they are sons to the king;  
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.  
 They think they are mine; and though train'd up  
 thus meanly  
 I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit  
 The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,  
 In simple and low things, to prince it, much



Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,  
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom  
The King his father called Guiderius—Jove!  
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell  
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out  
Into my story : say, *Thus mine enemy fell ;*  
*And thus I set my foot on his neck :* even then  
The princely blood flows in his cheek ; he sweats,  
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture  
That acts my words. The younger brother Cadwal  
(Once Arviragus) in as like a figure,  
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more  
His own conceiving—Hark ! the game is rouz'd—  
Oh, Cymbeline ! Heaven and my conscience know,  
Thou didst unjustly banish me ; whereon,  
At three and two years old I stole these babes ;  
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as  
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,  
Thou wast their nurse : they take thee for their  
mother,  
And every day do honour to her grave ;  
Myself, Bellarius, that am Morgan call'd,  
They take for natural father. The game's up. [*Exit.*]

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N.<sup>o</sup> XXIII.—KING LEAR.ACT III, SCENE II. *A Heath. Storm.**Enter Lear and Fool.*

LEAR.

BLOW winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow!  
 You cataracts, and hurricanes, spout  
 Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the  
 cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,  
 Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-boits,  
 Singe my white beard! And thou, all-shaking  
 thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world;  
 Crack nature's mould; all germins split at once  
 That make ingrateful man!

*Fool.* O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house  
 is better than the rain-water out o' door. Good  
 nuncle, in, and ask thy daughter's blessing: here  
 's a night that pities neither wise men nor fools.

*Lear.* Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout rain;  
 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters,  
 I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness:  
 I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you children:  
 You owe me no subscription; then let fall  
 Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand, your slave,  
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man;  
 But yet I call you servile ministers,  
 That have with two pernicious daughters join'd



Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head  
So old and white as this. Oh! oh! 't is foul.

*Fool.* He that has a house to put 's head in, has  
a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house,  
Before the head has any,  
The head and he shall louse;  
So beggars marry many.

That man that makes his toe,  
What he his heart should make,  
Shall of a corn cry woe,  
And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman, but she made  
mouths in a glass.

*Enter Kent.*

*Lear.* No, I will be the pattern of all patience;  
I will say nothing.

*Kent.* Who 's there?

*Fool.* Marry, here 's grace, and a cod-piece; that  
's a wise man and a fool.

*Kent.* Alas, Sire, are you here? Things that love  
night,

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies  
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,  
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,  
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,  
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never  
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot  
carry

The affliction nor the fear.

*Lear.* Let the great Gods,



That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,  
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,  
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes,  
 Unwhipt of justice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand,  
 Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue,  
 That art incestuous! Caitiff, shake to pieces,  
 That, under covert and convenient seeming,  
 Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,  
 Rive your concealing continents, and ask  
 These dreadful summoners grace—I am a man,  
 More sinn'd against than sinning.

*Kent.* Alack, bare-headed!  
 Gracious my Lord, hard by here is a hovel;  
 Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest.  
 Repose you there, while I to this hard house,  
 More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd,  
 Which even but now, demanding after you,  
 Denied me to come in, return, and force  
 Their scant'd courtesy.

*Lear.* My wits begin to turn.  
 Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? art cold?  
 I'm cold myself. Where is the straw, my fellow?  
 The art of our necessities is strange, [hovel—  
 That can make vile things precious. Come, your  
 Poor fool and knave, I've one part in my heart,  
 That's sorry yet for thee.

*Fool.* *He that has a little tiny wit,  
 With, heigh ho! the wind and the rain,  
 Must make content with his fortunes fit,  
 Though the rain it raineth every day.*

*Lear.* True, my good boy. Come, bring us to  
 this hovel. [Exit.



*Fool.* 'T is a brave night to cool a courtezan.  
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go.

When priests are more in words than matter;

When brewers marr their malt with water;

When nobles are their tailors' tutors;

No heretics burn, but wenches' suitors:

Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,

That going shall be us'd with feet.

When every case in law is right,

No 'squire in debt, and no poor knight;

When slanders do not live in tongues,

Nor cut-purses come not to throngs;

When usurers tell their gold i' the field,

And bawds and whores do churches build:

Then shall the realm of Albion

Come to great confusion.

This prophecy Merlin shall make, for I do live  
before his time.

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N.^o XXIV. — KING LEAR.

ACT III, SCENE IV. *Changes to a part of the Heath
with a Hovel.*

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

KENT.

HERE is the place, my Lord; good my Lord, enter.
The tyranny of the open night 's too rough
For nature to endure. [Storm still.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Will 't break my heart?

Kent. I 'd rather break mine own. Good my Lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm

Invades us to the skin; so 't is to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou 'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the
mind's free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not, as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to 't!—But I 'll punish home
No, I will weep no more—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on! I will endure—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Gonerill!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all—
Oh! that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that—

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more—But I 'll go in.
In, boy; go first [*To the Fool*] You houseless
poverty—

Nay, get thee in; I 'll pray, and then I 'll sleep—

[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That 'bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!

How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? Oh! I have ta'en
Too little care of this. Take physic, Pomp!
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just!

Edg. [*within*] Fathom and half, fathom and half!
poor Tom.

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit!
Help me, help me!

[*The Fool runs out from the Hovel.*]

Kent. Give me thy hand. Who's there!

Fool. A spirit, a spirit! He says, his name's poor
Tom.

Kent. What art thou, that dost grumble there i'
the straw?

Come forth!

Enter Edgar, disguised like a Madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me.
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.
Humph! go to thy bed and warm thee.

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters? and
art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom
the foul fiend hath led through fire and through
flame, through ford and through whirlpool, o'er
bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his
pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his
porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a
bay trotting horse over four-inch'd bridges, to

course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits : Tom's a-cold. O do de, do de, do de! Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now—and there—and here again, and there! [*Storm still.*]

Lear. What! have his daughters brought him to this pass!—

Couldst thou save nothing? didst thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had been all asham'd.

Lear. Now all the plagues, that in the pendulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir.

Lear. Death! traitor. Nothing could have subdued nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock-hill,

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend! Obey thy parents. Keep thy word justly; swear not. Commit not with man's sworn spouse. Set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving man, proud in heart and mind;

that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven. One that slept in the contriving lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk. False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the ruffling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: says suum, mun, nonny, dolphin, my boy, boy, Sessey let him trot by. [Storm still.

Lear. Why thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies——

Is man no more than this! Consider him well:
Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide;
The sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—ha!
here's

Three of us are sophisticated! Thou art the thing
Itself: unaccommodated man is no more than
Such a poor bare forked animal as thou art—

Off, off,
You lendings! Come, unbutton here—

[Tearing off his clothes.

Fool. Pry'thee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a
naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a
wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small

spark, and all the rest on's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul Flibbertigibbet, he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock. He gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of the earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the Wold:

He met the night-mare and her nine fold,

Bid her alight, and her troth plight,

And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee.

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter Glo'ster with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallads, swallows the old rat and the ditch dog, drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whip'd from tything to tything, and stock'd, punish'd, and imprison'd; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear;

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,

Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace, Smolkin, peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What! hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Modo he's called, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is grown so
vile,

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughter's hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.
—What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. My good Lord, take his offer.
Go into th' house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned
Theban.

—What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let us ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my Lord.
His wits begin t' unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him? [*Storm still.*
His daughters seek his death. Ah, that good Kent!
He said it would be thus—poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st the King grows mad: I'll tell thee,
friend,

I'm almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend:
No father, his son dearer. True to tell thee,

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!
I do beseech your Grace—

Lear. O, cry you mercy, Sir.

—Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, into th' hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him—

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, sooth him; let him take
the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words, hush!

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came.

His word was still, Fy, foh, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man. [*Exeunt.*]

N.^o XXV.—KING LEAR.

ACT III, SCENE VI. *A Chamber in a Farm-
House.*

Enter Kent and Glo'ster.

GLO'STER.

HERE is better than the open air, take it thankfully.
I will piece out the comfort with what addition I
can; I will not be long from you. [*Exit.*]

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience. The gods reward your kindness!

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. Fraterreto calls me, and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray innocent, and beware the fould fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King!

Fool. No, he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hizzing in upon 'em—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight. Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer; Thou sapient Sir, sit here—Now, eye she-foxes!

Edg. Look, where she stands and glares! Wantest thou eyes! At trial, Madam.

Come o'er the broom, Bessy, to me.

Fool. Her boat hath a leak, and she must not speak;

Why, she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, Sir! Stand you not so amaz'd!
Will you lie down, and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I 'll see their trial first; bring me in the
evidence.

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;
And thou his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side. You are o' th' commission, sit
you too.

Edg. Let us deal justly.
Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Purre, the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 't is Goneril. I here
take my oath before this honourable assembly, she
kicked the poor King her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress; is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy! I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here 's another, whose warp'd looks
proclaim

What store her heart is made of. Stop her there!
Arms! arms! sword! fire!—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. Oh pity! Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They mar my counterfeiting. [Aside.

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me!

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them. Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mungril grim,
Hound or spaniel, brache, or lym;
Or hobtail tike, or trundle-tail,
Tom will make him weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Sessey, come, march to wakes and fairs,

And market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan. See what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?—You, Sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say, they are Persian; but let them be changed.

Re-enter Glo'ster.

Kent. Now, good my Lord, lie here and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the curtains.

So, so, we'll go to supper i' th' morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Glo. Come hither, friend. Where is the King, my master?

Kent. Here, Sir; but trouble him not; his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms.

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.

There is a litter ready; lay him in 't,

And drive tow'rd Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master.

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up,

And follow me, that will to some provision

Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps.

This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,

Which, if conveniency will not allow,

Stand in hard cure. Come, help to bear thy master;

Thou must not stay behind. [*To Fool.*

Glo. Come, come away!

[*Exeunt, bearing off the King.*

Manet Edgar.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes.

Who alone suffers, suffers most i' th' mind;

Leaving free things and happy shows behind:

But then the mind much suff'rance does o'erskip,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship,

How light, and portable, my pain seems now,

When that, which makes me bend, makes the King
bow!

He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away!

Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray;

When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,

In thy just proof repeals, and reconciles thee.

What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the King!

Lurk, lurk——— [Exit Edgar.

N.^o XXVI.—KING LEAR.

ACT IV, SCENE VI. Edgar *and* Glo'ster.

Enter Lear, mad.

EDGAR.

BUT who comes here?

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate

His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the King himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect. There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper. Draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace!—this piece of toasted cheese will do 't—There's my gauntlet, I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well-flown, Bird! i' th' clout, i' th' clout: hewgh—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram,

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril! with a white beard! They flattered me like a dog; and told me I had white

hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say *ay* and *no* to every thing I said! *Ay* and *No* too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to! they are not men of their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lye; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember: Is 't not the King?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king.
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was the cause?
Adultery?

Thou shalt not die. Die for adultery! No;
The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive; for Glo'ster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To 't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers—
Behold yon simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to 't
With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the Gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiend's; there 's hell, there 's
darkness,

There is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench,
consumption! Fy, fy, fy! pah, pah!

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary,
To sweeten my imagination! There's money for

Glo. Oh! let me kiss that hand! [thee.

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know me!

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost
thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid;
I'll not love. Read thou this challenge: mark but
the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report. It is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with this case of eyes?

Lear. Oh, oh! are you there with me? No eyes
in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your
eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light; yet
you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What! art mad? A man may see how this
world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears:
see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief.
Hark in thine ear. Change places, and handy-
dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?
Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar.

Glo. Ay, Sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur. There
thou might'st behold the great image of authority;
a dog's obey'd in office—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
 Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thy own back;
 Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind,
 For which thou whip'st her. Th' usurer hangs the
 cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
 Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with
 gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
 Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
 None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:
 Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
 To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,
 And, like a scurvy politician, seem
 To see the things thou dost not.
 Now, now, now, now! Pull off my boots. Harder,
 harder! So.

Edg. O matter and impertinency mix'd!
 Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
 I know thee well enough, thy name is Glo'ster.
 Thou must be patient: we came crying hither;
 Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
 We wawle and cry. I will preach to thee. Mark—

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are
 come
 To this great stage of fools—This a good block!—
 It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
 A troop of horse with felt; I'll put 't in proof;
 And when I've stolen upon these sons-in-law,
 Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. Oh! here he is, lay hand upon him. Sir, Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What! a prisoner? I am even The natural fool of fortune. Use me well, You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons, I am cut to th' brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds! all myself? Why, this would make a man, a man of salt; To use his eyes for garden water-pots, And laying autumn's dust. I will die bravely, Like a smug bridegroom. What! I will be jovial. Come, come, I am a King, my masters; know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, an' you get it, You shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa! [*Exit.*

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch, Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast one daughter, Who redeems nature from the general curse Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail! gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you. What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, Sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar; every one hears that, Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour, How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot. The main descry Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, Sir. That's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on special cause
is here,

Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, Sir. [*Exit Gent.*]

Glo. You ever gentle Gods, take my breath
from me;

Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good Sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's
blows,

Who, by the art of knowing and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some bidding.

Glo. Hearty thanks;

The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!—

N.^o XXVII.—ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT II, SCENE II. Capulet's Garden.

Enter Romeo.

ROMEO.

HE jests at scars, that never felt a wound—

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

[*Juliet appears above at a window.*]

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off—
It is my lady; Oh! it is my love;
Oh! that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it—
I am too bold; 't is not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars of all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As day-light doth a lamp: her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks.

Oh! speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger from heaven,
Unto the white-upturned, wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo!—Wherefore art thou
Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

[*Aside.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face—nor any other part.
What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title. Romeo, quit thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:

Call me but Love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus, bescreen'd in
So stumblest on my counsel? [night,

Rom. By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and
wherefore?

The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch
these walls,

For stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
eyes,

And but thou love me, let them find me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this
place?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to enquire:
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandize.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my
face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke—but farewel, compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say *ay*;

And I will take thy word—yet if thou swear'st,
 Thou may'st prove false : at lovers' perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs. Oh, gentle Romeo!
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully!
 Or, if you think I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee *nay*,
 So thou wilt woo; but else not for the world.
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
 And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light;
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
 Than those that have more coying to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou over-heard'st ere I was 'ware,
 My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

Jul. O swear not by the moon, the inconstant
 moon,
 That monthly changes in her circled orb;
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the God of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love—

Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contract to night;
 It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be

Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good night,
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night—as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Rom. Oh! wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow
for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose,
love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within! Dear love, adieu!

[*Nurse calls within.*

Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night I am afraid,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night
indeed!

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

Where, and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
 And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.

[*Within: Madam!*
 I come anon—but if thou mean'st not well,
 I do beseech thee—[*Within: Madam!*] By and by
 I come—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
 To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul—

Jul. A thousand times good night. [*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy
 light!

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their
 books;

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! Oh! for a falconer's voice,
 To lure this tassel gentle back again!
 Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,
 Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
 And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
 With repetition of my Romeo.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name.
 How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
 Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
 Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail ; 't is twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget to have thee still stand there ;
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'T is almost morning ; I would have thee
gone,

And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor pris'ner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird !

Jul. Sweet, so would I ;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing—
Good night, good night : parting is such sweet
sorrow,

That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes: peace in thy
breast !

Would I were sleep, and peace so sweet to rest !
Hence will I to my ghostly friar's close cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

N.º XXVIII.—ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT III, SCENE III. *The Monastery.**Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.*

FRIAR.

ROMEO, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man!
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's
doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company.
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

Rom. What less than doomsday is the Prince's
doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not say banishment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona's walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished, is banish'd from the world;
And world-exil'd, is death. Then banishment
Is death mis-term'd; calling death banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden ax,

And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !
Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word Death to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'T is torture, and not mercy. Heaven is
here

Where Juliet lives ; and every cat and dog,
And little mouse , ev'ry unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her ;
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies than Romeo : they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips ;
Which even in pure and vestal modesty
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.
This may flies do, when I from this must fly ;
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death ?
But Romeo may not—he is banished.
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground
knife,

No sudden means of death, though ne'er so mean,
But banished, to kill me ! Banished !

O Friar, the damned use that word in hell ;
Howlings attend it. How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word, Banishment ?

Fri. Fond madman, hear me speak—

Rom. Oh ! thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word,
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet, banished? Hang up philosophy:
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a Prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more—

Fri. Oh! then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have
no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost
not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered;
Doating like me, and like me banished;
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear
thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Throwing himself on the ground.*

Fri. Arise! one knocks. Good Romeo, hide
thyself. [*Knock within.*

Rom. Not I, unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knock.*

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—(Who's there)?—
Romeo, arise!

Thou wilt be taken—(Stay awhile)—stand up!
[*Knock.*

Run to my study—(By and by)—God's will!
What wilfulness is this!—I come, I come.

[*Knock.*

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand:
I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, oh! tell me, holy friar,
Where is my Lady's Lord? where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground! with his own heart made drunk.

Nurse. Oh! he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case. Oh! woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubb'ring and weeping; weeping and blubbering—
Stand up, stand up!—stand, an you be a man!
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand!
Why should you fall into so deep an oh?

Rom. Oh! Nurse!—

Nurse. Ah, Sir! ah, Sir!—Death is the end of all.

Rom. Speak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood, remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how does she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. Oh! she says nothing, Sir; but weeps and weeps:

And now falls on her bed, and then starts up;
And Tybalt cries, and then on Romeo calls,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
 Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
 Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand
 Murder'd her kinsman—Tell me, friar, tell me,
 In what vile part of this anatomy
 Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack
 The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand!
 Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art.
 Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
 Th' unreasonable fury of a beast.
 Unseemly woman in a seeming man,
 And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
 Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order!
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
 Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
 And slay thy lady, that in thy life lives,
 By doing damned hate upon thyself?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth, and heaven and
 earth,
 Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
 In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose?
 Fy! fy! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
 Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
 And usest none in that true use indeed,
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
 Digressing from the valour of a man;
 Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
 Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both.

Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
 Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
 What! rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:
 There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st Tybalt; there thou 'rt happy too.
 The law, that threaten'd death, became thy friend,
 And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy.
 A pack of blessings light upon thy back,
 Happiness courts thee in her best array,
 But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed;
 Ascend her chamber; hence, and comfort her:
 But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set;
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,
 Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy,
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Go before, Nurse. Commend me to thy lady,
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
 Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord! I could have staid here all night
 long

To hear good counsel. Oh, what learning is!
 My Lord, I'll tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you, Sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence! Good night. And here stands all
your state:

Either begone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day, disguis'd from hence,
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Ev'ry good hap to you, that chances here.
Give me thy hand! 'T is late. Farewel. Good night.

Rom. But that a joy, past joys, calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee. [*Exeunt.*

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N.º XXIX.—ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT IV, SCENE III. Juliet's Chamber.

*Enter Juliet and Nurse.*

JULIET.

Ay, those attires are best. But, gentle Nurse,  
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night:  
For I have need of many orisons  
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,  
Which, well thou know'st, is cross, and full of sin.

*Enter Lady Capulet.*

*La. Cap.* What, are you busy? Do you need my  
help?

*Jul.* No, Madam, we have cull'd such necessaries  
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow.



So please you, let me now be left alone,  
And let the Nurse this night sit up with you;  
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,  
In this so sudden business.

*La. Cap.* Good night:

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. [*Exeunt.*

*Jul.* Farewell—God knows when we shall meet  
again!

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,  
That almost freezes up the heat of life.

I'll call them back again to comfort me.

Nurse! What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone:

Come, phial!—what if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I of force be married to the Count?

No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there—

[*Laying down a dagger.*

—What if it be a poison, which the friar  
Subtly hath minister'd, to have me dead  
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,  
Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is, and yet methinks it should not,  
For he hath still been tried a holy man.

—How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
I wake before the time that Romeo

Comes to redeem me? There's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,  
And there be strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,  
Together with the terror of the place,



As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;  
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
 Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,  
 At some hours in the night spirits resort—  
 Alas! alas! is it not like, that I  
 So early waking, what with loathsome smells,  
 And shrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,  
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad?  
 Or, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
 Environed with all these hideous fears,  
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints,  
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?  
 And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
 As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?  
 Oh! look! Methinks I see my cousin's ghost  
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
 Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!  
 Romeo! I come; this do I drink to thee!

*[She throws herself on the bed.]*

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 N.^o XXX.—HAMLET.

ACT I, SCENE II. Hamlet.

HAMLET.

OH! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! oh fie! 't is an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much; not two—
So excellent a King that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother,
That he might not let even the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember!—Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: yet within a month!—
Let me not think—Frailty, thy name is Woman!
A little month! or e'er those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears—Why she, even she—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with mine
uncle!

My father's brother! but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules. Within a month!—
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes,
She married—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart! for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your Lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well;

Horatio—or do I forget myself?

Hor. The same, my Lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend, I'll change that name with you;

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio? Marcellus!

Mar. My good Lord—

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, Sir. But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so; Nor shall you do mine ear that violence, To make it truster of your own report Against yourself. I know you are no truant. But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pr'y thee do not mock me, fellow student; I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my Lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio; the funeral bak'd meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage-tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!

My father—methinks, I see my father.

Hor. Oh! where? my Lord.

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! whom?—

Hor. My Lord, the King your father.

Ham. The King my father?

Hor. Season your admiration but awhile
With an attentive ear, till I deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For heaven's love! let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *cap-à-pié*,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father:
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord, upon the platform where we
watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did;
But answer made it none; yet once, methought,

It lifted up its head, and did address
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak :
 But even then the morning cock crew loud ;
 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
 And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'T is very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd Lord, 't is true ;
 And we did think it writ down in our duty
 To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.
 Hold you the watch to-night ?

Both. We do, my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you ?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

Both. My Lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face ?

Hor. Oh, yes, my Lord, he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there !

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like. Staid it long ?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a
 hundred.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw 't.

Ham. His beard was grisly ?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I'll watch to-night; perchance 't will walk
again.

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still:
And whatsoever shall befall to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves; so fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour. [*Exeunt.*

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you. Farewel.
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well.
I doubt some foul play. Would the night were
come!

Till then sit still, my soul! Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
[*Exit.*

N.º XXXI.—HAMLET,

ACT I, SCENE III. *An Apartment in Polonius's House.*

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

LAERTES.

My necessities are embark'd. Farewel.
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent; though sweet, not lasting:
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more—

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmerch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depend

The sanity and health of the whole state:
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he's head. Then, if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his peculiar act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia; fear it, my dear sister;
And keep within the rear of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself'scapes not calumnious strokes;
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then; best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff'd and careless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.

Laer. Oh, fear me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long—but here my father comes.

A double blessing is a double grace:

Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! Aboard, aboard, for shame!

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,

And you are staid for. There—my blessing with

you; [*Laying his hand on Laertes's head.*

And these few precepts in thy memory

See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,

Bear 't, that the opposer may beware of thee.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,

But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy,

For the apparel oft proclaims the man;

And they in France of the best rank and station

Are most select, and generous chief in that.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be,

For loan oft loses both itself and friend,

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

This above all—to thine own self be true;

And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewel; my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my Lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewel, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said.

Oph. 'T is in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewel. [Exit *Laer.*

Pol. What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the
Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought!

'T is told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.

If it be so, as so 't is put on me,

And that in way of caution, I must tell you,

You do not understand yourself so clearly,

As it behoves my daughter and your honour.

What is between you? Give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my Lord, of late, made many
tenders

Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection! puh! you speak like a green girl,

Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you. Think yourself a baby,

That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,

Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;

Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase)

Wronging it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call 't : Go to, go to!

Oph. And hath giv'n count'nance to his speech,
my Lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, o my
daughter,

Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Ev'n in their promise, as it is a making,
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of thy maiden presence.

Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parly. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger tether he may walk

Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments shew,
But mere implorers of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds

The better to beguile This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.

Look to 't, I charge you. Come your way.

Oph. I shall obey, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

N.º XXXII. — HAMLET,

ACT I, SCENE IV. *The Platform before the Palace.**Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.*

HAMLET.

THE air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now ?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. I heard it not. It then draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*Noise of warlike music within.*

What does this mean, my Lord ?

Ham. The King doth wake to-night, and takes
his rouse,

Keeps wassel, and the swagg'ring up-spring reels ;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom ?

Ham. Ay, marry is 't :

But to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manor born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations ;
'They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition ; and, indeed, it takes

From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
 The pith and marrow of our attribute.
 So, oft it chances in particular men,
 That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
 As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
 Since nature cannot chuse his origin,
 By the o'er-growth of some complexion,
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
 Or by some habit, that too much o'erleavens
 The form of plausible manners; that these men
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's scar,
 Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo,
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault—The dram of base
 Doth all the noble substance often dout
 To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
 That I will speak to thee! I'll call thee Hamlet,
 King, Father, Royal Dane: oh! answer me!
 Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cearments? Why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,

Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
 To cast thee up again ! What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
 Revisitst thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous, and we, fools of nature,
 So horribly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?
 Say, why is this ! Wherefore ! what should we do !
 [*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
 It waves you off to a removed ground !
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. [*Holding Hamlet.*

Ham. It will not speak : then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my Lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear ?
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;
 And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
 Being a thing immortal as itself ?
 It waves me forth again—I' ll follow it—

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood,
 my Lord,
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea ;
 And there assume some other horrible form,
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
 And draw you into madness ! Think of it.
 The very place puts toys of desperation,
 Without more motive, into every brain,

That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still—Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands!

Mar. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
Still am I call'd. Unhand me! gentlemen—

[*Breaking from them.*

By heaven! I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.
I say, away!—Go on!—I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow. 'Tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after—To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

N.º XXXIII.—HAMLET,

ACT I, SCENE V. *A remote part of the Platform.*

Re-enter Ghost and Hamlet.

HAMLET.

WHITHER wilt thou lead me? Speak, I'll go no
farther.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor Ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires;
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, oh list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Ham. O heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural
murder.

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it, that I, with wings
as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,
hear.

'T is given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul! my uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts—
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air—
Brief let me be. Sleeping within mine orchard,

My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secret hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ear did pour
The leperous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine.
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body—
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd;
Cut off, even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd:
No reck'ning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Oh, horrible! oh, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not!
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest!
But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once.
The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
And'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [Exit,

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else!

And shall I couple hell!—Oh! hold my heart,
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up! Remember thee!—
 Ay, thou poor Ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe—Remember thee!—
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I' ll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there,
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter. Yes, by heaven!
 O most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain! smiling damned villain!
 My tables—meet it is, I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile and be a villain!
 At least I 'm sure it may be so in Denmark.

[*Writing.*
 So, uncle, there you are! Now to my word!
 It is: adieu, adieu! remember me!

I 've sworn it—

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. My Lord, my Lord—

Mar. Lord Hamlet!

Hor. Heaven secure him!

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Hillo, ho, ho, my Lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! Come, bird, come.

Mar. How is 't, my noble Lord!

Hor. What news, my Lord?

Ham. Oh! wonderful!

Hor. Good my Lord, tell it.

Ham. No, you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by heaven!

Mar. Nor I, my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man
once think it?

But you'll be secret—

Both. Ay, by heaven! my Lord,

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all
Denmark,

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my Lord, come from
the grave

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right, you are in the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part;
You, as your business and desires shall point you,
For every man has business and desire,
Such as it is; and, for my own poor part,
I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words,
my Lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by St. Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest Ghost; that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,

O'er-master it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is 't, my Lord?

Ham. Never make known what you have seen
to-night.

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear 't.

Hor. In faith, my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my Lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. Swear. [*Ghost cries under the stage.*]

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so? Art thou there,
true-penny!

Come on, you hear this fellow in the celleridge—
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my Lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. *Hic et ubique?* Then we 'll shift our
ground.

Come hither, gentlemen.
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this which you have heard,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said, old mole; canst work i' the
ground so fast?

A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night! but this is wond'rous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come, Here, as before, never (so help you mercy!) How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself, As I perchance hereafter shall think meet To put an antick disposition on, That you, at such time seeing me, never shall, With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake, Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase, As, *Well — we know — or, We could, and if we would —*

Or, *If we list to speak — or, There be, and if there might —*

Or such ambiguous giving out, denote That you know aught of me. This do ye swear, So grace and mercy at your most need help you! Swear.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit. So, gentlemen, With all my love do I commend me to you; And what so poor a man as Hamlet is May do to express his love and friending to you, God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together, And still your fingers on your lips, I pray. The time is out of joint; oh, cursed spite! That ever I was born to set it right. Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

N.º XXXIV. — HAMLET.

ACT III, SCENE IV. *The Queen's Apartment,**Enter Queen and Polonius.*

POLONIUS.

HE will come straight; look, you lay home to him;
 Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
 And that your Grace hath screen'd and stood between
 Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here;
 Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*within.*] Mother, mother, mother —

Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not.

Withdraw; I hear him coming.

[*Polonius hides himself behind the arras.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come! you answer with an idle
 tongue.

Ham. Go, go! you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:

You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife;
 But, would you were not so! — You are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can
 speak.

Ham. Come, come! and sit you down; you shall not budge.

You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me.

Help, ho!

Pol. What ho! help.

[*Behind the arras.*

Ham. How now! a rat! Dead for a ducat, dead.

[*Hamlet kills Polonius.*

Pol. Oh! I am slain!

Queen. Oh me! what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the King?

Queen. Oh! what a rash and bloody deed is this?

Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a King?

Ham. Ay, lady, 't was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

[*To Polonius.*

I took thee for thy betters; take thy fortune.

Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands! peace! sit you down,

And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damned custom have not braz'd it so

That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag
thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;

Calls virtues hypocrite; takes off the rose
 From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
 And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
 As false as dicers' oaths — Oh! such a deed,
 As from the body of contraction plucks
 The very soul; and sweet religion makes
 A rhapsody of words. Heaven's face doth glow;
 Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
 With tristful visage, as against the doom,
 Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ah me! what act,
 That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this,
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
 See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
 Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
 An eye, like Mars, to threaten or command;
 A station, like the herald Mercury,
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
 A combination, and a form indeed,
 Where every God did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man.
 This *was* your husband — Look you now, what
 follows;

Here *is* your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
 You cannot call it love; for, at your age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
 Would step from *this* to *this*! Sense, sure, you have

Else could you not have motion; but, sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd, for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
To serve in such a difference. — What devil was 't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling *sans* all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutiny in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more!
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an incestuous bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty!

Queen. Oh! speak no more!
These words like daggers enter in mine ears.
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain! —
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord! A vice of Kings! —
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,

That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket.

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
[Starting up,

You heavenly guards! What would your gracious

Queen. Alas, he's mad!— [figure?

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
Oh! say!

Ghost. Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits;
Oh! step between her and her fighting soul!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas! how is 't with you
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements,
Start up, and stand on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look!

Ham. On him! on him! — Look you how pale
he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this!

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

[*Pointing to the Ghost.*

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! Look how it steals
away!

My father in his habit as he liv'd!

Look, where he goes! even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost.*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain.
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. 'T is not madness
That I have utter'd. Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds

To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
 For, in the fatness of these pursy times,
 Virtue itself of Vice must pardon beg,
 Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do it good.

Queen. Oh, Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in
 twain.

Ham. Oh! throw away the worser part of it,
 And live the purer with the other half,
 Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed :
 Assume a virtue if you have it not.
 That monster custom, who all sense doth eat,
 Of habits, devil, is angel yet in this;
 That to the use of actions fair and good
 He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
 That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night;
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness
 To the next abstinence; the next more easy ;
 For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
 And master ev'n the devil, or throw him out
 With wond'rous potency. Once more, good night.
 And when you are desirous to be blest,
 I'll blessing beg of you — For this same Lord,

[*Pointing to Polonius.*]

I do repent : but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
 To punish this with me, and me with this,
 That I must be their scourge and minister.
 I will bestow him, and will answer well
 The death I gave him. So, again, good night;
 I must be cruel, only to be kind;
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
 One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do.
 Let the bloat King tempt you again to bed;
 Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
 And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
 Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,
 That I essentially am not in madness,
 But mad in craft. 'T were good you let him know.
 For who that 's but a Queen, fair, sober, wise,
 Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gibbe,
 Such dear concernings hide? Who would do so?
 No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
 Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
 Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
 To try conclusions, in the basket creep;
 And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
 And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
 What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that!

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 't is so concluded on.

Ham. There 's letters seal'd: and my two school-
 fellows,

Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,
 They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
 And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
 For 't is the sport, to have the engineer
 Hoist with his own petard; and 't shall go hard,
 But I will delve one yard below their mines,
 And blow them at the moon. Oh! 't is most sweet,
 When in one line two crafts directly meet!
 This man shall set me packing.

I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
 Mother, good night — Indeed, this counsellor
 Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
 Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
 Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
 Good night, mother.

[*Exit Hamlet, tugging in Polonius.*]

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 N.<sup>o</sup> XXXV.—HAMLET.

ACT V, SCENE I. *A Churchyard.*

*Enter two Clowns with Spades, &c.*

I CLOWN.

Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clown.* I tell thee, she is; therefore make her grave straight. The crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* Why, 't is found so.

1 *Clown.* It must be *se offendendo*, it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform. Argal, she drown'd herself wittingly.

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, Goodman Delver.

1 *Clown.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good. If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill



he, he goes; mark you that : but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself. Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Clown.* But is this law?

1 *Clown.* Ay, marry is 't, crowner's quest-law.

2 *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 *Clown.* Why, there thou sayst. And the more pity, that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clown.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clown.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digg'd : could he dig without arms? I 'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 *Clown.* Go to.

1 *Clown.* What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clown.* I like thy wit well, in good faith. The gallows does well; but how does it well? It does well to those that do ill : now thou dost ill, to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; *argal*,



the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again, come.

2 *Clown*. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clown*. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown*. Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown*. To 't.

2 *Clown*. Mass ! I cannot tell.

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.*

1 *Clown*. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating ; and, when you are ask'd this question next, say, a grave-maker : the houses he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor. [*Exit 2 Clown.*]

He digs and sings.

*In youth when I did love, did love,*

*Methought, it was very sweet ;*

*To contract, oh, the time for, ah, my behove,*

*Oh methought, there was nothing meet.*

*Ham*. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

*Hor*. Custom hath made it to him a property of easiness.

*Ham*. 'T is e'en so. The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

*Clown sings.*

*But age, with his stealing steps,*

*Hath claw'd me in his clutch,*

*And hath shipped me into the land,*

*As if I had never been such.*



*Ham.* That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once : how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder ! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass o'er-offices ; one that would circumvent God, might it not ?

*Hor.* It might, my Lord.

*Ham.* Or of a courtier, which could say, " Good-morrow, sweet Lord ; how dost thou, good Lord ? " This might be my Lord such-a-one's, that prais'd my Lord such-a-one's horse when he meant to beg it. Might it not ?

*Hor.* Ay, my Lord.

*Ham.* Why e'en so ; and now my lady Worm's ; chapless, and knoc'd about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's a fine revolution, if we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em ? Mine ake to think on 't.

Clown sings.

*A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,  
For — and a shrowding sheet !  
Oh, a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet.*

*Ham.* There's another. Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer ? Where be his quiddits now ? his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks ? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery ? Hum ! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land,



with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? Will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? Ha?

*Hor.* Not a jot more, my Lord.

*Ham.* Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

*Hor.* Ay, my Lord, and of calve-skins too.

*Ham.* They are sheep and calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

*Clown.* Mine, Sir—

*Oh, a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet.*

*Ham.* I think it be thine, indeed, for thou liest in 't.

*Clown.* You lye out on 't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lye in 't, yet it is mine.

*Ham.* Thou dost lye in 't, to be, in 't and say 't is thine: 't is for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou lyest.

*Clown.* 'T is a quick lye, Sir, 't will away again from me to you.

*Ham.* What man dost thou dig it for?

*Clown.* For no man, Sir.

*Ham.* What woman then?



*Clown.* For none neither.

*Ham.* Who is to be buried in 't?

*Clown.* One that was a woman, Sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

*Ham.* How absolute the knave is! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it, the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of our courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

*Clown.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

*Ham.* How long is that since?

*Clown.* Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that. It was that very day that young Hamlet was born, he that was mad, and sent into England.

*Ham.* Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

*Clown.* Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 't is no great matter there.

*Ham.* Why?

*Clown.* 'T will not be seen in him; there the men are as mad as he.

*Ham.* How came he mad?

*Clown.* Very strangely, they say.

*Ham.* How strangely?

*Clown.* 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

*Ham.* Upon what ground?

*Clown.* Why, here, in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.



*Ham.* How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

*Clown.* I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die, as we have many pocky corses now-a-days that will scarce hold the laying-in, he will last you some eight year, or nine year; a tanner will last you nine years.

*Ham.* Why he, more than another?

*Clown.* Why, Sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while: and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here 's a scull now has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

*Ham.* Whose was it?

*Clown.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was. Whose do you think it was?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not.

*Clown.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, Sir, was Yorick's scull, the King's jester.

*Ham.* This?

*Clown.* E'en that.

*Ham.* Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times: and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! My gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning! Quite



chap-fallen! Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come: make her laugh at that. — Pry'thee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

*Hor.* What 's that, my Lord?

*Ham.* Dost thou think Alexander look'd o' this fashion i' the earth?

*Hor.* E'en so.

*Ham.* And smelt so? Puh! [*Smelling to the skull.*]

*Hor.* E'en so, my Lord.

*Ham.* To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

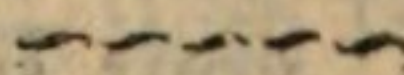
*Hor.* 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

*Ham.* No, 'faith, not a jot: but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

Oh! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!





N.<sup>o</sup> XXXVI.—OTHELLO.

ACT I, SCENE III. *A Council Chamber,  
Duke, Senators. &c.*

*Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Roderigo,  
and Officers.*

DUKE.

VALIANT Othello, we must straight employ you  
Against the general enemy Ottoman—  
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior:

[*To Brabantio.*]

We lack'd your counsel, and your help, to-night.

*Bra.* So did I yours. Good your Grace, pardon  
me:

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,  
Hath rais'd me from my bed: nor doth the general  
care

Take hold on me; for my particular grief  
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,  
That it ingluts, and swallows other sorrows,  
And yet is still itself.

*Duke.* Why, what's the matter?

*Bra.* My daughter! oh, my daughter! —

*Sen.* Dead? —

*Bra.* To me:

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted  
By spells and medicines, bought of mountebanks;  
For nature so preposterously to err,  
Being not deficient, blind, nor lame of sense,  
Sans witchcraft, could not—

*Duke.* Whoe'r he be that in this foul proceeding



Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,  
And you of her, the bloody book of law  
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter  
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son  
Stood in your action.

*Bra.* Humbly I thank your Grace.  
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems,  
Your special mandate for the state-affairs  
Hath hither brought.

*All.* We're very sorry for't.

*Duke.* What in your own part can you say to this?

*Bra.* Nothing, but this is so.

*Oth.* Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
My very noble and approv'd good masters;  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
It is most true; true, I have married her:  
The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in speech,  
And little blest with the soft phrase of peace;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith  
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd  
Their dearest action in the tented field;  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;  
And therefore little shall I grace my cause  
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious  
    patience,  
I will a round, unvarnish'd tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what  
    charms,  
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,  
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,



I won his daughter with.

*Bra.* A maiden, never bold;  
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
Blush'd at itself: and she, in spite of nature,  
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,  
To fall in love with that she fear'd to look on!—  
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,  
That will confess, perfection so could err  
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven  
To find out practices of cunning hell  
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,  
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,  
Or with some dram, conjur'd to this effect,  
He wrought upon her.

*Duke.* To vouch this is no proof,  
Without more certain and more overt test,  
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods  
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

*1 Sen.* But, Othello, speak;  
Did you by indirect and forced courses  
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?  
Or came it by request, and such fair question  
As soul to soul affordeth?

*Oth.* I beseech you,  
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,  
And let her speak of me before her father;  
If you do find me foul in her report,  
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,  
Not only take away, but let your sentence  
Even fall upon my life.

*Duke.* Fetch Desdemona hither.

[*Exeunt two or three.*]



*Oth.* Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place. [Exit Iago.]

And till she come, as truly as to heaven  
I do confess the vices of my blood,  
So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
And she in mine.

*Duke.* Say it, Othello.

*Oth.* Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;  
Still question'd me the story of my life,  
From year to year, the battless sieges, fortunes,  
That I have pass'd.  
I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:  
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field;  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in th' imminent deadly  
breach;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my travel's history;  
Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch  
heaven,  
It was my hint to speak; such was the process;  
And of the Canibals that each other eat;  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. All these to hear  
Would Desdemona seriously incline;  
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,  
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear



Devour up my discourse; which I observing,  
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means  
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;  
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
 But not intentively. I did consent,  
 And often did beguile her of her tears,  
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
 She swore—"In faith, 't was strange, 't was passing  
 strange,

" 'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful!"—  
 She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd  
 That heaven had made her such a man — She  
 thank'd me,

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,  
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
 And that would woo her. On this hint I spake:  
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,  
 And I lov'd her that she did pity them:  
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.  
 Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

*Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* I think this tale would win my daughter  
 too.

Good Brabantio,  
 Take up this mangled matter at the best:  
 Men do their broken weapons rather use  
 Than their bare hands.

*Bra.* I pray you hear her speak;



If she confess that she was half the wooer,  
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame  
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mistress:  
Do you perceive, in all this noble company,  
Where you most owe obedience!

*Des.* My noble father,  
I do perceive here a divided duty.  
To you I'm bound for life and education;  
My life and education both do learn me  
How to respect you. You're the lord of duty;  
I'm hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband;  
And so much duty as my mother shew'd  
To you, preferring you before her father,  
So much I challenge, that I may profess  
Due to the Moor, my Lord.

*Bra.* God be with you! I have done—  
Please it your Grace, on to the state affairs,  
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.  
Come hither, Moor;  
I here do give thee that with all my heart,  
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart  
I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,  
I'm glad at soul I have no other child;  
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my Lord.

*Duke.* Let me speak like yourself; and lay a  
sentence,  
Which, as a grise, or step, may help these lovers  
Into your favour.—  
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended  
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.  
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,



Is the next way to draw new mischief on.  
 What cannot be preserv'd when Fortune takes,  
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.  
 The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the  
 thief;

He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

*Bra.* So, let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile,  
 We lose it not, so long as we can smile;  
 He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears,  
 But the free comfort which from thence he hears;  
 But he bears both the sentence, and the sorrow,  
 That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.  
 These sentences, to sugar or to gall,  
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.  
 But words are words; I never yet did hear,  
 That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.  
 Beseech you now to the affairs o' th' State.

*Duke.* The Turk with a mighty preparation  
 makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of the  
 place is best known to you; and though we have  
 there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet  
 opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a  
 more safe voice on you: you must therefore be  
 content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes  
 with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

*Oth.* The tyrant custom, most grave senators,  
 Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war  
 My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize  
 A natural and prompt alacrity  
 I find in hardiness; and do undertake  
 This present war against the Ottomites.  
 Most humbly therefore bending to your state,



I crave fit disposition for my wife,  
Due reverence of place, and exhibition,  
With such accommodation and besort  
As levels with her breeding.

*Duke.* Why, at her father's.

*Bra.* I will not have it so.

*Oth.* Nor I.

*Des.* Nor would I there reside,  
To put my father in impatient thoughts  
By being in his eye. Most gracious Duke,  
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear,  
And let me find a charter in your voice  
T' assist my simpleness.

*Duke.* What would you, Desdemona?

*Des.* That I did love the Moor to live with him,  
My downright violence and storm of fortunes  
May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdued  
Even to the very quality of my Lord;  
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,  
And to his honours and his valiant parts  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.  
So that, dear Lords, if I be left behind  
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,  
The rites for which I love him are bereft me:  
And I a heavy interim shall support,  
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

*Oth.* Your voices, Lords—'Beseech you let her will  
Have a free way. I therefore beg it not,  
To please the palate of my appetite,  
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,  
In my distinct and proper satisfaction;  
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.



And heaven defend your good souls that you think  
 I will your serious and great business scant,  
 For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys  
 Of feather'd Cupid foil with wanton dulness  
 My speculative and active instruments,  
 That my disports corrupt and taint my business,  
 Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,  
 And all indign and base adversities  
 Make head against my estimation.

*Duke.* Be it as you shall privately determine,  
 Or for her stay or going; the affair cries haste;  
 And speed must answer it. You must hence to-night.

*Des.* To-night, my Lord?

*Duke.* This night.

*Oth.* With all my heart.

*Duke.* At nine i' the morning here we 'll meet  
 again.

*Othello,* leave some officer behind,  
 And he shall our commission bring to you,  
 And such things else of quality and respect,  
 As doth import you.

*Oth.* Please your Grace, my Ancient;  
 A man he is of honesty and trust:  
 To his conveyance I assign my wife,  
 With what else needful your good Grace shall think  
 To be sent after me.

*Duke.* Let it be so.

Good-night to every one. And, noble Signior,  
 If virtue no delighted beauty lack,  
 Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

*Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor. Use Desdemona well.

*Bra.* Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see:



She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exit Duke, with Senators.*]

*Oth.* My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,  
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:  
I pr'ythee let thy wife attend on her;  
And bring her after in the best advantage.  
Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour  
Of love, of worldly matter and direction  
To speak with thee. We must obey the time.

[*Exeunt.*]

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N.^o XXXVII.—OTHELLO.

ACT III, SCENE III. *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Æmilia.

DESDEMONA.

BE thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Æmil. Good Madam, do. I know it grieves my
husband

As if the case were his.

Des. Oh! that 's an honest fellow. Doubt not,
Cassio,

But I will have my Lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Most bounteous Madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He 's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know 't; I thank you. You do love my
Lord;

You've known him long; and, be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstances,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My General will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Æmilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article. My Lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Enter Othello and Iago, at distance.

Æmil. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now. I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio.*

Iago. Hah! I like not that.—

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my Lord; or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my Lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,

That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I believe 't was he.

Des. How now, my Lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is 't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my
Lord,

If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I pr'ythee call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth, so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other
time.

Des. But shall it be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?

Oth. Not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the Captains at the Citadel.

Des. Why then to-morrow night, or Tuesday
morn,

Or Tuesday noon, or night, or Wednesday morn,
I pr'ythee, name the time; but let it not

Exceed three days. In faith, he's penitent;
 And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
 Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
 Out of their best, is not almost a fault
 To incur a private check. When shall he come?
 Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul
 What you could ask me, that I would deny,
 Or stand so mammering on! What! Michael Cassio,
 That came a wooing with you, and many a time,
 When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
 Hath ta'en your part—to have so much to do
 To bring him in! Trust me I could do much—

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more. Let him come when he
 will,

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;
 'T is as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
 Or feed on nourishing meats, or keep you warm,
 Or sue to you to do peculiar profit
 To your own person. Nay, when I have suit,
 Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
 It shall be full of poize and difficulty,
 And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing;
 Whereon I do beseech thee, grant me this,
 To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? No. Farewel, my Lord.

Oth. Farewel, my Desdemona; I'll come straight.

Des. Æmilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you;
 Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exeunt.*]

Oth. Excellent wretch!—Perdition catch my soul,
 But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,

Chaos is come again!

Iago. My noble Lord—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,

Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No farther harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted
with it.

Oth. Oh, yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught
in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my Lord?

Oth. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My Lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my Lord!—

Oth. Think, my Lord! Why dost thou echo me

As if there were some monster in thy thought,

Too hideous to be shewn? Thou dost mean
something;

I heard thee say but now, *thou lik'dst not that,*

When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like?

And when I told thee he was of my counsel,

In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, *indeed!*

And didst contract and purse thy brow together

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My Lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost:

And, for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They're close dilations working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then, I think, Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;
I pray thee speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of
thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my Lord, pardon me.
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts!—Why, say, they are vile and
false;

As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions

Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not; I entreat you then,
From one that so improbably conceits,
Your wisdom would not build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean,

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my
Lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something,
nothing;

'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed!

Oth. By heaven! I'll know thy thoughts—

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh! beware, my Lord, of jealousy;
It is a green-ey'd monster, which doth mock

The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
 Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
 But, oh! what damned minutes tells he o'er,
 Who doats, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. Oh misery!

Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
 But riches fineless is as poor as winter,
 To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
 Good heaven! the souls of all my tribe defend
 From jealousy!

Oth. Why? why is this?
 Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
 To follow still the changes of the moon
 With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt,
 Is once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
 When I shall turn the business of my soul
 To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
 Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make me
 jealous,
 To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well:
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous,
 Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
 The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
 For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago,
 I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
 And, on the proof, there is no more but this—
 Away at once with love or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this; for now I shall have
 reason
 To shew the love and duty that I bear you
 With franker spirit. Therefore, as I am bound,

Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof :
Look to your wife, observe her well with Cassio ;
Wear your eye.... thus, not jealous, nor secure.
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self-bounty be abus'd ; look to 't.
I know our country disposition well ;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not shew their husbands ; their best
conscience

Is not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you ;
And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then ;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming
To seel her father's eyes up, close as oak—
He thought 't was witchcraft — But I 'm much to
blame :

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth. I 'm bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has :
I hope you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see you 're mov'd—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my Lord,
My speech would fall into such vile success,
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy
friend.

My Lord, I see you're mov'd—

Oth. No, not much mov'd—

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to
think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself—

Iago. Ay, there's the point; as, to be bold with
you,

Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things Nature tends,
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, haply, so repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewel!

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife t' observe. Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My Lord, I take my leave, [Going.

Oth. Why did I marry!—

This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My Lord, I would I might entreat your
Honour

To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time:

Although 't is fit that Cassio have his place,
For sure he fills it up with great ability,
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him, and his means.
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
As worthy cause I have to fear I am;
And hold her free, I do beseech your Honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exit.

Oth. This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities with a learned spirit
Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I 'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years, yet that 's not much;
She 's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Must be to loath her. Oh! the curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' use. Yet 't is the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base:
'T is destiny unshunnable, like death.
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes!

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, oh! then Heaven mocks itself—
I'll not believe 't.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous Islanders,
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Why, that's with watching; 't will away
again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little.

[She drops her handkerchief.]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well. *[Exeunt.]*

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it. But she so loves the token,
For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give it Iago;
What he'll do with it, Heaven knows, not I:
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me?

It is a common thing—

Æmil. Ha?

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Æmil. Oh, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Æmil. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona,
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Æmil. No; but she let it drop by negligence;
And to th' advantage, I, being here, took 't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench! give it me.

Æmil. What will you do with 't, you have been
so earnest

To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you? [*Snatching it.*]

Æmil. If't be not for some purpose of import,
Give 't me again. Poor lady! she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known on 't:

I have use for it. Go, leave me— [*Exit Æmilia.*]
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are in their nature poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;

But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur—I did say so.

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday,

Oth. Ha! False! To me! to me!

Iago. Why, how now, General! No more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the
rack.

I swear 't is better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How, my Lord!

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh! now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind, farewell content!
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That makes ambition virtue! oh, farewell!
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump!
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!

And oh! you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible, my Lord?

Oth. Villain! be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof.

[*Catching hold of him.*
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't; or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble Lord—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate!
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. Oh grace! oh heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?
God be wi' you! Take mine office—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!
O monstrous world! take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I thank you for this profit; and from hence
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay. Thou shouldst be honest—

Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world!

I think my wife is honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not.
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As my own face. If there be cords or knives,
Poison or fire, or suffocating steams,
I'll not endure it. 'Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, Sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would! nay, I will.

Iago. And may; but how! how satisfied, my
Lord?

Would you be supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd!

Oth. Death and damnation! Oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that prospect: damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own! What then! how then?
What shall I say! where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;
But since I'm enter'd in this cause so far,

Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.——

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs.
One of this kind is Cassio :

In sleep I heard him say, "Sweet Desdemona,
"Let us be wary, let us hide our love!"

And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand;
Cry, "O sweet creature!" and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips; then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd and kiss'd, and then
Cried, "Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor."

Oth. Oh, monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion;
'T is a shrewd doubt, thought it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet—Tell me but this:
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 't was my first gift.

Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief
(I'm sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that——

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 't was hers,

It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. Oh that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 't is true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven;
'T is gone————

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 't is of aspics' tongues!

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. Oh! blood! Iago, blood!——

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may
change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up—Now, by yon marble heaven!
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*He kneels.*
I here engage my words!——

Iago. Do not rise yet. [*Iago kneels.*
Witness, ye ever-burning lights above!
Ye elements that clip us round about!
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command;
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance
bounteous;
And will upon the instant put thee to 't.
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead;
'T is done at your request. But, let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! Oh! damn her, damn
her!

Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.

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N.º XXXVIII.—OTHELLO.

ACT V, SCENE II. *A Bed-chamber: Desdemona  
is discovered asleep in her Bed.*

*Enter Othello, with a light and a sword.*

OTHELLO.

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul!  
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!  
It is the cause!—Yet I'll not shed her blood,  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[Lays down the sword.

Yet she must die; else she'll betray more men.  
Put out the light, and then—put out the light!



If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
 I can again thy former light restore  
 Should I repent : but once put out thy light,  
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature!  
 I know not where is that Promethean heat  
 That can thy light relumine.— [*Sets down the taper.*  
 When I have pluck'd thy rose,  
 I cannot give it vital growth again;  
 It needs must wither—I 'll smell it on the tree.

[*Kissing her.*

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade  
 Justice to break her sword!—one more; one more.  
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,  
 And love thee after—One more; and that's the last.  
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal! I must weep,  
 But they are cruel tears. This sorrow's heavenly;  
 It strikes where it doth love—She wakes—

*Des.* Who's there? Othello?

*Oth.* Ay, Desdemona.

*Des.* Will you come to bed, my Lord?

*Oth.* Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

*Des.* Ay, my Lord.

*Oth.* If you bethink yourself of any crime  
 Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,  
 Solicit for it straight.

*Des.* Alack, my Lord!

What may you mean by that?

*Oth.* Well, do it, and be brief. I will walk by :  
 I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;  
 No, heaven forefend! I would not kill thy soul.

*Des.* Talk you of killing?

*Oth.* Ay, I do.



*Des.* Then heaven have mercy on me!

*Oth.* Amen, with all my heart.

*Des.* If you say so, I hope you will not kill me!

*Oth.* Hum.

*Des.* And yet I fear you! for you're fatal then,  
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear, I know  
not,

Since guilt I know not; yet I feel I fear.

*Oth.* Think on thy sins.

*Des.* They're loves I bear to you.

*Oth.* Ay, and for that thou diest.

*Des.* That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.

Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:

These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

*Oth.* Peace, and be still.

*Des.* I will so. What's the matter?

*Oth.* That handkerchief

Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st Cassio.

*Des.* No, by my life and soul! Send for the man  
And ask him.

*Oth.* Sweet soul, take heed, take heed of perjury;  
Thou art on thy death-bed.

*Des.* Ay, but not yet to die.

*Oth.* Presently;

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;

For to deny each article with oath,

Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

*Des.* Oh, heaven have mercy on me!

*Oth.* I say, Amen.



*Des.* And have you mercy too!—I never did  
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,  
But with such general warranty of heaven,  
As I might love. I never gave him token.

*Oth.* By heaven! I saw my handkerchief in his  
hand.

Oh! perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,  
And mak'st me call what I intend to do  
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.  
I saw the handkerchief.

*Des.* He found it then;  
I never gave it him. Send for him hither,  
Let him confess a truth.

*Oth.* He hath confess'd.

*Des.* What, my Lord?

*Oth.* That he hath—us'd thee—

*Des.* How! unlawfully?

*Oth.* Ay.

*Des.* He will not say so.

*Oth.* No, his mouth is stopp'd.

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

*Des.* My fear interprets then. What? is he dead?

*Oth.* Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge  
Had stomach for them all.

*Des.* Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

*Oth.* Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my  
face?

*Des.* Oh! banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

*Oth.* Down, strumpet!

*Des.* Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

*Oth.* Nay, if you strive—

*Des.* But half an hour.



*Oth.* Being done, there is no pause.

*Des.* But while I say one prayer.

*Oth.* It is too late. [*He smothers her.*]

*Æmilia, at the door.*

*Æmil.* My Lord, my Lord! What, ho! my Lord,  
my Lord!

*Oth.* What noise is this! Not dead! not yet quite  
dead!

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;  
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.

So, so!

*Æmil.* [*within.*] What, ho! my Lord, my Lord!

*Oth.* Who's there?

*Æmil.* Oh, my good Lord, I would speak a word  
with you.

*Oth.* Yes, 't is Æmilia—by and by—she's dead.  
'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;  
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving!  
Still as the grave. Shall she come in! Were 't good!  
I think she stirs again. No. What's the best!  
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife!  
My wife! my wife! what wife! I have no wife!  
Oh insupportable, Oh heavy hour!  
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse  
Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe  
Should yawn at alteration.

*Æmil.* I do beseech you I may speak with you.  
O good my Lord!

*Oth.* I had forgot thee; Oh! come in, Æmilia.  
Soft! by and by—let me the curtains draw.



Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?  
[ *Unlocks the door.*

*Enter Æmilia.*

*Æmil.* Oh, my good Lord! yonder's foul murder done.

*Oth.* What! now?

*Æmil.* But now, my Lord.

*Oth.* It is the very error of the moon;  
She comes more near the earth than she was wont  
And makes men mad.

*Æmil.* Cassio, my Lord, hath kill'd  
A young Venitian, called Roderigo.

*Oth.* Roderigo kill'd? and Cassio kill'd?

*Æmil.* No, Cassio is not kill'd.

*Oth.* Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of  
tune,  
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

*Des.* Oh! falsely, falsely murder'd——

*Æmil.* Alas! what cry is that?

*Oth.* That! what?

*Æmil.* Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.  
Help! help, ho! help! Oh, lady, speak again!  
Sweet Desdemona! Oh, sweet mistress, speak!

*Des.* A guiltless death I die.

*Æmil.* Oh, who hath done this deed?

*Des.* Nobody, I myself. Farewel!  
Commend me to my kind Lord. Oh, farewel! [*Dies.*

*Oth.* Why, how should she be murder'd?

*Æmil.* Alas! who knows?

*Oth.* You heard her say, herself; it was not I.

*Æmil.* She said so; I must needs report the truth.



*Oth.* She's like a liar gone to burning hell;  
'T was I that kill'd her.

*Æmil.* Oh, the more angel she, and you the  
blacker devil!

*Oth.* She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

*Æmil.* Thou dost belye her, and thou art a devil.

*Oth.* She was false as water.

*Æmil.* Thou art rash as fire, to say  
That she was false. Oh! she was heavenly true.

*Oth.* Cassio did tup her: ask thy husband else.  
Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,  
But that I did proceed upon just grounds  
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

*Æmil.* My husband?

*Oth.* Thy husband.

*Æmil.* That she was false to wedlock?

*Oth.* Ay, with Cassio. Had she been true,  
If heaven would make me such another world  
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,  
I'd not have sold her for it.

*Æmil.* My husband?

*Oth.* Ay, 't was he that told me first;  
An honest man he is, and hates the slime  
That sticks on filthy deeds.

*Æmil.* My husband?

*Oth.* What needs this iteration, woman?  
I say thy husband.

*Æmil.* Oh mistress! villainy has made mocks  
with love.

My husband say she was false?

*Oth.* He, woman;  
I say, thy husband; dost understand the word?



My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

*Æmil.* If he say so, may his pernicious soul  
Rot half a grain a day! he lyes to the heart.  
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

*Oth.* Hah!—

*Æmil.* Do thy worst.  
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,  
Than thou wast worthy her.

*Oth.* Peace! you were best—

*Æmil.* Thou hast not half that power to do me  
harm,  
As I have to be hurt. Oh gull! oh dolt!  
As ignorant as dirt! thou 'st done a deed—  
I care not for thy sword—I'll make thee known,  
Though I lost twenty lives—Help! help, ho! help!  
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

THE END.



A VOCABULARY  
OF OBSOLETE WORDS,  
IDIOMS, AND PHRASES,  
Which are found in SHAKSPEARE.

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A

ABAWED, abashed, confounded.

ABERRANT, wandering, going astray.

ABY, to suffer, to pay dear for, to abide.

ACCITE, to summon.

ADAM, the name of an out-law, noted for his skill in archery.

ADDREST, ready, prepared.

AERY or AIERY, a high nest.

AFFECTS, affections.

AFFEERED, a law-term, for *confirmed*.

AFFIED, betrothed.

AFFY, to betrothe.

AGLET-BABY, a diminutive creature.

AGNIZE, to acknowledge, to avow.

AISLE, the side wing of a church.

AMISS, error. "Some great amiss."

AMORT, sunk, low spirited.

ANCHOR, an ancoret, a hermit.

ANELED, having had extreme unction.

APPEACH, to accuse, to impeach.

APPROOF, approbation.

ARGOSIES, ships of great burthen.



AROINT, imperative, away, avast, begone.

ASCAPART, a giant.

ASSINEGO, an ass-driver, a fool.

ASTRINGER, a gentleman-falconer.

ATOMIES, minute particles beheld in the rays of the sun.

ATTENT, attentive.

## B

BAIL, bane, ruin.

BALDRICK, a belt.

BANDOG, a dog tied up, a village-dog.

BANNE, banning, curses, cursing.

BARB, a kind of veil.

BATTEN, to grow fat.

BAUD, brave, bold.

BAVEN, brushwood, no sooner kindled than out : " Rash baven wits soon kindled and soon burnt. " *Henry IV.*

BELDAM, ancient mother, an old scold.

BE-LEE'D, becalmed.

BEMOILED, draggled.

BERGOMASK, a kind of dance.

BESMIRCH, to dirty.

BETEEM, to grant, to bestow.

BEWEPT, from bewEEP, wept again.

BEZONIAN (*Bisognosa It.*), a beggarly scoundrel.

BILBO, from bilboa, a rapier, a sword of the best make.

BLIND, " with the pin and web. " disorders in the eye.

BRIZE, the gad or horse-fly.

BROOCHED, ornamented, adorned.

BROW, *i. e.* of youth, the height of youth.

BROWCH, an ornament of gold worn about the arm or neck.

BROWCH, or brouch, a jewel.

BRUIT, *Fr.* noise, report.

BURGONET, a helmet.

BUSKY, overgrown with trees.

BUXOM, under good command.



## C

- CADDIS-GARTER**, a kind of worsted-garter.  
**CADDISES**, worsted lace.  
**CADE**, a barrel.  
**CADENT**, falling, fallen.  
**CALLET**, a bad woman, or witch.  
**CANSTICK**, candlestick.  
**CARBONADO**, meat cut across for the gridiron.  
**CARL**, a clown, or husbandman.  
**CAUTEL**, prudent foresight and caution, also fraud deceit: "Swear priests and cowards, and men cautious." *J. Cæsar*.  
**CAUTELOUS**, artful, insidious.  
**CHOPPINE**, a high shoe or clog.  
**CHOPPING**, chattering, jabbering.  
**CLEPE**, to call.  
**CLING**, to dry up, to consume.  
**CLINQUANT**, gaudy, glittering.  
**COCKNEY**, a well known term of reproach on the natives of London.  
**COCK-SHUT**, the close of the evening.  
**COG**, to flatter, a word of uncertain derivation, also to lie.  
**COIGNE**, *Fr.* a corner.  
**COIGNE**, of 'vantage, an inconvenient corner. *Macbeth*.  
**COIL**, bustle, stir.  
**COIT**, to befool, to trick.  
**COLLIED**, black, sooty.  
**COMART**, a kind of contract.  
**COMBRINATE**, betrothed.  
**CONSPECTIVITY**, the sense of seeing.  
**CONYCATCH**, to cheat, to trick.  
**COSIER**, a cobbler, a hotcher.  
**COSQUES**, helmets.  
**COULTER**, a ploughshare, a knife.  
**CRACK-HEMP**, a wretch fated to the gallows.



CRANTS, garlands.

CRISP, cript, winding, curled, vaulted.

CROAN, a toothless sheep, an old woman.

CROWNET, last purpose.

CRY, of curs, a troop or pack : " You have made good work you and your cry." *Coriolanus*.

CUB-DRAWN, one whose dugs are drawn dry.

CUISSES, armor for the thighs.

CURST, shrewd, wicked, cunning.

CUSTOMER, a common whore.

## D

DAFF, or doff doft, to extinguish, to put out.

DANK, wet, rotten.

DANSKER, a Dane.

DARRAIN, to prepare for battle.

DEFTLY, skillfully, dextrously.

DENUDE, to strip, to divest.

DEW-LAPS, skin and flesh that hang down.

DICH, imperative, do it.

DIFFUSE, to disorder, to put out of the regular course :  
" diffused sounds diffused, attire, &c. "

DILDOSS, the burthen of a song.

DON, contraction of, do on, to invest with.

DOUT, to extinguish : " dout the candle " — a Warwickshire word — " Doth all the noble substance often dout. " *Hamlet*.

DOWL, a feather,

DOWNGYRED, let down in circular wrinkles.

DOWNING, evening : " Good downing to thee, friend " good rest, good evening. *K. Lear*.

DUMP, mournful elegy.

## E

EAR-KISSING, speaking low, whispering.

EFFECTS, affects, affections.



EFTEST, deftest, readiest.

ELF-LOCK, fairy-lock.

ELF, to entangle hair.

ELYADS, *Fr.* (œillades), eyes, glances.

EMBARE, to display, to expose to view.

ENACTURES, laws, ordinances.

ENFEOFF, to invest with possession.

ENSCONEE, to secure in a safe place.

ENSEAMED, greasy.

ENSEAR, to cauterize, to staunch with fire.

ESCAPE, illegitimate child.

ESPIALS, spies.

ETERNE, eternal.

EYASES, little, young nestlings, creatures just out of the egg.

EYNE, eyes.

## F

FACE-ROYAL, a face not to be meddled with.

FACINOROUS, wicked, mischievous.

FARCED, stuffed.

FARROW, a sucking pig: "Her nine farrow."

FARTHEL, a burthen: "Who would farthels bear!" *Hamlet.*

FEADORY, an accomplice.

FEATEN, readier, neater.

FEER, a companion, a husband.

FESTINATE, hasty, hurried.

FLAKES (white), white locks.

FLEWED, deep-mouthed, applied to hounds.

FOISON, plenty, abundance.

FOREFENDED, defended, forbid.

FRAMPOLD, fretful, peevish.

FRANKLIN, a freeholder.

## G

GABERDINE, a loose robe or cloak.

GAD, a sharp pointed instrument.



GALLIASSES, a kind of ships.

GALLOW, to scare, to frighten.

GARBOIL, disorder, tumult.

GARISH, gaudy, showy.

GASKINS, wide hose.

GAWD, a bauble, a trifle.

GECK, to fool, to trick, to cheat.

GERMINS, kindred, relation : " All germins spill at once  
that make ungrateful men. " *K. Lear.*

GEST, a place to lodge at.

GIGLOT, or giglet, a wanton girl.

GIMHALD, a double ring, a gimcrack.

GIMMAL, a ring, a bit, the parts of which played one with  
another.

GINGERLY, cautiously, nicely.

GIRD, to sneer, to laugh at : " Men take a pride to gird at  
me. "

GLAIVE, *Fr.* a broad-sword, a falchion.

GLECK, to sneer, to play the fool.

GLIB, to castrate.

GLIB, smooth slippery voluble.

GLIKE, a sneer, a scoff, a flout.

GLOBE, the head : " While memory holds a place in this  
distracted globe. " *Hamlet.*

GNARLED, knotted : " The gnarled oak. "

GODILD, imperative only, God and shield, may God shield,  
may God preserve.

GOSOMER, the white exhalations which fly about in  
summer.

GRAMERCY, from grant mercy : " Gramercy what's the  
news ? "

GREEZE, or graze, a step, a degree.

GYBE or gibe, a jest, a sarcasm.

GYVE, to fetter, to shackle.

GYVES, fetters, shackles.



## H

HALF-BLOODED, mean, degenerate race.

HALLIDOM, the sentence of the last day.

HEFTS, heavings.

HENCHMAN, a page of honor.

HEND, to seize, to surround.

HILDING, a poltroon, a cowardly fellow.

HOAR, or hoarse : " Make hoarse the flamen. "

HOB-NOB, let it happen or not.

HURTLE, to clach, to skirmish.

HYEN, in zoology, the hyæna.

## J

JACKALENT, a poor starved fellow.

JAY, a bad woman.

IMBARE, to expose, to lay open.

IMMEDIACY, representation.

IMMOMENT, trifling, of no importance.

IMPARTANCE, communication.

IMPRESS, a device or motto.

INCARNADINE, to dye red.

INCLIP, to inclose, to surround.

INCLIPS, embraces.

INSCONCE, to secure as in a fort.

INSISTURE, constancy, regularity.

JUMP, exactly, nicely.

## K

KECKSY, hemlock, any hollow-jointed plant.

KEECH, a lump of tallow.

KEEL, to cool.

KERNES, light-armed soldiers.

KERTLE, a sort of garment.

KNAP, to break short,



## L

LABRA, *Sp.* lip.

LAG, the fag end.

LAND-DAM, to stop the course of urine.

LANE, supposed to be for law.

LATCH, to lay hold of.

LATTEN, lathy, thin.

LECH, *Fr.* to lich, to lick.

LEMA, a gallant or sweet-heart.

LET, to hinder : " I'll make a ghost of him that lets me." *Hamlet.*

LIFF, dear, beloved.

LIEFEST, dearest, most beloved.

LIEF, willingly, consentingly.

LITHER, flexible or yielding.

LOB, an epithet implying dullness.

LOCKRAM, a kind of linen.

LONGLY, with great desire, with great liking.

LOOFT, brought to the wind, gone to a great distance.

LOWTED, treated with contempt.

LOZEL, a worthless fellow.

LULLA, lullaby, to lull a child to rest.

LUNER, lunacy, frensy.

LURCH, to purloin, to deprive of : " He lurched all swords o' the garland." *Coriolanus.*

LUSH, a dark full color.

LYKERS, surveyors.

## M

MALKIN, a kitchen-wench, a scullion.

MALT-WORMS, tiplers.

MAMMETS, puppets.

MAMMOCKT, broken into shapeless pieces.

MATED, confounded, subdued, matched as man and wife.

MESH, a net, or the space between the shreds of a net.



MEACOCK, timorous, dastardly, an effeminate man.

MEAD, a reward, a recompense.

MEAN, mediocre condition.

MEINY, a company, a household, a family.

MICH, or micher, a truant, an indolent lazy fellow.

MICHE, to lay hid, to lie concealed.

MICHES, white loaves, formerly paid as a rent.

MISPRISE, to mistake, to slight, to scorn.

MISSFUL, eyes ready to flow with tears.

MISSIVES, messengers.

MO, more farther, longer.

MOBLED, veiled or muffled.

MOE, to make mouths.

MOME, a dull stupid fellow, a jack-ass.

MONIMENT, an inscription, a memento.

MONTANT, a term in fencing.

MUFFLER, a part of a lady's head-dress.

MULKED, softened, discouraged.

MUNIMENT, a military defence, a fortification.

MURKY, dark, obscure.

## N

NAPLESS, threadbare, worn-out.

NAY, a refusal : " He that will not when he may, when he will he shall have nay. "

NAYWARD, a denial.

NAYWORD, a bye-word, a proverbial reproach, a denial.

NEB, the mouth.

NEELDS, needles.

NEGLECTION, neglect, negligence.

NEIF, or neive, the fist.

NETHER-STOCKS, stockings.

NICK, a score, a reckoning.

NICK, an exact point of time, suiting some special convenience.

NONCE, purpose, intention, design.



NINE MEN'S MORRICE, a game, figures cut out in the turf for a game so called, played in Warwick-shire, where Shakspeare was born.

## O

OBSERVANT, a servile attendant.

ODD-EVEN, the interval between twelve at night and one in the morning.

OATHABLE, capable of having an oath administred.

OELIADS, *Fr.* glances of the eye.

OOZE, supposed from the French *eaux*, water, a soft flow, a spring.

ORGILOUS, *Fr.* proud, haughty.

OSTENT, ostentation, out-ward show.

OTHERGATES, another manner, otherwise.

OVERGRAST, the grass over-grown.

OVEROFFICE, to act a lordly part by virtue of an office.

OVERSUTCHED, whipt, or carted, applied to low prostitutes.

OUPHES, fairies.

OWLET, a little owl.

## P

PACTS and sects ( or sets ) of great-ones : " Affairs are now conducted by a new set. "

PALABROS, *Sp.* on my word, a kind of petty oath.

PALE, a boundary.

PALMY, victorious.

PATINES, round broad plates.

PAVIN, a kind of dance.

PELTING, despicable, mean, pitiful : " Have every pelting river made so proud. "

PERDURABLE, lasting, enduring.

PERDY, *Fr.* the form of an oath.

PERIAPT, an amulet, a spell, a charm.



- PINK, small "Plumpy Bacchus with pink eye."  
 PLEACHED, interwoven, as branches in a fence or bower.  
 PORTANCE, carriage, behavior.  
 PORTCULLISED, shut up, barred.  
 PRANK, to adorn, to deck.  
 PRIG, to filch, to cheat.  
 PRISER, a prize-fighter.  
 PROFACE, imperative, much good may it do you.  
 PUCK, a supposed spirit among fairies.

## Q

- QUAILING, dejection, languishing.  
 QUEASY, unsettled, suspicious.  
 QUELL, murder.  
 QUESTIONABLE, willing for conversation: "Thou com'st  
 in such a questionable shape."  
 QUESTRIEST, who goes in search of.  
 QUIDDETS, subtleties, chicanery.  
 QUILLET, shufflings, evasions.  
 QUIVER, nimble, active.  
 QUOIF, a cap, a head-dress.  
 QUOIFE, to furnish with a head-dress.  
 QUOTE, to observe, or remark.

## R

- RABATO, an ornament for the neck.  
 RAIDE, dressed.  
 RAMPALLIAN, a ramping low creature.  
 RAVIN, to devour voraciously.  
 READ, a lesson.  
 RECK, to care for.  
 REDE, to advise, to counsel, to guess.  
 REEKY, discolored by smoke.  
 REFEL, to refute.



REFT, bereft, deprived of.

REGREETS, changes of salutations.

REGUERDON, a reward, a recompense.

REMUES, journies, stages.

RENEGE, to deny, to disown.

RIGGISH, wanton, whorish.

RIVE, to burst, to split, to point.

ROISTING, blustering, acting without control.

ROPERY, roguery, villainy.

ROYNISH, paultry mean clownish.

RULE, method of life.

RUMP-FED, fed with offals.

RUNNION, a mean paultry wretch.

RUTH, pity, compassion.

## S

SAD-OSTENT, grave appearance.

SAG, to sit down.

SALLET, a helmet.

SALTIERS, satyrs.

SCALE, to disperse, to break up, to send away.

SCATH, destruction, evil, harm.

SCATH, to destroy, to damage.

SCOTH, to bruse, to crush.

SCRIMER, a gladiator, a fencing-master.

SEAR, dry, withered.

SEEN, versed, well-skilled.

SELD, seldom, seld-shown, seldom shown.

SENNET, a flourish on cornets.

SHEG, to go off.

SHENT, ruined, spoiled, disgraced.

SKERE, to move swiftly, to glide.

SLATISTS, statesmen.

SLIVER, to split, to cut off.

SLUBBER, to obscure, to spoil.

SMOOGED, smoked.



SMUG, nice, neat, spruce.

SNEAPING, checking, reprimanding.

SOWL, to pull by the ears.

SPERR, to stir.

STEAD, sted, to aid, to help.

STITHY, to beat on an anvil.

STROND, strand, a street by the river side.

SWARD, green surface, the ground.

SWARTH, a row of grass cut down.

SWINGE-BUCKLERS, rakes, rioters.

SUMPTER-HORSE, a horse which carries necessities for a journey.

## T

TAG, the vulgar populace.

TANG, to ring, to sound.

TARDIED, *Fr.* hindered, retarded.

TARRE, tar, to urge on, to provoke.

TARRIANCE, a stay, a delay.

TENT, a roll of lint to put into a wound.

TENT, to take up residence.

TENT, to fill a wound with lint.

TENT, to watch, to penetrate: "I'll tent him to the quick"

TETTER, scurf, scab, leprosy.

TEZE, tose, to separate as with a comb.

THEWS, muscular strength.

TOGED, dressed, wearing their habits.

TOZE, to unravel, to examine close.

THRASONICAL, insolently boasting.

TIRED, attired, adorned.

TRAIL, the scent left by the passage of the game.

TREACHERS, traitors.

TRICK, tone, manner: "The trick of that voice."

TUCKET, a prelude, a voluntary in music.

TUP, to lye with.

TURLYGOOD, turlupin, a naked fellow.



## U

- UMBER, a dusky yellow-colored earth.  
 UMLEW, to unwind, to ruin.  
 UNANELED, without extreme unction.  
 UNBARBED, bare, not shaved, beardless.  
 UNBARBING, relieving from the harness or trappings.  
 UNBATED, *i. e.* a sword, not blunted as foils are.  
 UNBOLTED, unrefined by education : a figure from the  
 bakehouse. — Unbaked : “ This unbolted villain. ”  
 UNBREATED, unexercised, unpractised.  
 UNCOINED, unrefined, unadorned.  
 UNEFFECTUAL, a fire shining without heat.  
 UNHOUSELED, not having received the sacrament.  
 UNPROPER, common.  
 UNQUALITIED, unmanned, unfit.  
 UNQUESTIONABLE, averse to conversation.  
 UNSMIRCHED, clean, not defiled.  
 UNTENTED, not probed, virulent.  
 UTIS, a merry festival.

## V

- VALÈNEED, fringed with a beard.  
 VANTAGE, opportunity.  
 VANTAGES, the holes of a flute.  
 VICE, to persuade, to draw, to seduce.  
 VICE, a grasp, a mimic.  
 VIZAMENT, advisement, notice.

## W

- W AFT, to make a sign, to beckon.  
 W AFTED, carried through the air or water with an easy  
 motion.  
 W ANED, wained, decayed, faded away.  
 W ANTON, sometimes for a man feeble and effeminate.



- WAPED, dejected, cast down through misery.  
 WAPPENED, wained, or decayed by time.  
 WARDER, a guard or centinel.  
 WARP, to change from its natural state : " Thou dost  
 the waters warp."  
 WASSEL, a kind of drink.  
 WEB and-the-pin, disorders in the eyes.  
 WEET, to know, to take notice of.  
 WELKIN, the sky.  
 WELKIN-EYE, blue eye, blue eyes.  
 WEND, to go, to wander.  
 WHELPS, protuberances.  
 WHILES, until.  
 WHINNIED, crooked.  
 WHIPSTER, a shuffler, a sharper, a nimble fellow.  
 WHIPSTOCK, the carter's whip.  
 WHITESTERS, bleachers of linen.  
 WIERY, wet, moist.  
 WIMPLED, hooded or veiled.  
 WINCHESTER goose, a strumpet.  
 WINKING-GATES, gates hastily shut for fear of danger.  
 WIS, to know.  
 WITTOL-CUCKOLD, one who knows himself to be such.  
 WRYING, deviating.

## Y

- YARE, handy, nimble.  
 YARELY, nimbly, quickly.  
 YEARN, to grieve, to vex.  
 YERK, to kick.  
 YESTY, foaming, frothy.

## Z

- ZANY, a buffoon, a merry-andrew.  
 ZED, a term of contempt.



## INDEX.

## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

|                      |          |                        |          |
|----------------------|----------|------------------------|----------|
| <b>A</b> DVICE.....  | Page 16. | Dislike.....           | Page 65. |
| Advice to Girls..... | 16.      | Human Life.....        | 118.     |
| Affection.....       | 16.      | Maid's Honour.....     | 156.     |
| Ambitious love.....  | 19.      | Personal Virtue.....   | 202.     |
| Chastity.....        | 38.      | Rashness of Youth..... | 220.     |
| Courtier.....        | 50.      | Remedy of Evils.....   | 223.     |
| Coward.....          | 51.      | Reserve.....           | 228.     |
| Delay.....           | 59.      |                        |          |

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

|                                           |      |                         |      |
|-------------------------------------------|------|-------------------------|------|
| Ambition.....                             | 19.  | Life loathed.....       | 146. |
| Antony's Character.....                   | 21.  | Love.....               | 148. |
| Cleopatra's Character.....                | 38.  | Loyalty.....            | 154. |
| Cleopatra sailing down the<br>Cydnus..... | 16.  | Luxury.....             | 16.  |
| Cleopatra's supposed Death.               | 39.  | Moderation.....         | 169. |
| Death.....                                | 16.  | Parting.....            | 194. |
| Despondence.....                          | 62.  | Popularity.....         | 208. |
| Early Rising.....                         | 72.  | Prayer.....             | 210. |
| Faults.....                               | 85.  | Rapture.....            | 220. |
| Fury.....                                 | 100. | Reproach.....           | 226. |
| Greatness.....                            | 106. | Resolution.....         | 230. |
| Infatuation.....                          | 133. | Wisdom and Fortune..... | 269. |
| Judgment.....                             | 141. | Women.....              | 272. |

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

|                            |      |                       |      |
|----------------------------|------|-----------------------|------|
| Adversity.....             | 16.  | Love.....             | 148. |
| Beauty.....                | 31.  | Love dissembled.....  | 149. |
| Caprice.....               | 34.  | Lover.....            | 152. |
| Deer wounded.....          | 57.  | Marks of a Lover..... | 159. |
| Female Friendship.....     | 88.  | Melancholy.....       | 162. |
| Fool's Liberty of Speech.. | 94.  | Modesty.....          | 170. |
| Gratitude.....             | 104. | Mortality.....        | 172. |
| Ingratitude.....           | 133. | Old Age.....          | 183. |



|                            |           |                             |           |
|----------------------------|-----------|-----------------------------|-----------|
| Peril.....                 | Page 199. | Solitude.....               | Page 246. |
| Satire.....                | 235.      | Supplication.....           | 255.      |
| Shepherd.....              | 240.      | Woman in Man's Apparel..... | 271.      |
| Shepherd's Philosophy..... | 241.      |                             |           |

## CORIOLANUS.

|                                |      |                           |      |
|--------------------------------|------|---------------------------|------|
| Admiration.....                | 15.  | Honour and Policy.....    | 116. |
| Anarchy.....                   | 20.  | Hypocrisy.....            | 120. |
| Anger.....                     | 16.  | Menace.....               | 163. |
| Chastity.....                  | 38.  | Mob.....                  | 168. |
| Detestation of the Vulgar..... | 62.  | Oration.....              | 187. |
| Duty.....                      | 71.  | Popular Favour.....       | 207. |
| Feasting.....                  | 87.  | Prayer.....               | 211. |
| Fortitude.....                 | 96.  | Relenting Tenderness..... | 223. |
| Hatred.....                    | 109. | Solicitation.....         | 243. |
| Honour.....                    | 115. | World.....                | 275. |

## CYMBELINE.

|                     |      |                             |      |
|---------------------|------|-----------------------------|------|
| Army routed.....    | 25.  | Labour.....                 | 144. |
| Braggarts.....      | 34.  | Melancholy.....             | 162. |
| Death.....          | 54.  | Oration Funeral.....        | 188. |
| Falsehood.....      | 84.  | Parting.....                | 195. |
| Fool-hardiness..... | 94.  | Parting of Lovers.....      | 196. |
| Funeral Dirge.....  | 100. | Slander.....                | 242. |
| Gold.....           | 102. | Sorrow.....                 | 247. |
| Husband.....        | 118. | Woman in Man's Apparel..... | 272. |
| Impatience.....     | 129. | Women.....                  | 273. |
| Innocence.....      | 138. | Youth.....                  | 276. |

## COMEDY OF ERRORS.

|                         |      |               |      |
|-------------------------|------|---------------|------|
| Conjurer.....           | 45.  | Old Age.....  | 183. |
| Jealousy.....           | 121. | Patience..... | 197. |
| Man's Pre-eminence..... | 158. | Slander.....  | 242. |

## HAMLET.

|                  |     |                |      |
|------------------|-----|----------------|------|
| Calumny.....     | 34. | Funeral.....   | 99.  |
| Coxcomb.....     | 51. | Grief.....     | 108. |
| Desperation..... | 60. | Guilt.....     | 109. |
| Fiction.....     | 89. | Hypocrisy..... | 120. |
| Friendship.....  | 98. | Kings.....     | 144. |



|                       |           |                        |           |
|-----------------------|-----------|------------------------|-----------|
| Madness.....          | Page 155. | Opinion.....           | Page 186. |
| Man.....              | 157.      | Plays and Players..... | 204.      |
| Marriage.....         | 160.      | Prodigies.....         | 214.      |
| Melancholy.....       | 162.      | Providence.....        | 217.      |
| Morning.....          | 172.      | Slander.....           | 243.      |
| Night.....            | 179.      | Sorrow.....            | 247.      |
| Old Age.....          | 183.      | Suicide.....           | 252.      |
| Ophelia drowning..... | 186.      | Virtue.....            | 264.      |

## HENRY IV, PART I.

|                         |      |                          |      |
|-------------------------|------|--------------------------|------|
| Challenge.....          | 36.  | Prodigies.....           | 214. |
| Danger.....             | 53.  | Prodigies ridiculed..... | 215. |
| Dignity.....            | 62.  | Punctuality.....         | 218. |
| Eulogium on Hotspur.... | 77.  | Repose.....              | 225. |
| Fop described.....      | 95.  | Rhymers.....             | 232. |
| Henry V. Defence.....   | 111. | Solicitude.....          | 244. |
| Honour.....             | 115. | Son praised.....         | 246. |
| Impatience.....         | 129. | Time.....                | 259. |
| Peace.....              | 198. | Warrior.....             | 266. |

## HENRY IV, PART II.

|                            |      |                          |      |
|----------------------------|------|--------------------------|------|
| Contention.....            | 49.  | Henry V. described.....  | 110. |
| Distraction.....           | 66.  | Messenger.....           | 165. |
| Fickleness of the Vulgar.. | 88.  | Old Age.....             | 184. |
| Fortune.....               | 97.  | Rumour.....              | 234. |
| Gold.....                  | 103. | Submission to the Laws.. | 251. |

## HENRI V.

|                         |      |                      |      |
|-------------------------|------|----------------------|------|
| Appearances.....        | 23.  | Henry V. Speech..... | 113. |
| Commonwealth of Bees... | 40.  | Invocation.....      | 141. |
| Consideration.....      | 47.  | Kingdom.....         | 144. |
| Dying.....              | 71.  | Miseries of War..... | 167. |
| England.....            | 75.  | Night in a Camp..... | 179. |
| English army.....       | 76.  | Peace and War.....   | 192. |
| Fleet setting sail..... | 93.  | Self-Love.....       | 239. |
| Good Heart.....         | 103. | Warlike Spirit.....  | 265. |
| Henry V. Character..... | 112. |                      |      |

## HENRY VI, PART I.

|            |      |               |      |
|------------|------|---------------|------|
| Glory..... | 102. | Marriage..... | 160. |
|------------|------|---------------|------|



## HENRY VI, PART II.

|                         |          |              |           |
|-------------------------|----------|--------------|-----------|
| Affection.....          | Page 17. | Hatred.....  | Page 109. |
| Complaint.....          | 41.      | Life.....    | 145.      |
| Conscience.....         | 45.      | Night.....   | 179.      |
| Gratitude.....          | 105.     | Parting..... | 194.      |
| Greatness.....          | 16.      | Pride.....   | 214.      |
| Guilty Countenance..... | 109.     |              |           |

## HENRY VI, PART III.

|                    |      |                      |      |
|--------------------|------|----------------------|------|
| Ambition.....      | 19.  | Murder.....          | 173. |
| Deformity.....     | 57.  | Omens.....           | 185. |
| Dissimulation..... | 65.  | Oration.....         | 187. |
| Lenity.....        | 145. | Royalty.....         | 234. |
| Mob.....           | 168. | Shepherd's Life..... | 240. |
| Morning.....       | 171. | Valour.....          | 263. |

## HENRY VIII.

|                        |      |                         |      |
|------------------------|------|-------------------------|------|
| Allegiance.....        | 18.  | Inhumanity.....         | 135. |
| Ambition.....          | 16.  | Lenity.....             | 145. |
| Anger.....             | 20.  | Malice.....             | 157. |
| Applause.....          | 24.  | Meekness.....           | 161. |
| Blessing.....          | 33.  | New Customs.....        | 177. |
| Conjugal Fidelity..... | 44.  | Obedience.....          | 183. |
| Content.....           | 48.  | Prediction.....         | 212. |
| Good Wife.....         | 104. | Recommendation.....     | 221. |
| Grief.....             | 106. | Resolution.....         | 229. |
| Horror.....            | 117. | Wolsey's Character..... | 270. |
| Ingratitude.....       | 134. |                         |      |

## KING JOHN.

|                            |     |                           |      |
|----------------------------|-----|---------------------------|------|
| Conscience struggling..... | 47. | Female Perfection.....    | 88.  |
| Courage.....               | 50. | Fondness of a Mother..... | 93.  |
| Danger.....                | 52. | Grief.....                | 107. |
| Death.....                 | 54. | Horrors of Murder.....    | 117. |
| Departing Diseases.....    | 59. | Hypocrisy.....            | 119. |
| Despair.....               | 16. | Murderer's Look.....      | 174. |
| Despondence.....           | 61. | News-Tellers.....         | 177. |
| England.....               | 73. | Raving of a Mother.....   | 220. |
| English Army.....          | 75. | Remorse.....              | 224. |



|                    |           |                    |           |
|--------------------|-----------|--------------------|-----------|
| Resolution.....    | Page 229. | Superfluity.....   | Page 254. |
| Self-Interest..... | 238.      | Tears.....         | 256.      |
| Servility.....     | 240.      | Woman's Fears..... | 270.      |
| Sorrow.....        | 246.      |                    |           |

## JULIUS CÆSAR.

|                |     |                      |      |
|----------------|-----|----------------------|------|
| Ambition.....  | 19. | Flattery.....        | 91.  |
| Anger.....     | 20. | Justice.....         | 142. |
| Brutus.....    | 34. | Oath.....            | 181. |
| Caution.....   | 35. | Opportunity.....     | 186. |
| Constancy..... | 47. | Ostentation.....     | 192. |
| Cruelty.....   | 52. | Patriotism.....      | 197. |
| Danger.....    | 16. | Revenge.....         | 231. |
| Death.....     | 55. | Sleep.....           | 243. |
| Envy.....      | 76. | Suicide.....         | 253. |
| Equality.....  | 16. | Suspense.....        | 255. |
| Error.....     | 77. | Tempest.....         | 257. |
| Fear.....      | 86. | Tools in Office..... | 260. |

## KING LEAR.

|                          |      |                          |      |
|--------------------------|------|--------------------------|------|
| Affliction.....          | 18.  | Justice.....             | 143. |
| Astrology ridiculed..... | 26.  | Madness.....             | 155. |
| Authority.....           | 27.  | Mortality.....           | 172. |
| Bastardy.....            | 28.  | Necessaries of Life..... | 176. |
| Bedlam Beggars.....      | 31.  | Providence.....          | 217. |
| Bluntness.....           | 33.  | Resentment.....          | 227. |
| Compassion.....          | 41.  | Rising Passion.....      | 233. |
| Dover Cliff.....         | 68.  | Sickness.....            | 242. |
| Execration.....          | 79.  | Sorrow.....              | 247. |
| Flattery.....            | 91.  | Tempest.....             | 257. |
| Ingratitude.....         | 135. | Wilfulness.....          | 268. |

## LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

|                    |      |                          |      |
|--------------------|------|--------------------------|------|
| Beauty.....        | 31.  | Study.....               | 251. |
| Conceited Man..... | 43.  | Vanity of Pleasures..... | 263. |
| Merry Man.....     | 165. | Winter.....              | 268. |
| Power of Love..... | 209. | Women's Eyes.....        | 272. |
| Spring.....        | 248. |                          |      |

## MACBETH.

|            |     |                |     |
|------------|-----|----------------|-----|
| Death..... | 55. | Deception..... | 56. |
|------------|-----|----------------|-----|



|                           |          |                           |            |
|---------------------------|----------|---------------------------|------------|
| Desperation.....          | Page 60. | Night.....                | Page 177.  |
| Despondence.....          | 61.      | Perturbation of Mind..... | 202.       |
| Diseases of the Mind..... | 64.      | Sorrow.....               | 247.       |
| Fortitude.....            | 97.      | Stormy Night.....         | 250.       |
| Hypocrisy.....            | 119.     | Temptation.....           | 258.       |
| Intemperance.....         | 139.     | Tyrannical Government,..  | 262.       |
| Invocation.....           | 141.     | Witches.....              | 269.       |
| Macbeth's Character.....  | 154.     | Witch's Power.....        | <i>Ib.</i> |
| Martlet.....              | 161.     | Wonder.....               | 274.       |
| Mortality.....            | 172.     |                           |            |

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

|                 |      |                       |            |
|-----------------|------|-----------------------|------------|
| Authority.....  | 26.  | Mercy.....            | 163.       |
| Bawd.....       | 30.  | Music.....            | 175.       |
| Calumny.....    | 34.  | Obsolete Laws.....    | 183.       |
| Chastity.....   | 37.  | Popular Applause..... | 207.       |
| Hypocrisy.....  | 120. | Prayers.....          | 211.       |
| Indulgence..... | 132. | Precise Man.....      | <i>Ib.</i> |
| Integrity.....  | 138. | Punishment.....       | 219.       |
| Justice.....    | 142. | Remorse.....          | 224.       |
| Law.....        | 145. | Servility.....        | 239.       |
| Madness.....    | 155. | Temptation.....       | 258.       |
| Magistrate..... | 156. |                       |            |

## MERCHANT OF VENICE.

|                        |      |                           |            |
|------------------------|------|---------------------------|------------|
| Apprehension.....      | 24.  | Loquacity.....            | 146.       |
| Caution.....           | 35.  | Love Messenger.....       | 151.       |
| Chance.....            | 37.  | Mediocrity.....           | 161.       |
| Cheerfulness.....      | 38.  | Mercy.....                | 163.       |
| Confusion of Mind..... | 43.  | Mirth.....                | 166.       |
| Deception.....         | 56.  | Melancholy.....           | <i>Ib.</i> |
| Doubt.....             | 67.  | Moon-light.....           | 170.       |
| Expostulation.....     | 81.  | Music.....                | 175.       |
| Fortune.....           | 97.  | Parting of Friends.....   | 195.       |
| Fruition.....          | 99.  | Portia's Picture.....     | 208.       |
| Good Deeds.....        | 103. | Precedent.....            | 212.       |
| Gravity.....           | 105. | Quibbling.....            | 219.       |
| Honour.....            | 114. | Rancour.....              | <i>Ib.</i> |
| Hypocrisy.....         | 119. | Respect to the World..... | 231.       |
| Jew's Revenge.....     | 126. | Seasons.....              | 237.       |
| Inplacability.....     | 130. | Self-Abasement.....       | 238.       |



|                                   |                               |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Speculation and Practice. P. 248. | Value of the World. Page 263. |
| Suitors. . . . . 253.             | Woman in Man's Apparel. 271.  |

## MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

|                                         |                                |
|-----------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Crosses in Love. . . . . 52.            | Love. . . . . 146.             |
| Embarrassment. . . . . 72.              | Lover's Vow. . . . . 153.      |
| Fairies' Employment. . . . . 83.        | Mermaid. . . . . 164.          |
| Fairies' Jealousy. . . . . 1 <i>b</i> . | Morning. . . . . 171.          |
| Female Friendship. . . . . 87.          | Night. . . . . 177.            |
| Flowery Bank. . . . . 93.               | Nun. . . . . 181.              |
| Hounds. . . . . 118.                    | Obedience. . . . . 182.        |
| Imagination. . . . . 128.               | Robin Goodfellow. . . . . 233. |
| Impatience. . . . . 1 <i>b</i> .        | Seduction. . . . . 237.        |

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

|                                    |                                        |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| Bachelor's Resolution. . . . . 28. | Grief. . . . . 106.                    |
| ——— Recantation. . . . . 29.       | Innocence. . . . . 136.                |
| Braggarts. . . . . 33.             | Love inspired by Peace. . . . . 150.   |
| Counsel. . . . . 49.               | Modest Merit. . . . . 169.             |
| Day-break. . . . . 53.             | Regret. . . . . 222.                   |
| Dissimulation. . . . . 65.         | Resolution. . . . . 228.               |
| Father's Lamentation. . . . . 85.  | Scornful and. . . . . 236.             |
| Favourites. . . . . 86.            | Satirical Beauty. . . . . 1 <i>b</i> . |
| Friendship in Love. . . . . 99.    | Stoicism. . . . . 249.                 |

## OTHELLO.

|                                  |                          |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Constancy. . . . . 48.           | Patience. . . . . 197.   |
| Drunkenness. . . . . 70.         | Preferment. . . . . 213. |
| Grief. . . . . 108.              | Prostitute. . . . . 216. |
| Honesty dispraised. . . . . 113. | Reputation. . . . . 227. |
| Jealousy. . . . . 124.           | Revenge. . . . . 231.    |
| Love. . . . . 148.               | Time. . . . . 259.       |
| Marriage. . . . . 160.           | Wife. . . . . 266.       |
| Meeting of Lovers. . . . . 161.  | Will. . . . . 268.       |
| Othello's Oration. . . . . 189.  |                          |

## RICHARD II.

|                                |                      |
|--------------------------------|----------------------|
| Banishment. . . . . 27.        | England. . . . . 73. |
| Cowardice. . . . . 51.         | Grief. . . . . 108.  |
| Dying Injunctions. . . . . 72. | Hope. . . . . 116.   |



|                         |      |                          |      |
|-------------------------|------|--------------------------|------|
| Kings.....              | 143. | Reputation.....          | 228. |
| Melancholy Stories..... | 162. | Sun-rising.....          | 254. |
| Popularity.....         | 208. | Thought ineffectual..... | 259. |
| Prognostics of War..... | 215. | Vanity of Power.....     | 264. |

## RICHARD III.

|                    |              |                             |      |
|--------------------|--------------|-----------------------------|------|
| Caution.....       | 35.          | High Birth.....             | 113. |
| Complaint.....     | 42.          | Hope.....                   | 116. |
| Confidence.....    | 43.          | Hypocrisy.....              | 120. |
| Conscience.....    | 46.          | Invective.....              | 139. |
| Contemplation..... | 48.          | Nobility.....               | 181. |
| Day-Break.....     | 53.          | Patronage.....              | 197. |
| Deceit.....        | 56.          | Peace.....                  | 198. |
| Deformity.....     | 58.          | Prayer.....                 | 210. |
| Delay.....         | 59.          | Richard III. Character..... | 232. |
| Despair.....       | 60.          | Royalty.....                | 234. |
| Discontent.....    | 64.          | Sorrow.....                 | 247. |
| Evening.....       | 78.          | Submission.....             | 251. |
| Execration.....    | 1 <i>b</i> . | Tale.....                   | 256. |
| Flattery.....      | 92.          | Words.....                  | 275. |

## ROMEO AND JULIET.

|                 |      |                         |      |
|-----------------|------|-------------------------|------|
| Apothecary..... | 22.  | Lover's Herald.....     | 153. |
| Beauty.....     | 31.  | Moderation in Love..... | 169. |
| Dreams.....     | 68.  | Morning.....            | 171. |
| Impatience..... | 130. | Philosophy.....         | 204. |
| Love.....       | 149. | Poverty.....            | 209. |
| Lover.....      | 152. | Resolution.....         | 230. |

## TAMING OF THE SHREW.

|                  |      |                  |      |
|------------------|------|------------------|------|
| Appearances..... | 23.  | Scolding.....    | 236. |
| Hounds.....      | 118. | Wife's Duty..... | 267. |
| Painting.....    | 193. |                  |      |

## TEMPEST.

|                      |     |                       |      |
|----------------------|-----|-----------------------|------|
| Beauty.....          | 31. | Dooms-day.....        | 67.  |
| Charm dissolved..... | 37. | Drunkards.....        | 70.  |
| Compassion.....      | 40. | Fairies.....          | 82.  |
| Conscience.....      | 45. | Ideal Government..... | 121. |
| Despondence.....     | 61. | Incredulity.....      | 132. |



# INDEX.

563

|                 |           |                |           |
|-----------------|-----------|----------------|-----------|
| Innocence ..... | Page 136. | Sleep .....    | Page 243. |
| Misery .....    | 167.      | Storm .....    | 249.      |
| Monster .....   | 170.      | Swimming ..... | 255.      |
| Music .....     | 174.      | Sympathy ..... | 256.      |
| Reproach .....  | 226.      | Torment .....  | 260.      |

## TIMON OF ATHENS.

|                   |      |                |      |
|-------------------|------|----------------|------|
| Benevolence ..... | 32.  | Picture .....  | 204. |
| Ceremony .....    | 36.  | Politics ..... | 207. |
| Duelling .....    | 70.  | Promises ..... | 216. |
| Execration .....  | 79.  | Thanks .....   | 258. |
| Fidelity .....    | 91.  | Thievery ..... | 1b.  |
| Ingratitude ..... | 134. | Want .....     | 265. |
| Law .....         | 145. | Wrong .....    | 275. |
| Painting .....    | 193. |                |      |

## TITUS ANDRONICUS.

|                          |      |                          |      |
|--------------------------|------|--------------------------|------|
| Invitation to Love ..... | 140. | Ring in a dark Pit ..... | 232. |
| Mercy .....              | 164. | Tears .....              | 257. |
| Revenge .....            | 231. | Vale described .....     | 263. |

## TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

|                         |      |                            |      |
|-------------------------|------|----------------------------|------|
| Doubt .....             | 67.  | Perseverance .....         | 200. |
| Exultation .....        | 82.  | Pity .....                 | 204. |
| Fortitude .....         | 96.  | Pleasure and Revenge ..... | 206. |
| Greatness .....         | 105. | Pride .....                | 214. |
| Grecian Youths .....    | 106. | Protestation of Love ..... | 217. |
| Hector fighting .....   | 110. | Resolution .....           | 230. |
| Honour .....            | 116. | Respect .....              | 231. |
| Love .....              | 148. | Troilus's Character .....  | 261. |
| Man .....               | 157. | Value .....                | 263. |
| Omission .....          | 185. | Vows .....                 | 264. |
| Order .....             | 191. | Wantonness .....           | 265. |
| Parting of Lovers ..... | 196. | Women .....                | 272. |

## TWELFTH NIGHT.

|                      |     |                     |      |
|----------------------|-----|---------------------|------|
| Beautiful Boy .....  | 30. | Disguise .....      | 64.  |
| Beauty .....         | 31. | Inconstancy .....   | 131. |
| Concealed Love ..... | 43. | Love in Women ..... | 151. |

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München



|                        |            |                    |           |
|------------------------|------------|--------------------|-----------|
| Love unsought.....     | Page 151.  | Old Song.....      | Page 185. |
| Music.....             | 176.       | Resolved Love..... | 228.      |
| Natural Affection..... | <i>Ib.</i> | True Love.....     | 261.      |

## TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

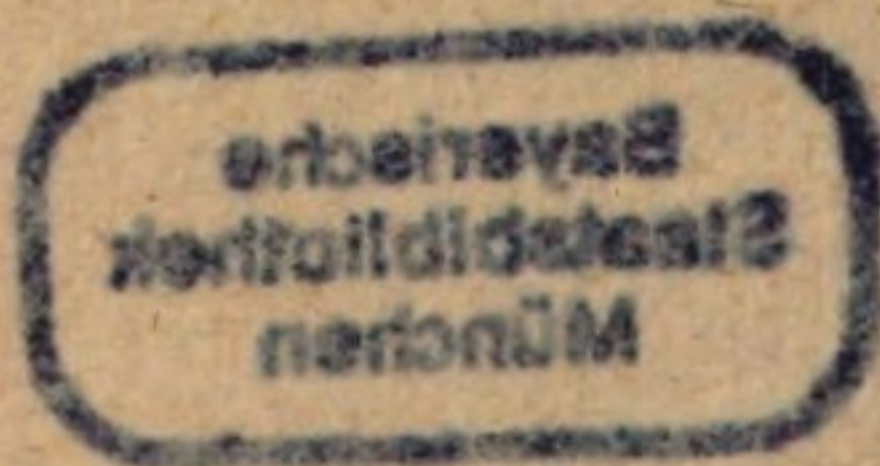
|                        |      |                           |      |
|------------------------|------|---------------------------|------|
| Courtship.....         | 50.  | Patience.....             | 196. |
| Hope.....              | 116. | Perseverance in Love..... | 201. |
| Inconstancy.....       | 131. | Separation.....           | 239. |
| Love.....              | 146. | Solitude.....             | 245. |
| Marks of a Lover.....  | 159. | Stream.....               | 250. |
| Mistress.....          | 167. | Travelling.....           | 260. |
| Modesty.....           | 169. | Youth.....                | 275. |
| Parting of Lovers..... | 196. |                           |      |

## THE WINTER'S TALE.

|                                  |      |                                 |            |
|----------------------------------|------|---------------------------------|------------|
| Apparition.....                  | 22.  | Innocence.....                  | 136.       |
| Art and Nature.....              | 25.  | King-Killing.....               | 143.       |
| Consent of a Father.....         | 47.  | Knowledge hurtful.....          | 144.       |
| Country Lass.....                | 49.  | Lover's Commendation.....       | 152.       |
| Despair.....                     | 59.  | Parental Fondness.....          | 193.       |
| Garlands for Old Men.....        | 101. | Prosperity.....                 | 216.       |
| ——— for Middle Age... <i>Ib.</i> |      | Protestation.....               | <i>Ib.</i> |
| ——— for Youth..... <i>Ib.</i>    |      | Simplicity.....                 | 242.       |
| Gifts from a Lover.....          | 102. | Statue.....                     | 248.       |
| Jealousy.....                    | 123. | Storm described by a Clown..... | 249.       |
| Impudence.....                   | 131. | True Love.....                  | 262.       |
| Infant exposed.....              | 132. | Wonder.....                     | 274.       |

## SELECT SCENES.

|                                                |           |
|------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. Tempest, A. 3, Sc. 1.....                   | Page 277. |
| 2. Measure for Measure, A. 3, Sc. 1.....       | 281.      |
| 3. As You Like It, A. 2, Sc. 7.....            | 288.      |
| 4. Macbeth, A. 2, Sc. 1.....                   | 294.      |
| 5. ——— A. 3, Sc. 5.....                        | 299.      |
| 6. ——— A. 4, Sc. 1.....                        | 305.      |
| 7. King John, A. 4, Sc. 1.....                 | 312.      |
| 8. King Richard II, A. 5, Sc. 5.....           | 317.      |
| 9. First Part of King Henry IV. A. 1, Sc. 2... | 322.      |
| 10. ——— A. 2, Sc. 4...                         | 329.      |
| 11. Second Part of King Henry IV. A. 3, Sc. 1. | 346.      |
| 12. ——— A. 4, Sc. 4.                           | 349.      |





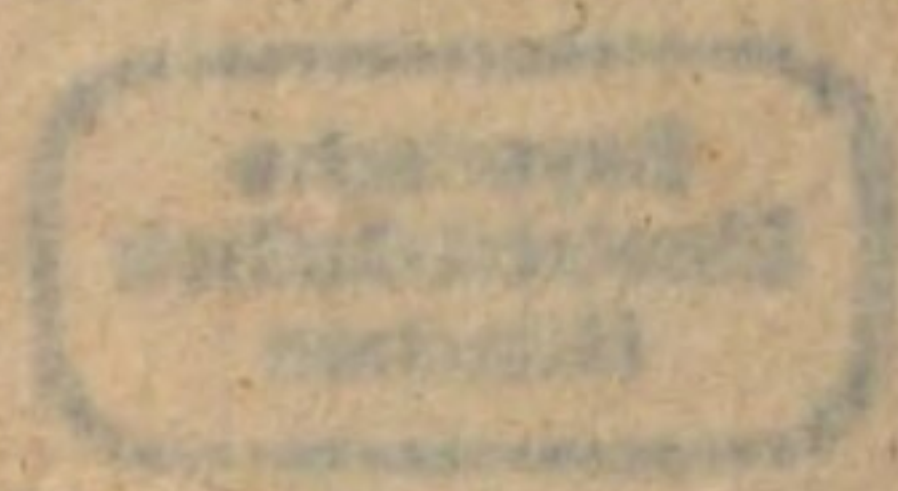
|     |                                    |           |
|-----|------------------------------------|-----------|
| 13. | King Henry V, A. 4, Sc. 1.....     | Page 363. |
| 14. | King Richard III, A. 1, Sc. 4..... | 370.      |
| 15. | King Henry VIII, A. 3, Sc. 2.....  | 380.      |
| 16. | ———— A. 4, Sc. 2.....              | 384.      |
| 17. | Julius Cæsar, A. 2, Sc. 1.....     | 391.      |
| 18. | ———— A. 3, Sc. 2.....              | 394.      |
| 19. | ———— A. 4, Sc. 3.....              | 404.      |
| 20. | Timon of Athens, A. 4, Sc. 3.....  | 409.      |
| 21. | Cymbeline, A. 2, Sc. 2.....        | 424.      |
| 22. | ———— A. 3, Sc. 3.....              | 426.      |
| 23. | King Lear, A. 3, Sc. 2.....        | 431.      |
| 24. | ———— A. 3, Sc. 4.....              | 434.      |
| 25. | ———— A. 3, Sc. 6.....              | 441.      |
| 26. | ———— A. 4, Sc. 6.....              | 446.      |
| 27. | Romeo and Juliet, A. 2, Sc. 2..... | 451.      |
| 28. | ———— A. 3, Sc. 3.....              | 459.      |
| 29. | ———— A. 4, Sc. 3.....              | 465.      |
| 30. | Hamlet, A. 1, Sc. 2.....           | 467.      |
| 31. | ———— A. 1, Sc. 3.....              | 473.      |
| 32. | ———— A. 1, Sc. 4.....              | 478.      |
| 33. | ———— A. 1, Sc. 5.....              | 481.      |
| 34. | ———— A. 3, Sc. 4.....              | 489.      |
| 35. | ———— A. 5, Sc. 1.....              | 497.      |
| 36. | Othello, A. 1, Sc. 3.....          | 505.      |
| 37. | ———— A. 3, Sc. 3.....              | 514.      |
| 38. | ———— A. 5, Sc. 2.....              | 532.      |



|                                         |      |
|-----------------------------------------|------|
| King Henry V. A. 4. Sc. 1. Page 365     | 13.  |
| King Richard III. A. 1. Sc. 1. Page 370 | 14.  |
| King Henry VII. A. 3. Sc. 1. Page 380   | 15.  |
| Julius Caesar. A. 2. Sc. 1. Page 391    | 16.  |
| Julius Caesar. A. 3. Sc. 2. Page 394    | 17.  |
| Timon of Athens. A. 4. Sc. 1. Page 409  | 18.  |
| Cymbeline. A. 2. Sc. 1. Page 414        | 19.  |
| King Lear. A. 3. Sc. 1. Page 431        | 20.  |
| King Lear. A. 3. Sc. 2. Page 434        | 21.  |
| King Lear. A. 3. Sc. 3. Page 446        | 22.  |
| Romeo and Juliet. A. 2. Sc. 1. Page 451 | 23.  |
| Hamlet. A. 1. Sc. 1. Page 467           | 24.  |
| Hamlet. A. 1. Sc. 2. Page 473           | 25.  |
| Hamlet. A. 1. Sc. 3. Page 478           | 26.  |
| Hamlet. A. 1. Sc. 4. Page 481           | 27.  |
| Hamlet. A. 1. Sc. 5. Page 489           | 28.  |
| Hamlet. A. 1. Sc. 6. Page 497           | 29.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 1. Page 505          | 30.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 2. Page 514          | 31.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 3. Page 521          | 32.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 4. Page 531          | 33.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 5. Page 534          | 34.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 6. Page 541          | 35.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 7. Page 544          | 36.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 8. Page 547          | 37.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 9. Page 551          | 38.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 10. Page 554         | 39.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 11. Page 557         | 40.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 12. Page 561         | 41.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 13. Page 564         | 42.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 14. Page 567         | 43.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 15. Page 571         | 44.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 16. Page 574         | 45.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 17. Page 577         | 46.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 18. Page 581         | 47.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 19. Page 584         | 48.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 20. Page 587         | 49.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 21. Page 591         | 50.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 22. Page 594         | 51.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 23. Page 597         | 52.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 24. Page 601         | 53.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 25. Page 604         | 54.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 26. Page 607         | 55.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 27. Page 611         | 56.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 28. Page 614         | 57.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 29. Page 617         | 58.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 30. Page 621         | 59.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 31. Page 624         | 60.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 32. Page 627         | 61.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 33. Page 631         | 62.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 34. Page 634         | 63.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 35. Page 637         | 64.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 36. Page 641         | 65.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 37. Page 644         | 66.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 38. Page 647         | 67.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 39. Page 651         | 68.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 40. Page 654         | 69.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 41. Page 657         | 70.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 42. Page 661         | 71.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 43. Page 664         | 72.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 44. Page 667         | 73.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 45. Page 671         | 74.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 46. Page 674         | 75.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 47. Page 677         | 76.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 48. Page 681         | 77.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 49. Page 684         | 78.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 50. Page 687         | 79.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 51. Page 691         | 80.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 52. Page 694         | 81.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 53. Page 697         | 82.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 54. Page 701         | 83.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 55. Page 704         | 84.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 56. Page 707         | 85.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 57. Page 711         | 86.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 58. Page 714         | 87.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 59. Page 717         | 88.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 60. Page 721         | 89.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 61. Page 724         | 90.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 62. Page 727         | 91.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 63. Page 731         | 92.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 64. Page 734         | 93.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 65. Page 737         | 94.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 66. Page 741         | 95.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 67. Page 744         | 96.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 68. Page 747         | 97.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 69. Page 751         | 98.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 70. Page 754         | 99.  |
| Othello. A. 1. Sc. 71. Page 757         | 100. |

SCENES

|                                                     |      |
|-----------------------------------------------------|------|
| 1. Tempest. A. 1. Sc. 1. Page 761                   | 101. |
| 2. Measure for Measure. A. 3. Sc. 1. Page 764       | 102. |
| 3. All's Well That Ends Well. A. 1. Sc. 1. Page 767 | 103. |
| 4. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 1. Page 771                   | 104. |
| 5. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 2. Page 774                   | 105. |
| 6. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 3. Page 777                   | 106. |
| 7. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 4. Page 781                   | 107. |
| 8. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 5. Page 784                   | 108. |
| 9. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 6. Page 787                   | 109. |
| 10. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 7. Page 791                  | 110. |
| 11. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 8. Page 794                  | 111. |
| 12. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 9. Page 797                  | 112. |
| 13. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 10. Page 801                 | 113. |
| 14. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 11. Page 804                 | 114. |
| 15. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 12. Page 807                 | 115. |
| 16. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 13. Page 811                 | 116. |
| 17. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 14. Page 814                 | 117. |
| 18. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 15. Page 817                 | 118. |
| 19. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 16. Page 821                 | 119. |
| 20. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 17. Page 824                 | 120. |
| 21. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 18. Page 827                 | 121. |
| 22. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 19. Page 831                 | 122. |
| 23. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 20. Page 834                 | 123. |
| 24. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 21. Page 837                 | 124. |
| 25. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 22. Page 841                 | 125. |
| 26. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 23. Page 844                 | 126. |
| 27. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 24. Page 847                 | 127. |
| 28. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 25. Page 851                 | 128. |
| 29. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 26. Page 854                 | 129. |
| 30. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 27. Page 857                 | 130. |
| 31. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 28. Page 861                 | 131. |
| 32. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 29. Page 864                 | 132. |
| 33. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 30. Page 867                 | 133. |
| 34. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 31. Page 871                 | 134. |
| 35. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 32. Page 874                 | 135. |
| 36. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 33. Page 877                 | 136. |
| 37. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 34. Page 881                 | 137. |
| 38. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 35. Page 884                 | 138. |
| 39. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 36. Page 887                 | 139. |
| 40. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 37. Page 891                 | 140. |
| 41. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 38. Page 894                 | 141. |
| 42. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 39. Page 897                 | 142. |
| 43. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 40. Page 901                 | 143. |
| 44. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 41. Page 904                 | 144. |
| 45. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 42. Page 907                 | 145. |
| 46. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 43. Page 911                 | 146. |
| 47. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 44. Page 914                 | 147. |
| 48. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 45. Page 917                 | 148. |
| 49. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 46. Page 921                 | 149. |
| 50. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 47. Page 924                 | 150. |
| 51. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 48. Page 927                 | 151. |
| 52. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 49. Page 931                 | 152. |
| 53. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 50. Page 934                 | 153. |
| 54. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 51. Page 937                 | 154. |
| 55. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 52. Page 941                 | 155. |
| 56. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 53. Page 944                 | 156. |
| 57. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 54. Page 947                 | 157. |
| 58. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 55. Page 951                 | 158. |
| 59. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 56. Page 954                 | 159. |
| 60. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 57. Page 957                 | 160. |
| 61. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 58. Page 961                 | 161. |
| 62. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 59. Page 964                 | 162. |
| 63. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 60. Page 967                 | 163. |
| 64. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 61. Page 971                 | 164. |
| 65. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 62. Page 974                 | 165. |
| 66. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 63. Page 977                 | 166. |
| 67. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 64. Page 981                 | 167. |
| 68. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 65. Page 984                 | 168. |
| 69. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 66. Page 987                 | 169. |
| 70. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 67. Page 991                 | 170. |
| 71. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 68. Page 994                 | 171. |
| 72. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 69. Page 997                 | 172. |
| 73. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 70. Page 1001                | 173. |
| 74. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 71. Page 1004                | 174. |
| 75. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 72. Page 1007                | 175. |
| 76. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 73. Page 1011                | 176. |
| 77. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 74. Page 1014                | 177. |
| 78. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 75. Page 1017                | 178. |
| 79. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 76. Page 1021                | 179. |
| 80. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 77. Page 1024                | 180. |
| 81. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 78. Page 1027                | 181. |
| 82. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 79. Page 1031                | 182. |
| 83. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 80. Page 1034                | 183. |
| 84. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 81. Page 1037                | 184. |
| 85. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 82. Page 1041                | 185. |
| 86. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 83. Page 1044                | 186. |
| 87. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 84. Page 1047                | 187. |
| 88. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 85. Page 1051                | 188. |
| 89. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 86. Page 1054                | 189. |
| 90. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 87. Page 1057                | 190. |
| 91. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 88. Page 1061                | 191. |
| 92. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 89. Page 1064                | 192. |
| 93. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 90. Page 1067                | 193. |
| 94. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 91. Page 1071                | 194. |
| 95. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 92. Page 1074                | 195. |
| 96. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 93. Page 1077                | 196. |
| 97. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 94. Page 1081                | 197. |
| 98. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 95. Page 1084                | 198. |
| 99. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 96. Page 1087                | 199. |
| 100. Macbeth. A. 1. Sc. 97. Page 1091               | 200. |







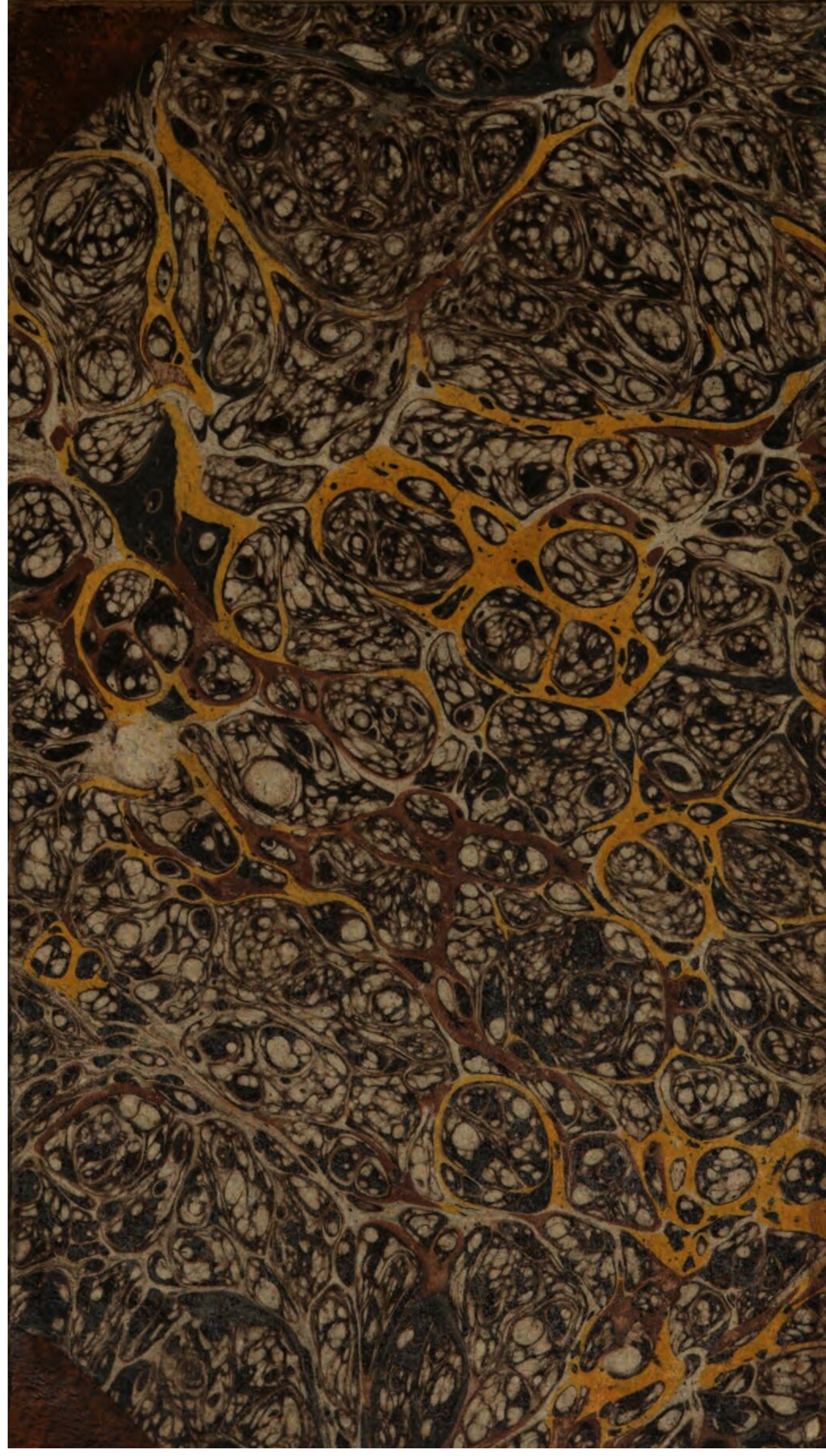














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